

## **Floyd Pink**

### **"Crumbling Land"**

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In a while I'll find the time to make the sunshine mine

In a smile I saw a single needle in the sky

Wheeling, soaring, gliding by

On a hill a little man with many shining things

Shiny pool, a shiny car and shiny diamond rings

Dining, dining, shining king

And the eagle flies in clear blue skys

Breathing in the clear blue air

Back here on the ground another dealer coughs and  
dies

And fifty more come rolling off

The Ford production line

Then a man appearing like up in our on the sand

In his hand a moving picture of the crumbling land

Screaming, scheming, movie man

Here we go, hold your nose and see if something blows

Close your eyes, count to ten and see the sunrise rise

Climbing, higher, to the sky

Climbing all the birds a lake the dove the lies

On the finger of the king

On high the eagle spies the glitter of a gun

And heeling in a climbing turn he flies into the sun

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