

Eight Miles High

Robyn Hitchcock

Eight miles high and when we touch down
You find that it's stranger than known
Signs in the street that say where you're going
Are somewhere just being their own
Nowhere is there warmth to be found
Among those afraid of losing their ground
Rain-grey town known for its sounds
Embrace it as small faces abound
In July, 1965, The Byrds first visited Great Britain. I was twelve.
You weren't even born yet. That situation continued.
Round the square and out in the storms
Some laughing, some just shapeless forms
Sidewalk scenes and black limousines
Some living, some standing alone