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 meOh we're silly as geography
Silly as geography
You and me
We just can't get it rightYou'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 youPeople 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 saidWe all want focus, we crave company
But we're cross-eyed and punch-drunk
From too much scenery
From our battles with geographySilly as geography
You and me
We're a lot like real estateBut the state you're in is never real
It's one helluva rare raw deal
Oh how I wish you would returnWe're silly as geography
You and me
Yes, well I am, who you areYou're a function of my latitude
Let's end our little warring feud
Come on, come on
Or I'll come there to youWe're silly as geography

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