

Crowded House, Heaven That I'm Making

Plead with my saint
Wash his hands and feet
Find his complaints
Make this world complete

And this heaven that I'm making
Can't come quickly enough
And the big wave that I'm taking
It feels like I'm just waking up

Mind out, don't think
I can't get used to it
Right on the brink
I end up losing it

And this heaven that I'm making
It can't come quickly enough
And the big wave that I'm taking
It feels like I'm just waking up

And I'll be there
If all of creation is kind
And each conversation I hear
As I'm walking in through the crowd
As if I can float through the air

And this heaven

Well, this heaven that I'm making
It can't come quickly enough
And this big boat that I'm taking
Can't come by quickly enough

If there is hell on Earth
There must be heaven, too
Both in one place
And not a second to lose