Saturday Night Inside Out

The Avalanches

We inaugurate the evening
Just drumming up a little weirdnessIt gets late so early now
The waves come in in mountain phases
I'd see fire where it's not supposed to beI first saw her in a mega store
The day-glow raven born into a free fallThe fulfillment of a 10th grade prophecy
A motel masterpieceBlind to the branching possibilities
Teardrops were standing in my eyes
Like deer before they boltI adored the way she modified my mornings
When I'd wake up in the calm shoals of her bed
Somersaults or smoke in a universe of sleep
Before she slipped into her heritage and disappeared
And she taught me to relight, relight and relight again

Songwriters
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