Orange

Pinegrove

I try to wrap my head around
An eye for an eye full of iodine
I try to remember the history of time

I try to laugh, or sleep it off
That awful feeling something's off
By eye I measure the narrow length across

Today the sky is orange
And you and I know why

I try to warn my senator
He said that he invented it
And that I should feel happy he talked to me at all

I try to down the bluest pill
The author of the fucking bill
Bragging on YouTube, the criminals he'll kill

They're trying to ignore it
We always knew they'd try
Today the sky is orange
And you and I know why

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