

The Flood

Mason Jennings

I remember the day it came
Washed everything in a humbling blue
Highways and ferries the same
Drowned in the flood like the prayers we knew

And I lost all track of my time
And some other current much faster than mine
Took down the trees on the river
Like advice that would never be given

Lay back down with my eyes closed
I let all my air out of my nose
Let all the earth melt to glorious mud
Smiled for a while six feet under the flood

And I couldn't find my boots
The water, it was knee-high
So I lay in my bed
Stared out my window at the dry sky

And I woke up underneath
All that was humbled in blue
Realized I was more
More comfortable than my mother still

Laid back down with my eyes closed
I let all the air out of my nose
I let all my dirt melt to glorious mud
Smiled for a while six feet under the flood