

# The Crossing

Big Country

Maps on the back of your hands point to the cross  
Scratches on walls in a room draw out your loss  
Your islands are conquered and  
You are returned to the throne  
Martyrs take penance and  
Fill up the mattress with stones

Pull straws with holy men  
Stain all the atlas pink  
And let us find a beach  
Where we can cross our hearts

Stand in the wind as the carousels spin  
Wear out your welcome again  
Stand on the silence of mountains and  
Wear out your welcome again

Mornings hit hard with an uncontrollable light  
Piercing the senses that click deep in the night  
Crouched in a pillow of straw feet on the floor  
Creeping a path to the mat that holds back the door

Pull straws with holy men  
Stain all the atlas pink  
And let us find a beach  
Where we can cross our hearts

Build up great railways that run  
Through the horns of the moon  
Hold up a city with cast iron museum walls  
Explain your machines to the boys feed them with tools  
Bring out the skill in your skin polish your hair

Pull straws with holy men  
Stain all the atlas pink  
And let us find a beach  
Where we can cross our hearts

Stand in the wind as the carousels spin  
Wear out your welcome again  
Stand on the silence of mountains  
And take a look down to the sea

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