

Roxy Music, Eight Miles High

(Clark,Crosby,McGuinn)

Eight miles high
And when you touch down
You find you're
Stranger than known
Signs in the street
That say where you're going
Are somewhere
Just being their own
Nowhere is there
Warmth to be found
Just those afraid
Of losing their ground
Rain grey town
Known for its sound
In places
Small faces around
Round the squares
Huddled in storms
Some laughing
Some just shapeless forms
Sidewalk scenes
And black limousines
Some living
Some standing
Alone