

Season Song

Blue States

The unfolding of the year
And now our season is here
All the balances are clear
Now that our time is here In a perfect present tense
Through a wide world's tilted glance
When the words have all been spent
Will we still have learned it? Through the window, see the place
Not before their sweet embrace
For a moment face to face
In the sweetest embrace Ooh ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh ooh The unfolding of the year
And now our season is hear
All the balances are clear
Now that our time is here Now that our time is here

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