

Until the Day Is Done (Live At the Olympia)

R.E.M.

The battle's been lost, the war is not won
An addled republic, a bitter refund
The business first flat earthers licking their wounds
The verdict is dire, the country's in ruins Providence blinked, facing the sun
Where are we left to carry on
Until the day is done
Until the day is done So we've written our stories to entertain
These notions of glory and bull market gain
The tele-prompt flutters, the power surge brings
An easy speed message falls into routine Providence blinked, facing the sun
Where are we left to carry on
Until the day is done
Until the day is done A voice whispers, Son, the blessed vision comes
What have I done, what have I done?
So hold tight your babies and your guns
Forgive us our trespasses, Father and Son Providence blinked, facing the sun
Where are we left to carry on
Until the day is done
Until the day is done Until the day is done
Until the day is done

Songwriters

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