

In The Lowlands

Crowded House

Oh hell trouble is coming
Out here in panic and alarm
Black shapes gather in the distance
Looks like it won't take long
The first drops land on the window
The first sign that there's something wrong
Light rain and a head full of thunder
Which way, which way
Two days till I get to you
I'll be late if I ever get through
Where I go there'll be no kind welcome
Coming down upon me
Time will keep me warm
Feel my face
Now the insects swarm
In the lowlands
Fear will take the place of desire
And we will fan the flames from on high
Try for heavens sake
The sky fell underneath a blanket
The sun sank as the miles went by
Sit back with your head on the pillow
When you remember it makes you cry
Ghost cars on the freeway
Like friends that you thought you had
One by one they are disappearing
Time will keep me warm
Feel my face
Now the insects swarm
In the lowlands
Fear will take the place of desire
And we will fan the flames from on high

Songwriters

NEIL FINN

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