

Jim White, Borrowed Wings

That night we drank wine from the crazy well. Shot a shotgun out the window of our automobile. We and we sure had our fun. Until the sheriff caught up with us and we tried to run. Now we return to Earth lifted from the shoulders of sweet dreaming angels. Now the world beyond the world we never will reach, get to heaven on no... borrowed wings. Now Lucinda here she once ran a fine beauty parlor, 'til her husband died years for robbing them liquor stores. She took some pills in a motel room a mile from his prison cell and threw a stone to the blue bottom of the swimming pool. Now she returns to Earth on borrowed wings lifted from the shoulders of sweet dreaming angels. Now the world beyond the world she never will reach, 'cause you can't get to heaven on borrowed wings. Between a rock called heaven and a hard place called home, we wander the shadows so remote in the fallow field where what's reaped is what's sewn there lies a road to ruin and it's paved with our tears. If you catch my reflection in a sheet of summer rain, pray tell do remain silent for fear you'll awaken them. For we return to Earth on borrowed wings that we bear for fear they'll reclaim them and send us back there. For we return to Earth lifted from the shoulders of sweet dreaming angels. Now the world beyond the world we never will reach, get to heaven on no... no borrowed wings.