Fifty Miles Of Elbow Room

Iris DeMent

Twelve-hundred miles, it's length and breadth
That four-square city stands
It's gem-set walls of jasper shine
They're not made by human handsOne-hundred miles it's gates are wide
Abundant entrance there
With fifty miles of elbow room
On either side to spareWhen the gates swing wide on the other side
Just beyond the sunset sea
There'll be room to spare as we enter there
There'll be room for you and room for meFor the gates are wide on the other side
Where the fairest flowers bloom
On the right hand and on the left hand
Fifty miles of elbow roomSometimes I'm cramped and I'm crowded here
And I long for elbow room
I long to reach for altitude
Where the fairest flowers bloom
It won't be long before I pass into that city fair
With fifty miles of elbow room
On either side to spareOh, when the gates swing wide on the other side
Just beyond the sunset sea
There'll be room to spare as we enter there
There'll be room for you and room for meOh, for the gates are wide on the other side
Where the fairest flowers bloom
On the right hand and on the left hand
Fifty miles of elbow room

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