Drop And Anchor

Mates of State

It's the way I see it, and oh what a point of view. it's the line that calms us all, like a bell on fire. and how we love the call. aim the sound at me. the small wall, the long haul up. where candor always leads the conversation. the center of cities, it is divided, but it has no imperfection. it's the wall that holds us there. (i'm) thinking I can fly now, as the city draws us down. I hear mexico. above all, are we out for contact? oh, can't i. and I could be anchor. drop me in the bay and watch me hold you steady. it's the way I see it and oh what a point of view. hold you. it's the way I see it.

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