

Everything At Once

Above This Fire

when something has you pinned
and the contraption that you're in
won't let your day begin and every rustling of leaves
is the thieving of your thieves
and sleep is obsolete like bathtub gin you can hear the big black clock
an no, it doesn't slow or stop
it just ticks as you tick off what might have been so here's a song about nothing and everything at once
oh the minutes and the months
nothing and everything at once so here's a song about nothing and everything at once
oh the minutes and the months
the feedback and the drums
oh the feeling noise becomes
everything at once
the oaks and the sweetgums
on the street where you are from
everything at once
nothing and everything at once
nothing and everything at once

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