Chris & Rich Robinson
"Someday Past The Sunset"

Well there's something missing
But they won't drag the river
God sends his children
Out into the street
You can dig all you want
There's no buried hatchets
Just bones on the table
Burnholes in the seats and
I feel weary in the weight of these days

I've been down with dogs
I've been low with toads
And I have walked down the road
The old hermit won't go

I've felt the holy
In infinite spaces
And I read the name
While they all hid their faces

And I feel weary in the weight of these days
And I'm feeling weary in the weight of these days

Will you meet me someday past the sunset
We'll shine like chrome with
Snow white angel wings

Will you meet me someday past the sunset
Known by the known, the dreamers of the dream
And stitch by stitch we work to tear the seam

One hand in the sky
One on the third rail
Your mind can't be free
When your soul is in jail
So long live the chains
Set thy iron free
Long live your king
When he's dead like me

But I feel weary in the weight of these days
Well I feel weary in the weight of these days

Will you meet me someday past the sunset
We'll shine like chrome with
Snow white angel wings

Will you meet me someday past the sunset
Known by the known, the dreamers of the dream
And stitch by stitch we work to tear the seam

Behind the door
Eyes of stone
Listen to the voices
That won't leave you alone
Climb up the vine
That goes straight to your mind
Get lost in the jungle
Of your own space & time

Well I feel lucky in the weight of these days
Well I feel lucky in the weight of these days

Will you meet me someday past the sunset
We'll shine like chrome with
Snow white angel wings

Will you meet me someday past the sunset
Known by the known, the dreamers of the dream
And stitch by stitch we work to tear the seam