

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"