

Rustic Overtones, Rock Like War

Life is swallowed up,
It's sitting deep in the belly of winter,
We all walk round and over and over our shoulder,
The stinging glance of winters face,
The frost hydrates,
The rusty shapes of an old crippled Ford,
That's the car we don't drive no more.
Trees just stripped to the bones,
By the same rain that washes what it names of home-made graves
It's demolition time when it rains.

Powers gone out so we can start a fire.
Too many storms that rocks like the wars, outside.
But then the stop drop in rocks from the mountain side.
Too many storms that rocks like the wars, outside.

Wake me up, in the summer not in the winter,
With hail as the nails to hold down the floor boards,
I hear the wind roar,
All the way though December.
The Wind as the choir,
The snows getting higher,
The house is on fire,
And I'm still cold inside.

We only talk about the weather,
Stormy days we just complain,
While outside its looking better,
Its inside we stand out in the rain,
Stand out in the rain.

It's just a thunderstorm,
Baby there's nothing you should fear,
The sky is broken.
Raindrops on my window pane,
Like music to my ears,
It's wide open.
If the clouds turn brighter days,
Into a more minor refrain its still a song.
We can stand out in this storm,
And fill this bottle full of rain and sing along.
And sing along.