

Bluefoot

Logan Halstead

Sweet leaf falling from the sky
Ain't an angel this high
And my thoughts are far from you
All my pains went away
Fought the darkest of my days
Without you there to hold me

This hollers quite away from space
But I can feel the stars flying past my face
And I taste, raindrops dropping on the trees
Wind will bring me to my knees
And I'll be begging for mercy
Sweet warm feeling that I keep
Might be hours til I sleep
But I'll be back in the morning

Just might take a little trip
See what I can't fix
Hope it stays the same tomorrow
I'll go floating on the clouds
Hope I'm not weighed down
Harts Creek will drown my sorrow

This stage is quite a way away from space
I'm doing everything to keep from falling on my face
And I taste
Moonlight racing to the ground
Darkness drowning out the sound
Of a six-string ringing
Heart strings thumping with the bass
Waiting on the sky to break
And leave me layin

This hollers quite a ways away from space
But I can feel the stars flying past my face
And I taste
The hot sun pulling me in
I'll return to earth again
When the hurts all over
Cool grass dancing at my feet
Swaying in the summer heat
To a spaceship string band