

# Vastness

## The Damn Quails

Stating up at the vastness  
The expanse of the cosmos laying bare  
    Turning a stone in my left hand  
Like the last time that I saw you there  
Like the last time that I saw you there

I brought some cold beer in bottles  
And I poured your 2 out on the ground  
We toasted the street lines and circles  
Lord it never would come back around  
Lord it never would come back around

(Chorus)  
I mightâ€™ve made you honest  
    Maybe just made you a mess  
Why Iâ€™m standing on this shoreline alone;  
    Brother, thatâ€™s anyones guess

Now we talked of Christ and creation  
    And the virtues of life on the run  
We dug at the graves of our elders  
Wondering how many times they had spun  
    Wondering how many times they had spun

(Chorus)  
I mightâ€™ve made you honest  
    Maybe just made you a mess  
Why Iâ€™m standing on this shoreline alone;  
    Brother, thatâ€™s anyones guess  
    YES!

Staring up out the vastness  
The expanse of the cosmos laying bare  
    Turning a stone in my left hand  
Like the last time that I saw you there  
Like the last time that I saw you there  
    Like the last time that I saw you there  
Like the last time that I saw you there

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