

Lightning Rod

Guster

Standing on a building
I am a lightning rod
And all these clouds are so familiar
Descending from the mountain tops
The gods are threatening
But I will return an honest soldier
Home
Home
Steady on this high-rise
Like every lightning rod
And all these clouds are boiling over
Swimming in adrenaline
The sky is caving in
But I will remain the honest soldier
Home
Home

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