

# From the Observatory

## Swingin' Utters

I want to tell you how its been but I'm not too sure about it myself I've tried to call time and time again but I  
misdialed, then stopped myself now I feel like I'm on trial for the inconvenience  
I caught the train in a downtown rain and I swear I saw your face as I peered out through the window's stains I  
swear I saw your face I'm not waiting for the world to grab me by the balls and hold until I surrender weeping I  
suppose I could say I've missed your ways and I wish that we could meet again someday I know its not a crime  
to wait but I ain't standing here forever The lighthouse sits as an attraction for tourists it's been out of work for  
years, it seems I think its a bed and breakfast it's automated, been reconstructed no storied old man working in it

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