

Latitude

Misanthrop

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

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That hangs between
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