

# Marquee

Greg Laswell

So now you are a tree  
Come on lift up your arms high  
Today you see that you can be  
Higher than the marquee  
Buzzing in the city  
Oh, and that all this is tiny There's nothing you can say  
That'll be heard over  
That squealing megaphone  
Underneath the marquee  
Buzzing in the city  
So you can stop your screaming And the freeway that I dreamed on  
Was eight hours long  
The highway that I flew on  
Was grounded and  
The only thing that's me here  
Is what she sees So never mind the warmth  
Between all that you see  
Never mind what they may love  
Underneath the marquee  
Buzzing in the city  
You can't stop your screaming And the freeway that I dreamed on  
Was eight hours long  
The highway that I flew on  
Was grounded and  
The only thing that's me here  
Is what she sees Oh, the freeway that I dreamed on  
Was eight hours long  
The highway that I flew on  
Was grounded and  
The only thing that's me here  
Is what she sees Oh, and the freeway I dreamed on was eight hours long  
(And she sees me, and she sees me, and I'll go how she sees)  
Oh, and the freeway I dreamed on was eight hours long  
(And she sees me, and I'll go how she sees) The highway that I flew on was grounded and  
(And she sees me, and I'll go how she sees)  
The only thing that's me here is what she sees  
(And she sees me, and I'll go how she sees) The only thing that's me here is what she sees

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