

## 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