

Cocoon

The Decemberists

This cocoon, caught in Vesuvius' shadow
Only the ashes remain
And I waited there for you
Why couldn't you?
Here we lie waiting for something to startle
To shake us from gravity's pull
And so the sleeping hours are through
What can we do?

The tainted election, the low dirty war, it happened before you came to
But this is solution, and this is amends
The joke always tends to come true
But there on your windowsill over the unmoving platoon
Written in paperback, the key to the quarterback's room
Under waning moon

This quiet serves only to hide you
Provide you
What I knew: it'd come back to you

Take this palm, follow the lines here are written
And script out the rest of your life
And feel your fingers falling slack and all folding back

The sorry conclusion, the hole in the sky
Command what is tried, what is true
But without solution, with feet on the ground
It won't make a sound 'til you're through
So loosen your shoulder blades
'Tis is your hour to make due
Because there on the timberline
Deep cold November shines through
Soft and absolute

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