

# Latitude

## Paul Blackford

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  
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You're a straight line of distance  
A cold stretch of black across blue  
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And latitude  
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