

# The Byrds, Eight Miles High

Eight miles high and when you touch down  
You'll find that it's 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  
Among those afraid of losing their ground  
Rain gray town known for its sound  
In places small faces unbound

'Round the squares huddled in storms  
Some laughing, some just shapeless forms  
Sidewalk scenes and black limousines  
Some living, some standing alone