

No Season at All

Jakob Dylan

I hear you come your pockets of change
On down the street you're late again
The busy people they've taken their seats
Stranded us on our feet
The Sunday papers are stacked up high
Tomorrow happens in the blink of an eye
Ain't nothing moving down the line
Ain't nothing looking much alive
In the strange land without lights
You belong to me since you left your mother's side
Everything's slowing down to a crawl
This ain't no season
This ain't no season at all

We can't get right
We can't get left
We can't get out from under it
Now nothing floats and nothing sinks
I've been dragged out behind the ship
Now all this country and all they steal
Everything's far off, nowhere's near
Then over valleys and over hills
It looks like spring happened but just not here
Come out of the background into the front
You're bunches and bunches in all at once
This ain't summer, it's nothing like fall
This ain't no season
This ain't no season at all

Rainbows were ground up like they were dust
Weaving down under the blacked-out sun
My heart is open, well it's filled with love
It's a civil sentry
You still want some?
Now wedding fiddles will play loud
Beyond the borders of this sleepy town
Bite the apple on down to the core
The sweetest parts have yet to come forth
Now off the interstate and into the void
These streets are too narrow for this kind of joy
You see the moon slipping over the wall
This ain't no season
This ain't no season at all