

Jeff Finlin, Somewhere South Of Wonder

Somewhere south of wonder
Lies a lake of gasoline
Somewhere south of wonder
Lies a lake of gasoline
A crimson tide a-rolling
In the wake of someone's dreams

Broken bugle blowing
Sounds like wind beneath my wings
Broken bugle blowing
Sound like wind beneath my wings
Ain't no light without the darkness
In the end I can begin

Kiss me once again dear
Our golden rings have turned to steel
Kiss me once again dear
Our golden rings have turned to steel
Good thing we chose the love hon
And found that smiles can grow from tears

Summertime is coming
The heat lays heavy on the land
Summertime is coming
The heat lays heavy on the land
But I'm still inside this bubble
This cold drink cradled in my hand

Somewhere south of wonder
I call the world my own
Somewhere south of wonder
I can call the world my own
And there's peace upon the valley
And there's nowhere I am going