

Fifty Miles Of Elbow Room

Iris DeMent

Twelve-hundred miles, it's length and breadth,
That four-square city stands.
It's gem-set walls of Jasper shine,
They're not made by human hands.
One-hundred miles it's gates are wide:
Abundant entrance there.
With fifty miles of elbow room,
On either side to spare.

When the gates swing wide on the other side,
Just beyond the sunset sea.
There'll be room to spare as we enter there.
There'll be room for you and room for me.
For the gates are wide on the other side,
Where the fairest flowers bloom.
On the right hand and on the left hand,
Fifty miles of elbow room.

Sometimes I'm cramped and I'm crowded here,
And I long for elbow room.
How I long to reach for altitude,
Where the fairest flowers bloom.
It won't be long before I pass,
Into that city fair.
With fifty miles of elbow room,
On either side to spare.

Oh, when the gates swing wide on the other side,
Just beyond the sunset sea.
There'll be room to spare as we enter there.
There'll be room for you and room for me.
Oh, for the gates are wide on the other side,
Where the fairest flowers bloom.
On the right hand and on the left hand,
Fifty miles of elbow room.