

Yonder Mountain String Band

"Eight Cylinders"

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Because your reasons are as cool as ice
And your mind somehow paid the price
You'll pay it again--somewhere--on down the line
When you're there I'm sure you'll stare
And I'll be behind you

Because your day is a clock of grey hours
And your smile has those tallest powers
But sometimes, Jezebelle, it shines like the sun
When you're gone and when you're done
I will be behind you

Because your songs are so sad and tired
Because hunger is a darkness inside the phone wire
It always has been, it always will be
So it seems to me
But that's the price you pay when you say
I will be behind you

Because your Ford broke down on 47
Because eight cylinders is your idea of heaven
You'll get it running--someday--and you'll ride right
down the line
When you do, I hope it's true,
And I'll ride beside you
When you do, I hope it's true,
And I'll ride beside you

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