

The Blue Poptarts

"On The Floor Of Heaven"

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On the floor of heaven
With their heavenly hands
Speaking to no one
Knowing they'll understand
All the love letters written
Not a one ever sent
But the time for regretting
Has come to an end

On the floor of heaven
Will I scattered like dreams
But they'll dreaming no longer
So alone so it seems
And they tell they'll be hurting
Even more now than then
Almost all men, all men

No they won't go on circling
When they've learned how to bend
Almost all men, all men

The time is coming and they look back
All on the living they have done
The things they're taking and all they've shared
The loves they've lost and they've won

On the floor of heaven
Soon they'll be feeling alright
Hear angels crying forever
Some weeping all through the night
And those gray clouds grow heavy
Till the rains have been spent
Washing all of them
Almost all men
Almost all men

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