

# 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