Yesterday was a bright shining star on a misty moon, and today is a broad shout away from where we want to be, but i t ain't that bad,

Take a freight train from the east side of town, to the west si de and not much changes,

take a cool shade and Sunday afternoon couch, and hear the howling wind.

And I hope you are happier now.....
In this whirlwind.

Light changes before it ever starts to reappear, but it don't m atter, people cross anyway,

and everybody wants a heart that they can hold dear, just as lo ng as it is golden in silence.

When you first get off the bus the city seems surreal, and you get lost in it,

and you get hit by the sounds that you never hear...like the ho wling wind.

And I hope you are happier now..... In this whirlwind.