

# Emerson, Lake & Palmer, Eight Miles High

## EIGHT MILES HIGH

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Revised by Keith Emerson/Robert Berry/Carl Palmer

8 miles high, and when you touch down  
No time can be stranger than now  
Signs on the street, and where are we going  
Out somewhere just 2 B alone

Nowhere near, what can be found  
Among us we can't lose more ground  
Time may tell, long though it sounds  
These places our faces abound

Out in square, lives covered in stone  
Some laughing most won't take stand  
Sidewalk of dreams, as far as one sees  
Some living some standing alone