

Sinkemlow

Clutch

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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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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