Temporary Ground

Jack White

On a floating lily island
Moving over slowly sideways
Rested temper and the creatures
Spending all of their daysPraying for the floor to
Buckle down below their belts
Crashing into yet another
Drifting continental shelfMoving without motion
Screaming without sound
Across an open ocean
Flying there on temporary groundMoving without motion
Screaming without sound
Across an open ocean
Flying there on temporary groundThe old explorers had it easy
They discovered nothing new
But returned on home with answers
Of sad existent cluesAll the creatures have it hard now
Nothing but god is left to know
And while he left us all here hanging
We're barely losing off our homeMoving without motion
Screaming without sound
Across an open ocean
Flying there on temporary groundMoving without motion
Screaming without sound
Across an open ocean
Flying there on temporary groundMoving without motion
Screaming without sound
Across an open ocean
Flying there on temporary ground

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