

Quiet Americans

Shearwater

I can't help it
If all the world is ending
If all the life is gone
Still, you're calling out this name:
Where are the Americans?

Our dimmed conscience
Our hands and eyes that wander
Stumbling down the road
Or collapsing on parade

Or lying alone in the eastern light,
Sleeping in the morning hours

And the only sound
From the lantern-covered hills
The only light
From a day yet to begin
The only signs
Of the guns in silhouette
Are only sound
Are only light
Only, only!

Our dull silence
Our disconnected lives
Pull out the lightning dust
At the mention of his name

And whither the Americans?

Shake the memories off
Hide the evidence under
Piss on the world below
Like a dog that knows his name

Where are the Americans?
All calling on their own tonight,
filling the remaining hours

And the only sounds
Are the bells up on the hill
The only lights
Are the lanterns in the wind
The only sign
Skims the rust off of the rails
The only sound
The only light
Only, only!

The only sound
Is the rushing of the wind
The only light
Is a day yet to begin
The only signs
Of the lives in silhouette
"The only life"

Is not the only life
Only, only!