

# Eight Miles High

## The Byrds

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 goin'  
Are somewhere  
Just being their own Nowhere is  
There warmth to be found  
Among those afraid  
Of losing their ground Rain gray town  
Known for its sound  
In places  
Small faces unbound Round the squares  
Huddled in storms  
Some laughing  
Some just shapeless forms Sidewalk scenes  
And black limousines  
Some living  
Some standing alone

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