

...and the Hazy Sea

Cymbals Eat Guitars

Do you know how many cities had been built
On the mainland and the trains there
How they'd glide over the marshes
And the hazy sea Carrying business men in starched collar shirts
Who peered out windows that would fog
Faster than you could wipe them, man Why are there mountains
When the last fire dies
We rebuild with foundations
Set just slightly higher
On compacted ash and bone
Spiraling skyward at the GWB
Will you take away I for a while
I'm suddenly real tired We two running our course
Your summer version
Was so fresh and fertile emerald green
The wind in your hair
Like wind Russian through the canopy
And I was green too with robust fucked envy And the way suspension bridges shake
When you're stopped behind trucks
Sailing into 1999

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