Eight Miles High

Chris Hillman

Eight miles high and when you touch down
You'll find that it's stranger than known
Signs in the street that say where you're going
Are somewhere just being their ownNowhere is there warmth to be found
Among those afraid of losing their ground
Rain gray town known for it's sound
In places small faces unboundRound the squares huddled in storms
Some laughing some just shapeless forms
Sidewalk scenes and black limousines
Some living some standing alone

Songwriters
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