

## Sloan

# "AT THE EDGE OF THE SCENE"

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(J. Ferguson/Sloan)

Well you've got your bags together  
And you're off into the new world  
The mother is impatient  
With four sons  
She wanted four girls  
The father's wrapped in memories  
Of European relations  
Counting flurries on the window  
As he dials another station  
Coming home

It's black upon black  
He's still cutting the track  
Old Ireland's heart  
May still call him back  
At the edge of the scene  
The old glasses were round  
The siren is heard  
It's the cue for his sound

Alright  
Well alright

As sovereign of all  
He's likely second to none  
Well, the change is complex  
And it's only take one  
At the edge of the scene  
He's revered by the most  
Not just under our feet  
But from here to the coast

Alright  
Well alright

The ties that are loose  
Are the ones that he binds  
If we wander off track  
Well, he'll keep us aligned  
At the edge of the scene

Not unlike in D.C.  
It's the sound from down there  
Years ago set him free

Alright  
Well alright

My story is tame  
No its not very wild  
Expectations were debated  
For this only child  
At the end of the scene  
When our secret's revealed  
You know it's my life  
And it's the way that I feel

Alright  
Well alright

When you're miles above Pacific Ocean waters without  
angel's  
Wings will help with getting closer  
When my headphone chord untangles  
Oh pilot, can you hear me  
Our destination beckons  
Counting raindrops on the windshield  
Yet skies are clear he reckons  
For tonight

Yeah...

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