

# Desert Plane

## Tapes 'n Tapes

Across the high in desert plane  
Where towns are tortured and hills are stained  
It's where you were  
When times are bad and you would tell her  
I bet you were a million miles away And if I could I'd be around  
I would pull you up, and watch the tone  
'Cause you wanna and my hand waves  
And you move like you need a hand  
And tore away  
Across the better land to call your own  
A bet you saw the miles of golden stones  
It's where you bed and where you walk  
I called you up, I called you a part  
I bet you were a million miles away And if you want, I'd been in demand  
We'd be up on times, your hand in my hand  
'Cause you walk like you wanna  
'Cause you wanna and my hand waves  
And you move like you need a hand  
My hand, your sin I never knew for the dead  
My head will watch you in the sand  
These clouds come rolling in  
You say your hands  
Make you right and nervous  
In the night full of  
Straight coming eyes  
And you lie when you walk  
Make me wise  
Make me  
Till the shot fills the hand  
And my lonely sin END

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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