

Don Henley

"They're Not Here, They're Not Coming"

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(Don Henley/Stan Lynch)

From the Arizona desert
To the Salisbury Plain
Lights on the horizon
Patterns on the grain
Anxious eyes turned upward
Clutching souvenirs
Carrying our highest hopes and our darkest fears

They swear there was an accident back in '47
Little man with a great big head
Splattered down from heaven
Government conspiracy; cover-ups and lies
Hidden in the desert under endless skies

Well, it's a cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold
Post, postmodern world
No time for heroes, no place for good guys
No room for Rocky The Flying Squirrel

They're not here, they're not coming
Not in a million years
Turn your weary eyes back homeward
Stop your trembling, dry your tears
You may see the heavens flashing
You may hear the cosmos humming
But I promise you, my brother
They're not here, they're not coming

Would they pile into the saucer
Find Orlando's rat and hug it?
Go screaming through the universe
Just to get McNuggets?
Well, I don't think so, I don't think so
It's much too dangerous, it's much too strange
Here in a world that won't give Oprah no home on the
range

Well, it's a cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold
Post, postmodern world
No authenticity, no sign of soul

The radio won't play George and Merle

They're not here, they're not coming
Not in a million years
'Til we put away our hatred
'Til we lay aside our fears
You may see the heavens flashing
You may hear the cosmos humming
But I promise you, my sister
They're not here, they're not coming

To this garden we were given
And always took for granted
It's like my daddy told me, "You just bloom where
you're planted."
Now you long to be delivered
From this world of pain and strife
That's a sorry substitution for a spiritual life

(Solo)

Well, it's a cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold
Post, postmodern world
No place for sentiment, no room for romance
Bring back the Duke of Earl

They're not here, they're not coming
Not in a million years
Turn your hopes back homeward
Hold your children, dry their tears
You may see the heavens flashing
You may hear the cosmos humming
But I promise you, my brother
They're not here, they're not coming

They're not here, they're not coming
Not in a million years
'Til we put away our hatred
And lay aside our fears
You may see the heavens flashing
You may hear the cosmos humming
But I promise you, my brother
They're not here, they're not coming

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