

Chris Whitley, Rocket House

I been living in a rocket house
Empty buildings go flying by
So tapped above the atmosphere
I got no time to say goodbye
I was only out a thousand miles
All religions fall away
I been running for a hundred years
But I always got some place to pray
From counterpane to stratosphere
All conclusions fade to black
Is there freedom from the hemisphere
Where there is no going back?
I been living in a rocket house
Empty buildings go flying by
So tapped above the atmosphere
I got no time to say goodbye