

Eight Miles High

Neil Merryweather

Eight miles high
And when you touch down
You find you're
Stranger than known Signs in the street
That say where you're goin'
Are somewhere
Just bein' their own Nowhere is
There warmth to be found
Just those afraid
Of losing their ground Rain gray town
Known for its sound
In places
Small faces about Round the squares
Huddled in storms
Some laughin'
Some just shapeless forms Sidewalk scenes
And black limousines
Some livin'
Some standin' alone Eight miles high
Eight miles high Eight miles high
Eight miles high Eight miles high
Eight miles high
Eight miles high

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