

I ain't joking when I'm telling you that while in the Yakima  
Digging up them thunder egg stones  
Well, we cracked them wide open, the mountain started smoking  
And the sky turned the color of a crow

Fires in the north lands, floods to the south  
Put the pedal to the metal and let it all hang out  
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Put the pedal to the metal and let it all hang out

The ash turned to confetti, Alleluia  
Outside them great tri-cities, Alleluia  
Oh, God showed his great mercy, Alleluia  
Turned ash into confetti, Alleluia

Handkerchiefs on coughing mouths, running to the full hotels  
Left us with no other place but home  
And in the distance tail lights came and went  
Sometimes as eyes of Vulcan sorcery

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Maybe we'll make it to that rise  
Maybe we'll see another sun rise

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