

Still There's A Light

Matt Pryor

Passenger plane, cross-continental.
Just can't fly to save my life.
And all I can say,
I'm half in the bottle,
Your look still cuts me like a knife.

But don't call it in,
The day may be done,
Swear that the lamp's been broken,
But still there's a light.

Adrift in this state,
I'm damned to wander
Tracing circles in the dust.
And hours of late,
I have to wonder,
Does water cleanse the desert rust?

Don't call in it,
The day may be done,
Swear that the lamp's been broken,
But still there's a light.

These aren't important things,
They're just my possessions.
They don't mean anything,
You can have them.

But don't call it in,
The day may be done,
Swear that the lamp's been broken,
But still there's a light.

Still there's a light,
Still there's a light.