

Tom McRae, Draw Down The Stars

Coming back to the city
That I never quite leave
Picture you by the ocean
Picture me, coughing into my sleeve

Like a snake eating snake you confuse me
Who's killer? Who's captive? Who's free?
In a city that kills by constriction
Throw your streets around me and squeeze

And draw down the stars
Draw down the stars
What's in your heart, your heart

This fluorescent night will divide us
and dissolve to flickering screen
We all know each others' secrets
Things seen, but not seen

Draw down the stars
Draw down the stars
What's in your heart?

Draw down the stars
Draw down the stars
What's in your heart, your heart.