

# ...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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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