

Anyway

Genesis

All the pumping's nearly over for my sweet heart.
This is the one for me,
Time to meet the chef,
Oh boy! The running man's out of death.
Feel cold and old, it's getting hard to catch my breath.
It's back to ash, "now, you've had your flash boy"
The rocks, in time, compress
Your blood to oil,
Your flesh to coal,
Enrich the soil,
Not everybody's goal. Anyway, they say she comes on a pale horse,
But I'm sure I hear a train.
Oh boy! I don't even feel no pain
I guess I must be driving myself insane.
Damn it all! Does earth plug a hole in heaven,
Or heaven plug a hole in earth - "how wonderful to be so profound,
When everything you are is dying underground."
I feel the pull on the rope, let me off at the rainbow.
I could have been exploded in space
Different orbits for my bones
Not me, just quietly buried in stones,
Keep the deadline open with my maker!
See me stretch; for God's elastic acre
The door bell rings and it's
"Good morning Rael
So sorry you had to wait.
It won't be long, yeah!
She's very rarely late."

Songwriters

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