

# They're Not Here, They're Not Coming

Don Henley

From the Arizona desert  
To the Salisbury plain  
Lights on the horizon  
Patterns on the grain  
Anxious eyes turned upward  
Clutching souvenirs  
Carrying our highest hopes and our darkest fears

They swear there was an accident back in '47  
Little man with a great big head  
Splattered down from heaven  
Government conspiracy; cover-ups and lies  
Hidden in the desert under endless skies

Well, it's a cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold  
Post, postmodern world  
No time for heroes, no place for good guys  
No room for rocky the flying squirrel

They're not here, they're not coming  
Not in a million years  
Turn your weary eyes back homeward  
Stop your trembling, dry your tears  
You may see the heavens flashing  
You may hear the cosmos humming  
But I promise you, my brother  
They're not here, they're not coming

Would they pile into the saucer  
Find Orlando's rat and hug it?  
Go screaming through the universe  
Just to get McNuggets?  
Well, I don't think so, I don't think so  
It's much too dangerous, it's much too strange  
Here in a world that won't give Oprah no home on the range

Well, it's a cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold  
Post, postmodern world  
No authenticity, no sign of soul  
The radio won't play George and Merle

They're not here, they're not coming  
Not in a million years  
'Til we put away our hatred  
'Til we lay aside our fears  
You may see the heavens flashing  
You may hear the cosmos humming  
But I promise you, my sister  
They're not here, they're not coming

To this garden we were given  
And always took for granted  
It's like my daddy told me, 'you just bloom where you're planted'  
Now you long to be delivered  
From this world of pain and strife  
That's a sorry substitution for a spiritual life

Well, it's a cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold  
Post, postmodern world  
No place for sentiment, no room for romance  
Bring back the duke of earl

They're not here, they're not coming  
Not in a million years  
Turn your hopes back homeward  
Hold your children, dry their tears  
You may see the heavens flashing  
You may hear the cosmos humming  
But I promise you, my brother  
They're not here, they're not coming

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'Til we put away our hatred  
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