

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

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All the balances are clear
Now that our time is here

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