

# The Flood

Mason Jennings

I remember the day it came  
Washed everything in a humbling blue  
Highways and ferries the same  
Drowned in the flood like the prayers we knew

And I lost all track of my time  
And some other current much faster than mine  
Took down the trees on the river  
Like advice that would never be given

Lay back down with my eyes closed  
I let all my air out of my nose  
Let all the earth melt to glorious mud  
Smiled for a while six feet under the flood

And I couldn't find my boots  
The water, it was knee-high  
So I lay in my bed  
Stared out my window at the dry sky

And I woke up underneath  
All that was humbled in blue  
Realized I was more  
More comfortable than my mother still

Laid back down with my eyes closed  
I let all the air out of my nose  
I let all my dirt melt to glorious mud  
Smiled for a while six feet under the flood