Astral Weeks

Glen Hansard and Markéta IrglovÃ;

If I ventured in the slipstream Between the viaducts of your dream Where mobile steel rims crack And the ditch in the back roads stop Could you find me? Would you kiss-a my eyes? To lay me down in silence easy To be born again, to be born again From the far side of the ocean If I put the wheels in motion And I stand with my arms behind me And I'm pushin' on the door Could you find me? Would you kiss-a my eyes? To lay me down in silence easy To be born again, to be born again There you go standin' with the look of avarice Talkin' to Huddie Ledbetter Showin' pictures on the wall Whisperin' in the hall And pointin' a finger at me There you go, there you go Standin' in the sun darlin' With your arms behind you And your eyes before There you go Takin' care of your boy Seein' that he's got clean clothes Puttin' on his little red shoes I see you know he's got clean clothes A puttin' on his little red shoes A pointin' a finger at me

Standing in your sad arrest
Trying to do my very best
Lookin' straight at you
Comin' through, darlin'
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

If I ventured in the slipstream Between the viaducts of your dreams Where mobile steel rims crack And the ditch in the back roads stop Could you find me? Would you kiss-a my eyes? To lay me down in silence easy To be born again, to be born again To be born again, to be born again In another world, darlin' In another world In another time Got a home on high Ain't nothing but a stranger in this world I'm nothing but a stranger in this world I got a home on high in another land So far away, so far away Way up in the heaven, way up in the heaven Way up in the heaven, way up in heaven, oh In another time, in another place In another time, in another place Way up in the heaven In another time, in another place In another time, in another place In another face

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