

Desert Plane

Tapes 'n Tapes

Across the high in desert plane
Where towns are tortured and hills are stained
It's where you were
When times are bad and you would tell her
I bet you were a million miles away
And if I could I'd be around
I would pull you up, and watch the tone
'Cause you wanna and my hand waves
And you move like you need a hand
And tore away
Across the better land to call your own
A bet you saw the miles of golden stones
It's where you bed and where you walk
I called you up, I called you a part
I bet you were a million miles away
And if you want, I'd been in demand
We'd be up on times, your hand in my hand
'Cause you walk like you wanna
'Cause you wanna and my hand waves
And you move like you need a hand
My hand, your sin
I never knew for the dead
My head will watch you in the sand
These clouds come rolling in
You say your hands
Make you right and nervous
In the night full of
Straight coming eyes
And you lie when you walk
Make me wise
Make me
Till the shot fills the hand
And my lonely sin