## Fairweather, Southstreet, 1 Am

Philadelphia today, a face my eyes to see Cold wind to move a tape of songs For this time in youth, a score I've set to you And images of a world that's passing by Lay me down I'll sleep for days And dream of you Lay me down I'll sleep for days Dreams subtract the distance

Attention paid to leaves slowly turn their shades Ignore increasing miles that argue with A decision to come, despite my better thought But I can't argue with my... From this house for roads and hours I swallow hard For your words this drives existence I can't wait to see you