

8 Mile Road

Grant Lee Buffalo

Daisies in the chain
Woven in your hair that falls into a braid
Woven' round the statue's toes in the gardens you made
Bells that sing and chime
Little crystal bells that toll all through the night
Never once did angels break away from your side
Won't you hurry home? Won't you hurry home?
Hurry down that long 8 Mile Road
Won't you hurry home? Now, your seeds are sown
Hurry down that long 8 Mile Road
Poppies red and gold
Growin' wild as weeds beside Yellow Brick Road
Growin' in the ditch where I sailed a milk carton boat
But how can you deny
When the spirit wraps in broad daylight?
And it looks you right between the eyes
Won't you hurry home? Won't you hurry home?
Hurry down that long 8 Mile Road
Won't you hurry home? Now, your leaves are strewn
Hurry down that long 8 Mile Road
And all those talkin' skulls
Mama, they don't scare me much, not anymore
Think I finally got my head around the door
Won't you hurry home? Won't you hurry home?
Hurry down that long 8 Mile Road
Won't you hurry home while the breeze is blowin'?
Hurry down that long 8 Mile Road
Won't you hurry home? Now, won't you hurry home?
Hurry down that long 8 Mile Road, hurry home
Down that 8 Mile Road, hurry home, hurry home
Down that 8 Mile Road, hurry home, hurry home

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