

Grant Lee Buffalo, 8 Mile Road

Daisies in the chain
Woven in your hair that falls
Into a braid
Woven' round the statue's toes
In the gardens you made

Bells that sing and chime
Little crystal bells that toll
All through the night
Never once did angels break
Away from your side

Won't ya hurry home
Won't ya hurry home
Hurry down that lone eight mile road
Won't ya hurry home
Now your seeds are sewn
Hurry down that lone eight mile road

Poppies red and gold
Growin' wild as weeds beside
Yellow brick road
Growin' in the ditch where i
Sailed a milk carton boat

But how can you deny
When the spirit wraps in broad
Daylight
And it looks you right between
The eyes

Won't ya hurry home
Won't ya hurry home

Hurry down that lone eight mile road
Won't ya hurry home
Now your leaves are strewn
Hurry down that lone eight mile road
Ooh

All those talkin' sculls
Ma they don't scare me much
Not anymore
Think I finally got my head
'round the door

Won't ya hurry home
Won't ya hurry home
Hurry down that lone eight mile road
Won't ya hurry home
While the breeze is blowin'
Hurry down that lone eight mile road

Won't ya hurry home
Now won't ya hurry home
Hurry down that lone eight mile road
Hurry home
Down that lone eight mile road
Hurry home

Hurry home
Down that lone eight mile road
Hurry home

Ooh ooh
Hurry home
Ooh ooh ooh