

Eight Miles High

The Byrds

Eight miles high
And when you touch down
You'll find that it's
Stranger than known

Signs in the street
That say where you're goin'
Are somewhere
Just being their own

Nowhere is
There warmth to be found
Among those afraid
Of losing their ground

Rain gray town
Known for its sound
In places
Small faces unbound

Round the squares
Huddled in storms
Some laughing
Some just shapeless forms

Sidewalk scenes
And black limousines
Some living
Some standing alone