

# 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