

# Too Many Clues In This Room

Gordon Lightfoot

The space shuttle ends where the subway begins  
There's a tear on the face of the moon  
From dusk until dawn they have searched all day long  
But there's too many clues in this room At best it is said we've been locked deep inside  
Of an old sea mans chest full of charts  
Where maps are contained and what's left of his brains  
When his crew threw his balls to the sharks All around the looking glass dancing to a tune  
Sweeping out the house with a fine tooth comb  
Which history's shown leads to ruin In a word it is said that at times we must fall  
But the worst of it all was the lies  
We died for the cause just like regular outlaws  
In the dust of an old lawman's eyes In times best forgot there was peace there was not  
In her pains Mother Earth came to bloom  
Her children were born in the eye of the storm  
And there's too many clues in this room The power that is stored in the no mans land of chance  
Is the someone who knows what they're doin'  
The old soldiers say in they're own crusty way  
We've got too many troops in this room All around the looking glass dancing to a tune  
Sweeping out the house with a fine tooth comb  
Which history's shown leads to ruin The space shuttle ends where the subway begins  
Praise the Lord there's a train leavin' soon  
From dusk until dawn they have searched all day long  
But there's too many clues in this room

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