

Gary Jules, Wichita

Buffalo are out among the falling stars tonight
Shadows cross the kitchen in the afternoon
Daylight break on the hemisphere
I jumped in the water
You left too soon

Blood red sun, moon on the water
Everything is frozen north of Wichita
And the rails bear a dangerous cargo there
Through the latter days of dreamtime
And the screen door is busted
And the hours fall and wither away
Everything is frozen north of Wichita
I'm standing in this truckstop in Coeur D' Alene

Yeah I come from sad stories
Yeah I come from lonely people too
Yeah I come from California
Where god is green and eyes are blue
Where god is green and eyes are blue

And the bird is flown already
Like the guns are drawn already

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Everything is frozen north of Wichita
And the rails bear a dangerous cargo there
Through the latter days of dreamtime
And the screen door is busted
And the hours fall and wither away
Everything is frozen north of Wichita
I'm standing here just waiting on my judgment day

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I'm standing in this truckstop in Coeur D' Alene