

## 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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Now that our time is here

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