

Cannonballs

Hey Marseilles

Let me shout its common cause for things to fall apart
For radicals to ruin all that's right
I don't mean to flout the laws of government or heart
I just don't want to lose your eyes

Wait for the ocean-bottled news
Fly-bys and radio balloons
We will sing of lesser traits
and play them for the magistrate
In groups of four or eight or twelve
Until they say "we might as well"

Grocery stores and cannonballs
Line up on my list of things I'll remember when I'm old
Water towers and Mid-west plains still in the abyss
Left unseen 'til we're further up the road

Wait for the static stat airwaves
Land-locked ocean-side parades
We will bring our new debates
And sing them for the magistrate
In groups of four or eight or twelve
Until they say "we might as well"
Hey, hey, hey, we might as well

These days are not fast
Times will not last
So they say, but I'm having trouble believing
Try to settle soft in the canopy we've lost
As you dance and sway and kiss with Costa Ricans

These days are not fast
Times will not last
So they say, but I'm having trouble believing
Try to settle soft in the canopy we've lost
You are getting all you can from my hurting, from my
hurting