

# 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)