

The Church, You've Got To Go

There's a distant light shining over you tonight
You've been transformed, you'll always be my storm
In the Tuscan dusk you're swooning under moons of musk
You touch the texture of the tiles and miles away
A visitor waits for you to show
You've got to go

In the plum sun dunes rippling to a frail tune
You've been conveyed, you'll always be my lifetimes blade
Along the alpine drive uncertain how to be alive
You love the fragments of a smile and miles away
A courier invokes your name you know
You've got to go

And another heart breaks, you're wasting all the time it takes
You've been assigned, you'll never be too far behind
Wait for a bus to come, you know another verse to hum
You thrust the windows for a while and miles away

Your servants searching high and low
You've got to go
You better go