

The Notes of Seasons

Damien Jurado

It's not the time to look back on moving mountains
Someone who tells you it's in the motion
You got lost like a voice in an auditorium
With the songbirds still, the notes of seasons

Oh, you no longer feel the strain
Oh, you no longer feel the strain

You were once a sea of many colors
I could swim for days and not be seen
The clouds, they hit us from the lightning
Electric dreams behind our eyes

Oh, you no longer feel astray
Oh, you no longer feel astray