Latitude

Escapologists

Gray London mornin'
Wet London streets
Rain on the window
Wind in the trees
It's my time to write
It's your time to call
There's somethin' about distance
That gets to us all
Dark clouds above me
Little people below
All walk with a purpose
With someplace to go
It's my place to paint
My own selfish scene
On this cold lonely canvas
It's just the weather and me
And latitude
Fold back the mornin'
And bring on the night
There's an alien moon
That hangs between
Darkness and light
Latitude
Between me and you
You're a straight line of distance
A cold stretch of black across blue
Latitude
Cracks in the sidewalks
Dogs on the run
An old poster reading

Give us your sons
Window frames capture
Moments in time
But latitude captures
The heart and mind
And latitude
Fold back the mornin'
And bring on the night

There's an alien moon
That hangs between
Darkness and light
Latitude
Between me and you
You're a straight line of distance
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And latitude
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