

# Where It Should Be

We all live in hope, illogical hope, but real as anything that we can touch or feel. We always believe that there is a bright sun up ahead somewhere, even on our darkest day. Life is all around us, it's a constant distraction, and that itself is life itself, blinding life. We assume the world will do a normal turn, and that everything will be where it should be, and it is.

Like my Da walking up that hill to the hospital With his heart full of joie de vivre Blue sky up above where it often is But even further than normally I assume the world will do a normal turn And everything will be where it should be Like my Da walking up that hill to the hospital Where his heart full of joie de vivre

Here in Tompkins Square where the hawks reside In a tree that has lost its leaves There are those who have come from so far away To observe how the hawks proceed The millennial's drift to the bicycle boom Of a drunk who believed he'd be reprieved Like his Da walking up that hill to the hospital With his heart full of joie de vivre

It's a warm autumn night in New York town And everybody has settled down The moon was full a few days ago Now it's passed we're all a mite relieved But sometimes when all fits where it should fall I begin to address what could deceive Like my Da walking up that hill to the hospital With his heart full of joie de vivre

Blue sky up above where it often is But even further than it's known to be We assume the world will do a normal turn And everything will be where it should be