

Grand Old World

The Flower Kings

Standing in the sun, gazing at a new day
Filling in the blanks, just another Monday
Waiting for a plane, take me down there under
Waiting for the past, waiting for the wonders

Take it to the skies, make it to the big cloud
Far below the sea, far away the runner
Think about the speed, dream about the distance
Far out to the East, leave behind all western

Cut me a slice of the sky
I wanna drown in your downbeat wonders
cut me a slice of grand old world
while trains and planes goes passing by

Standing in the sun, feeling like a flower
Looking from a Jackass in the shadow of the towers
Standing in the heat looking at the river
Caught between this now and the rhythm of forever

Standing in the market gazing at the sundown
Curtains falling down, people pull me under
Can you hear the wild dog, can you slow the time down
Catching up with Gods, lost in all their wonders

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I wanna drown in your downbeat wonders
cut me a slice of grand old world
while trains and planes goes passing by