

## The Commander Thinks Aloud

### The Long Winters

Boys and girls in cars  
Dogs and birds on lawns  
From here I can touch the sun  
Yeah yeah

Put your jackets on  
I feel we're being born  
The Tropic of Capricorn is below  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

We stall above the pole  
Still your face is young  
As we feel our weight return  
Yeah yeah

A trail of shooting stars  
The horses call of storm  
Because the air contains the charge  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

The radio is on  
And Houston knows the score  
Can you feel it?  
We're almost home  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

The crew compartment's breaking up  
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