

Some Loud Thunder

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

All this talking
you'd think I'd have something to say
but I'm just talking
like a siren getting louder and farther away
from the energetic kids in the park yes that was me
breaking glass and pretending to start
something big
some new taste

Did you wander
as my voice went from station to station to state?
Some loud thunder
sometimes there's no telling if we're ok
there are buildings up for sale on the other side of town
which are falling down for people
to stand in their place;
to try to make something great

That's just a part of the story
And it could be maybe something complete someday
At the end of the quarry
yes that was me digging holes for all the world to see
A cannonball as big as the ocean could come from the sky
and slap us all on the teeth
But there's always more unless I'm mistaken
tell me when do mouths close
and people gracefully retreat

New York calling
at the bottom of the ocean city gritting its teeth
but there's no telling
from the telepathic Mrs. Crying on live TV
Whoah the misanthropic topical arrangement
that is met with a shark bite by the terminal patient
That's me
Am I late?

That's the state of my story
and it may be one day something complete
At the end of the quarry
I have dug a hole for all the world to see
A cannonball as big as the ocean could come from the sky
and slap us all on the feet
but there's always mre unless I'm mistaken
Tell me when do mouths close
and people gracefully retreat?