

# Television, Elevation

(Verlaine)

The last word  
is the lost word  
Why don't you say so

I sleep light  
on these shores tonite  
I live light on these shores

Elevation... don't go to my head

Now you give me no trouble  
and you give me no help  
It is the clown  
that works so well

I sleep light on these shores tonite.  
I live light on these shores.

Elevation don't go to my head

Our lips are sealed our breath is burning  
These cold wild seas have left us turning  
But I sleep light on these shores tonite  
I live light on these shores