

Mates of State, Drop And Anchor

It's the way I see it, and oh what a point of view
It's the line that calms us all, like a bell on fire
It's the line that calms us all, and how we love the call
Aim the sound at me
The small wall, the long haul up
Where candor always leads the conversation
The center of cities, it is divided
But it has no imperfection
It's the wall that holds us there
I'm thinking I can fly now
It's the wall that holds us there
As the city draws us down
I hear Mexico
Above all, are we out for contact?
Oh, can't I
And I could be an anchor
Drop me in the bay and watch me hold you steady
It's the way I see it and oh what a point of view
And I could be an anchor
Drop me in the bay and watch me hold you steady
Hold you
It's the way I see it