

# 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  
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So tapped above the atmosphere  
I got no time to say goodbye