

In Long Lines

Trey Anastasio

Feel the sun in long lines
Ships on the horizon in white lines
Listen to the voices float in circles
And we're moving in long lines
Your eyes were wide open and black as night
I lit your cigarette, your hand was touching mine
The wild gypsy with trembling hands
Now it's time to join the others
The lost, the loved ones

They're moving around us
And waiting, and waiting
In long lines, in long lines
In long lines, in long lines
Feel the sun in long lines
Listen to the voices
In long lines, in long lines
In long lines, in long lines
In long lines, in long lines
In long lines, in long lines