

# 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