

Green To Gold

The Antlers

So, summer's on the outs
Cicadas swim around the house
Crickets clicking down the block
We are on an early morning walk

No one's up, and no cars on the street
Hiding from an unrelenting heat
Sun is climbing out from underneath
Lighting up and roasting tired leaves

Green to gold, going green to gold
Green to gold, going green to gold

A breeze blew in and autumn came to town
Branches bare, the leaves rest on the ground
All that summer worked to bud and bloom
Only to be swept up by a broom

An uninvited frost formed overnight
By early afternoon, we're losing light
Now they're saying two, three feet of snow
The reading dips to ten degrees below

Morning's bright, the ancient ice withdraws
I take one step and the ground begins to thaw
Tiny grasses spring up 'round my shoe
Eager bits of green start peeking through

Seedlings turn to chutes and shoot up high
Thunderclouds hold hostage summer sky
Concrete's hot with fire it can't contain
We sit in front of fans and wait for rain

And just like that, summer's on the outs
Cicadas swim around the house
Crickets clicking down the block
While we are on an early morning walk

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