

Eight Miles High

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Eight miles high, and when you touch down
No time can be stranger than now
Signs on the street, and where are we going
Out somewhere just to be alone

Nowhere near, what can be found
Among us we can't lose more ground
Time may tell, long though it sounds
These places our faces abound

Out in square, lives covered in stone
Some laughing most won't take stand
Sidewalk of dreams, as far as one sees
Some living some standing alone