

## The Horizon Is A Beltway

### The Low Anthem

The horizon is a beltway that we may never cross  
The tops of buildings tremble like children lorn and lost  
The stain runs deep it's deeper than the blood upon the cross.  
The horizon is a beltway that we may never cross.

You'll hear that distant love song when the wind blows right  
Hear the whistle blowing put a tear into your eye  
You hear the distant love song but widows know the lie  
The horizon is a beltway, the skyline is on fire.

The skyline is on fire, the skyline is on fire  
The horizon is a beltway and the skyline is on fire

You come up from the lowlands to the city on the air  
Where pilgrims and commissioners currate Christian fare  
From Havisu to Brownsville feel the long unbroken stare  
I wonder what it smells like in that city on the air

You'll hear that distant love song when the wind blows right  
Just the same blue love song made my grand dad cry  
You'll hear the whistle blowing put a tear drop in your eye  
The horizon is a beltway, and the skyline is on fire.

The skyline is on fire, the skyline is on fire  
You'll hear the distant love song, when the skyline is on fire  
The skyline is on fire, the skyline is on fire  
The horizon is a beltway and the skyline is on fire

This old house stood empty now for fifteen years or more  
Willows falls half way to meet the weeds around the door  
Time throws up her curtain and we know not who we are  
The horizon is a beltway, the skyline is on fire

You'll hear that distant love song when the wind blows right  
Hear the whistle blowing put a tear drop in your eye  
Jagged as the jaw bone once the flesh expires  
The horizon is a beltway the skyline is on fire