

Roddy Woomble, Waverley Steps

If there's no geography
In the things that we say
So words will keep us locked
In their old-fashioned way
Sure we are held together by
The experiences we've shared
But it's taken me
Waverly steps to get there

Close the front door
To open the window
Let the light be mined away
At least the light is mine always
But even the light will fade away

I woke up from this dream I had
In Washington Square
When the sun finds its place
On my skin
And your eyes, they look down from a silent film
We're both breathing smoke like we're breathing air
But it's taken me
Waverly steps to get there

Close the front door
To open the window
Let the light be mined away
At least the light is mine always
Even when the light won't fade away

Close the front door
To open the window
Let the light be mined away
At least the light is mine always
Even if the light will fade away