Fifty Miles of Elbow Room

(F.W. McGee)

Twelve hundred miles, its length and breadth

That four-square city stands

It's gem-set walls of jasper shine

They're not made by human hands

One hundred miles its gates are wide

Abundant entrance there

With fifty miles of elbow room

On either side to spare.

(Chorus)

When the gates swing wide on the other side

Just beyond the sunset sea

There'll be room to spare as we enter there

There'll be room for you and room for me

For the gates are wide on the other side

Where the fairest flowers bloom

On the right hand and on the left hand

Fifty miles of elbow room.

Sometimes I'm cramped and I'm crowded here

And I long for elbow room

I long to reach for altitude

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Where the fairest flowers bloom
C          G          C
G
It won't be long before I pass into that city fair
C
G              Em
With fifty miles of elbow room
G             D7             G
On either side to spare.

BJS