

## Country Big "The Crossing"

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Maps on the back of your hands

Point to the cross

Scratches on walls in a room

Draw out your loss

Your islands are conquered and you are returned

To the throne

Martyrs take penance and fill up the mattress

With stones

Chorus

Pull straws with holy men

Stain all the atlas pink

And let us find a beach

Where we can cross our hearts

Stand in the wind as the carousels spin

Wear out your welcome again

Stand in the silence of mountains and

Wear out your welcome again

Mornings hit hard with an uncontrollable light

Piercing the senses that click deep in the night

Crouched in a pillow of straw feet on the floor

Creeping a path to the mat that holds back the door

Chorus

Build up great railways that run through the horns of  
the moon

Hold up a city with cast-iron museum walls

Explain your machines to the boys feed them with tools

Bring out the skill in your skin polish your hair

Chorus

Stand in the wind as the carousels spin

Wear out your welcome again

Stand on the silence of mountains and

Take your rib down to the sea

Stand in the wind as the carousels spin

Wear out your welcome again

Stand on the silence of mountains and

Take your rib down to the sea

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