

# Alex Lloyd, Distant Light

She sits at table number thirty-five,  
the only one of us who's still alive.

There's no telling when you need a friend  
to get you home and back  
again.

There's something special in emergency,  
it was a heart  
but what blind to see.

Lately we're caught up in the skinny wars,  
we like to sit back and compare the scars.

Outside awaits, it's calling your name,  
and it won't be long.  
Tomorrow and a day,  
it's your life from a distant light.  
Still doing drive buys in your neighbourhood  
I want to leave you but I never could.

It's just a party, but it's so much more,  
please feed the socialite before it bores.

There's no mistake, they keep telling me,  
a happy heart has a world to see.

Outside awaits, it's calling your name  
and it won't be long.  
Tomorrow and a day  
it's your life from a distant light.

distant light,  
distant line.  
distant light,  
distant line.