

The Commander Thinks Aloud

The Long Winters

Boys and girls in cars
Dogs and birds on lawns
From here I can touch the sun
Yeah yeah Put your jackets on
I feel we're being born
The Tropic of Capricorn is below
Yeah yeah yeah yeah We stall above the pole
Still your face is young
As we feel our weight return
Yeah yeah A trail of shooting stars
The horses call of storm
Because the air contains the charge
Yeah yeah yeah yeah The radio is on
And Houston knows the score
Can you feel it?
We're almost home
Yeah yeah yeah yeah The crew compartment's breaking up
The crew compartment's breaking up
The crew compartment's breaking up
The crew compartment's breaking up
The crew compartment's breaking up
The crew compartment's breaking up
The crew compartment's breaking up

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