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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