

11th Hour

Pinegrove

I dial you at home again
I'm happy that you're in
I'm laughing at an afterthought
It's been happening a lot
With everything that's happening though
When reality explodes
Suddenly we're sinking
And I'm singing, and I'm old

Now what were we talking about now?
I keep on losing count
I'm laughing and I don't know why
A ripple off the sky
The steeple in the green of the clouds
Seen the other way around
Contrailing like corduroy
Then spinning in the ground

Well that's the way the season sounds
The eleventh hour now
When coal is cut across the sky
In saturated dye
An actual emergency now
It's really going down
Curled up by the fireside
The county sleeps tonight