

Mike Gordon **"Another Door"**

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Swing around back, close your eyes,
Slip down the chute, fantasize,
About which way to go when you come back around,
Get that you're running but don't touch the ground,
Till' you get to a spot where you might want to be,
Might be above but could be beneath,
Well if you keep out the past of what's in store,
Then you've come upon another door.

You've got a lot to beg,
Maybe just ramble on through,
It aint like the ghost a flyin',
On past when the world is new,
Nothing else seems like it did before,
Then you've made it through another door.

Now a new place, you're running again,
This time someone's around the first bend,
So you jump up and fly and try to get away,
But the other brothers' got the same tricks to play,
Climbing up higher you land on a tower,
And there's one thing you find in the final hour,
That you like flying tandem a whole lot more,
And you coast through down to another door.
You've got a lot to beg,
Maybe just ramble on through,
It aint like the ghost a flyin',
On past when the world is new,
Nothing else seems like it did before,
Then you've made it through another door.

You run down the hill to someone's yard,
Went over a cliff, you're falling hard,
The other fella is feet right behind,
But you can't look back and declare it a chance,
Splash in the stream when you're running on stones,
You start to think you might be running alone,
You tunnel beneath but now you're sure,
Because you told me you were standing by another
door.

You've got a lot to beg,

Maybe just ramble on through,
It aint like the ghost a flyin',
On past when the world is new,
Nothing else seems like it did before,
Then you've made it through another door.

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