

July For Kings, As The Crow Flies

Driving by myself it's 8 o'clock
I wonder where I am
she's waiting by the door
it's getting late, it's getting cold again
the birds and my inhibitions
will find shelter for tonight
In the fiery autumn forest trees
that even though I cannot see
will burn and burn all through the night(s)
burn and turn the dark to light
opening a way to love-
the longest distance between

As the crow flies
as the crow flies

Waiting for a train it's Saturday
we're hand in hand again
waiting for the pain it's one more day
it's one more night to win
Chicago waiting patiently
and we're beginning to see

The soul amidst the architecture
spinning 'round as we conjecture
heaven is a story away
the city is ours
tomorrow as far
the buildings as high

As the crow flies

Standing by on the ground
I look up
to the sky
all these questions of life
and of loving
arise
if you'll lead me I'll go
to the fire
tell me why
I'm afraid to burn
I'm so afraid to learn

Driving by myself it's 8 o'clock (pm)
I'm going home again
she's crying in her room we're all alone
we're on the phone again
trying to make some sense of
make some sense of all this pain

As the crow flies

Standing by on the ground
I look up
to the sky
as all these questions of life
and of loving
arise
if you'll lead me I'll go
to the fire
tell me why
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As the crow flies
crow flies

Standing by on the ground
we look up
to the sky
as all these questions of life
and of loving
arise
if you'll lead me I'll go
to the fire
tell me why
we're so afraid to burn
tell me why we're so afraid to learn

Driving by myself it's 8 o'clock I'm all alone again