

Baking Soda

Darlingside

Way back when, whenever we opened the taps
Waterfalls fell into all of our laps

Now it's old baking soda, oh what will I do
But dig up trays of forgotten and cloudy ice cubes
That'll spark in the sunlight and melt back a storm
Spring water from back before you were born

There's nothing left but the weather here, but the weather this
year
It's all there ever used to be, and all that will reappear
There's nothing left but the weather here this year

If I wrap my arms around it, I think that makes it mine
So I'm pulling on the moon like a strawberry spring tide
Sibley's birds are barking, there's eyeshine on the ground
And I have not been counting and I'm all turned around
But there's nothing here to turn off and nothing left to prove
So why do I still measure things in increments of you

There's nothing left but the weather here, but the weather this
year
It's all there is for miles to see and all that I can hear
There's nothing left but the weather here this year

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