

Eight Miles High

Golden Earring

Eight miles high
And when you touch down
You'll find that it's stranger than known

Signs in the street
That say where you're going
Are somewhere, just being there own

Nowhere is their warmth to be found
Among those afraid of losing their ground
Rain, gray town, known for it's sound
In places, small faces unbound

'Round the squares, huddled in storms
Some laughing, some just shapeless forms
Sidewalks scenes and black limousines
Some living, some standing alone