

Temporary Ground

Jack White

On a floating lily island
Moving over slowly sideways
Rest the temporary creatures
Spending all of their days

Waiting for the floor to
Buckle down below their belts
Crashing into yet another
Drifting continental shelf

R: Moving without motion
Screaming without sound
Across an open ocean
Flying there on temporary ground

The old explorers had it easy
They discovered nothing new
But returned on home with answers
Of sad existence clues

All the creatures have it hard now
Nothing but God is left to know
And while he left us all here hanging
We're barely losing off our home

R: (4x)