

Tryin' To Get To Heaven Before They Close The Door

Robyn Hitchcock

The air is getting hotter
There's a rumbling in the sky
I'm drifting through that high muddy water
With a full moon shining in my eyes
Every day your memory grows dimmer
It don't haunt me like it did before
I'm in the middle of nowhere
Tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door
When I was in Missouri
They would not let me be
I had to leave there in a hurry
I only saw what they let me see
You broke the heart that loved you
Now you can see what the book cannot write anymore
I'm just stuck in the half-light
Tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door
People on the platform
Waiting for the train
I can feel their hearts a-beating
Like pendulums swingin' on chains
When you think that you've lost everything
You find out you can always lose a little more
I'm in the dinosaurs' waiting room
Tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door
I'm going down the river
Down to New Orleans
They tell me everything is alright
But I don't even know what alright means
I was riding in a buggy with Miss Mary Jane
Miss Mary Jane's got a house in Baltimore
I've been to Sugartown; I shook the sugar down
Now I'm tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door
I'm gonna sleep down in the parlour
And relive my dreams
I close my eyes and I wonder
If everything's as hollow as it seems
Some dreams don't pull no gamblers
No midnight ramblers like they did before
I'm just goin' down the road, feelin' bad
Tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door