

Falling Down

Old 97's

You've got to dance like the world is falling down around you
Because it is
Because it is
And if you're lucky enough that happiness has found you
You better get to dancing
As your way of saying thank you

For the spiderweb of electrical wires
And the patches of the grass that are still green
And the wind that blows
The dandelion seeds over everything

And the old brick building they haven't torn down yet
And the shade beneath the sycamore tree
And the stolen momentary lapse of reason
That convinced you to dance with me

You've got to dance like the world is falling down around you
Because it is
Because it is
And if you're lucky enough that happiness has found you
You better get to dancing
As your way of saying thank you, thank you

For the distant crumbling interstate lanes
Where the cars still somehow hum
And the cradle of what used to pass for culture
And the cave that we all crawled from

And the nervous hospital long since defunct
And the shade beneath the cell tower tree
And the accidental twisted fingers of fate
That placed you here with me

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