

## The Drought

Horse Feathers

Unruly type of sun, willing to spare no one  
From the plains up to the peaks  
This heat's stealing faith from the weak

Amidst the burning breeze  
from the ground up through the trees  
I hear the birds complain about the lack of the rain

And it's not the same life  
here the morning's like a knife  
and the river's been bone dry  
where the day is not fond of light.

Glory to the night  
Shade has been hard to find  
From the plains up to the peaks  
This heat's stealing faith from the weak

Amidst the burning breeze  
From the ground up through the trees  
I hear the birds complain about the lack of the rain

It's bearing down on me  
no clouds in the sky  
I hear the pines crack and cry  
"There's no reason to try."

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here the morning's like a knife  
and the river's been bone dry  
where the day is not fond of light.

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