

Arkey Blue

Son Volt

Piano keys hammering down
Wayward strums balance a wall of sound
Iron horses idle on deserted tracks
Even the Pope says it's the earth fightin' back

It's alright
The worst will soon be over
Let the rhythm rise, like a banner
With more sorrow than anger

Who now speaks of the fires that ravaged towns
Boats cross the Arctic since glaciers melted down
Turbulent rains never before seen
Caused the floods that washed away dreams

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Now's the time to reconcile our souls
With a hopeful ear turned to Muscle Shoals
With a watchful eye, the story will rise above
The mad iron hand in the velvet glove

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