

Sloan**"At The End 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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