

Suburban Plains

Enter The Haggis

Whenever the time is right
I will think of you
Whatever I might find
I will think of you

Walking the black, steel rail across suburban plains
Watching the summer's hand bend the long, green blades
Hoping to stumble on the pieces of my youth
Cinnamon copper Quenn, still so flat and smooth
Pardon me, Your Majesty, for never stopping by
I can see you're lonely living life upon the line

So let this be the end of everything that could
I'm so tired of all the things I'll never know

Stop on the trestle bridge, Sixteen Mile below
Whetting it's appetite with the same old sticks and hopes
Are you happy upon your course, worn by centuries
Or searching beneath these stones for something else to be
Would you take me with you on uour cold and bumpy ride
If I hit the water then there's nothing to decide