

They're Not Here, They're Not Coming

Don Henley

From the Arizona desert to the Salisbury Plain
Lights on the horizon patterns on the grain
Anxious eyes turned upward clutching souvenirs
Carrying our highest hopes and our darkest fears
They swear there was an accident back in '47
Little man with a great big head splattered down from heaven
Government conspiracy, cover-ups and lies
Hidden in the desert under endless skies
Well, it's a cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold
Post, postmodern world
No time for heroes, no place for good guys
No room for Rocky, the flying squirrel
They're not here, they're not coming
Not in a million years
Turn your weary eyes back homeward
Stop your trembling, dry your tears
You may see the heavens flashing
You may hear the cosmos humming
But I promise you, my brother
They're not here, they're not coming
Would they pile into the saucer
Find Orlando's rat and hug it?
Go screaming through the universe
Just to get McNuggets? Well, I don't think so, I don't think so
It's much too dangerous, it's much too strange
Here in a world that won't give Oprah
No home on the range
Well, it's a cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold
Post, postmodern world
No authenticity, no sign of soul
The radio won't play George and Merle
They're not here, they're not coming
Not in a million years
'Til we put away our hatred
'Til we lay aside our fears
You may see the heavens flashing
You may hear the cosmos humming
But I promise you, my sister
They're not here, they're not coming
To this garden we were given
And always took for granted
Well, it's like my daddy told me
You just bloom where you're planted
Now you long to be delivered
From this world of pain and strife
That's a sorry substitution
For a spiritual life
Well, it's a cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold
Post, postmodern world
No place for sentiment, no room for romance

Bring back the Duke of Earl
They're not here, they're not coming
Not in a million years
Turn your hopes back homeward
Hold your children, dry their tears
You may see the heavens flashing
You may hear the cosmos humming
But I promise you, my brother
They're not here, they're not coming
They're not here, they're not coming
Not in a million years
'Til we put away our hatred
And lay aside our fears
You may see the heavens flashing
You may hear the cosmos humming
But I promise you, my brother
They're not here, they're not coming

Songwriters

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