

# Gary Jules, Bluefish

Take care  
She will fall on you like weather  
You don't hear a thing but the beating of wings  
And the lights go out

So there you are  
Standing in the doorway with a cigarette  
You say "Hey rock and roll  
Did you really have to sell your soul  
Or were you just playing the fool?  
That shame is mine, you know, I've done it too  
Nineteen's fire in the lighthouse is burnout at twenty-two"

She will come to any whispered invitation  
Try to send her away,  
She did not come here to play  
She ain't leaving empty-handed  
And there we are  
Here we are

You say "Time isn't mine to save or to waste  
But I might stick around til the season changes shoes  
The fortunate ones will always get to choose  
Nineteen's fire in the lighthouse is burnout at twenty-two"