

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 yeahPut your jackets on
I feel we're being born
The Tropic of Capricorn is below
Yeah yeah yeah yeahWe stall above the pole
Still your face is young
As we feel our weight return
Yeah yeahA trail of shooting stars
The horses call of storm
Because the air contains the charge
Yeah yeah yeah yeahThe radio is on
And Houston knows the score
Can you feel it?
We're almost home
Yeah yeah yeah yeahThe crew compartment's breaking up
The crew compartment's breaking up

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