

Gary Jules "Wichita"

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Buffalo are out among the falling stars tonight
Shadows cross the kitchen in the afternoon
Daylight break on the hemisphere
I jumped in the water
You left too soon
Blood red sun, moon on the water
Everything is frozen north of Wichita
And the rails bear a dangerous cargo there
Through the latter days of dreamtime
And the screen door is busted
And the hours fall and wither away
Everything is frozen north of Wichita
Iâ€™m standing in this truckstop in Coeur Dâ€™ Alene
Yeah I come from sad stories
Yeah I come from lonely people too
Yeah I come from California
Where god is green and eyes are blue
Where god is green and eyes are blue
And the bird is flown already
Like the guns are drawn already
Blood red sun, moon on the water
Everything is frozen north of Wichita
And the rails bear a dangerous cargo there
Through the latter days of dreamtime
And the screen door is busted
And the hours fall and wither away
Everything is frozen north of Wichita
Iâ€™m standing here just waiting on my judgment day
Buffalo are out among the falling stars tonight
Shadows cross the kitchen in the afternoon
Daylight break on the hemisphere
I jumped in the water
You left too soon
And the screen door is busted
And the hours fall and wither away
Everything is frozen north of Wichita
Iâ€™m standing in this truckstop in Coeur Dâ€™ Alene

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