

Great Heron Gates

Earlimart

Hanging by a string
Lose the feeling in your feet
Waiting on traffic lights

She gets nervous every time you fly
You never know what you might find
You never know what you might find
So you wait a little longer this time
See the wind blowing in the trees
And the smog hanging in the air
And people living on their knees
And Jesus, are you really there?
You never know what you might find
You never know what you might find
You never know how hard you try
It's always hard to say goodbye
So you wait a little longer this time

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