

# 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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