

Lightfoot Gordon

"Too Many Clues In This Room"

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The space shuttle ends where the subway begins
There's a tear on the face of the moon
From dusk until dawn they have searched all day long
But there's too many clues in this room
At best it is said we've been locked deep inside
Of an old sea man's chest full of charts
Where maps are contained and what's left of his brains
When his crew threw his balls to the sharks
All around the looking glass
Dancing to a tune
Sweeping out the house with a fine tooth comb
Which history's shown
Leads to ruin
In a word it is said that at times we must fall
But the worst of it all was the lies
We died for the cause just like regular outlaws
In the dust of an old lawman's eyes
In times best forgot there was peace there was not
In her pains mother earth came to bloom
Her children were born in the eye of the storm
And there's too many clues in this room
The power that is stored in the no man's land of chance
Is the someone who knows what they're doin'
The old soldiers say in they're own crusty way
We've got too many troops in this room
All around the looking glass
Dancing to a tune
Sweeping out the house with a fine tooth comb
Which history's shown
Leads to ruin
The space shuttle ends where the subway begins
Praise the lord there's a train leavin' soon
>From dusk until dawn they have searched all day long
But there's too many clues in this room

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