

The Horizon Is A Beltway

Jocie Adams

The horizon is a beltway that we may never cross
The tops of buildings tremble like children lorn and lost
The stain runs deep it's deeper than the blood upon the cross.
The horizon is a beltway that we may never cross.
You'll hear that distant love song when the wind blows right
Hear the whistle blowing put a tear into your eye
You hear the distant love song but widows know the lie
The horizon is a beltway, the skyline is on fire.
The skyline is on fire, the skyline is on fire
The horizon is a beltway and the skyline is on fire
You come up from the lowlands to the city on the air
Where pilgrims and commissioners currate Christian fare
From Havisu to Brownsville feel the long unbroken stare
I wonder what it smells like in that city on the air

You'll hear that distant love song when the wind blows right
Just the same blue love song made my grand dad cry
You'll hear the whistle blowing put a tear drop in your eye
The horizon is a beltway, and the skyline is on fire.
The skyline is on fire, the skyline is on fire
You'll hear the distant love song, when the skyline is on fire
The skyline is on fire, the skyline is on fire
The horizon is a beltway and the skyline is on fire
This old house stood empty now for fifteen years or more
Willows falls half way to meet the weeds around the door
Time throws up her curtain and we know not who we are
The horizon is a beltway, the skyline is on fire
You'll hear that distant love song when the wind blows right
Hear the whistle blowing put a tear drop in your eye
Jagged as the jaw bone once the flesh expires
The horizon is a beltway the skyline is on fire

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