

## 8 Mile Road

Grant Lee Buffalo

Daisies in the chain  
Woven in your hair that falls  
Into a braid  
Woven' round the statue's toes  
In the gardens you made

Bells that sing and chime  
Little crystal bells that toll  
All through the night  
Never once did angels break  
Away from your side

Won't ya hurry home  
Won't ya hurry home  
Hurry down that lone eight mile road  
Won't ya hurry home  
Now your seeds are sewn  
Hurry down that lone eight mile road

Poppies red and gold  
Growin' wild as weeds beside  
Yellow brick road  
Growin' in the ditch where i  
Sailed a milk carton boat

But how can you deny  
When the spirit wraps in broad  
Daylight  
And it looks you right between  
The eyes

Won't ya hurry home  
Won't ya hurry home

Hurry down that lone eight mile road  
Won't ya hurry home  
Now your leaves are strewn  
Hurry down that lone eight mile road  
Ooh

All those talkin' skulls  
Ma they don't scare me much  
Not anymore  
Think I finally got my head  
'round the door

Won't ya hurry home  
Won't ya hurry home  
Hurry down that lone eight mile road  
Won't ya hurry home  
While the breeze is blowin'  
Hurry down that lone eight mile road

Won't ya hurry home  
Now won't ya hurry home  
Hurry down that lone eight mile road  
Hurry home

Down that lone eight mile road  
Hurry home

Hurry home  
Down that lone eight mile road  
Hurry home  
Ooh ooh  
Hurry home  
Ooh ooh ooh