

Geography

Portland Cello Project

Gazing out the window of some big girder bird
Down on mother nature's face, torn-up, twisted, absurd
I wondered what the chances were that you
Were down there looking up at me Oh we're silly as geography
Silly as geography
You and me
We just can't get it right You're a function of my latitude
Let's end our little warring feud
Oh how I wish you would come home
Or I'll come there to you People will tell you what to do
Where your head should be
They don't tell me nothing
I ain't already heard before or better said We all want focus, we crave company
But we're cross-eyed and punch-drunk
From too much scenery
From our battles with geography Silly as geography
You and me
We're a lot like real estate But the state you're in is never real
It's one helluva rare raw deal
Oh how I wish you would return We're silly as geography
You and me
Yes, well I am, who you are You're a function of my latitude
Let's end our little warring feud
Come on, come on
Or I'll come there to you We're silly as geography

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