Murmuring State

Tall Heights

Autumn on the Maine coast
Maryanne was closing windows
Talking to herself yeah she lived alone
Looking on her fields now
From the steps outside of her farmhouse
Every year a little less eager to grow
Those fields were born of a wild soul
Still a fraction of a balanced whole
Oh but control belonged in
The hands of the oil men now

Oh there's a trouble comin' in
It's got my heart in a murmuring state
Where must I fix my eyes to know
That I'll be here to watch it fade?
To watch it fade

They were dancing in Havana
Celebrating quinceañera
Speaking softly 'bout the radio
Some believed that they could wait it out
Others felt only a growing doubt
But few perceived the October storm
Outside there was a rustle in the oak leaves
There was a frost that was starting to heave
So many more at home
Singing their kids to sleep

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Jeffrey built a grave stone
For the summer when it made known
That money was gonna get tight for him
It was harder than he let on
But you could say that he'd been betting on
A lesser horse time and again
Still he remembered when his kid was born
He remembered how the air was warm
But most of all, he thought about the task at hand

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