

Wishing Chair, Boston

I walk the streets with cobblestones
Headphones, hood up, all alone
River wind cuts to the bone
Hands deep in my pockets

I can feel the tears cut through my eyes
Call this rain my alibi
Cars and trucks go rumbling by
Puddle dodging profit

These streets are not my home
No matter where I roam
All I know is love is all that matters
I'm looking for a place
True love, a state of grace
Heaven's face
If you see a god, then ask her

Pigeons roost then fly away
Stone carved heroes of yesterday
Sternly watch as if to say,
"So you think you can do better"

And the temperatures and oceans rise
Profits built of wars and lies
Those cracker jacks, they take the prize
The world's not spinning faster

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So I struggle with these mysteries
Why patriots are spilling tea
Mannequins watch silently
Wait for inspiration

And I'll turn my face into this wind
Turn my love into a friend
Asking to begin again
Start the revolution

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If I see a god, I'll ask her