

## Strange Season

Michael Penn

This story is past tense  
And I did not want my cover blown  
Thought well enough was left alone  
And who decided you'd rescue me?  
Yeah, I do agree  
A bent and broken set are we

Up in a tree we're stuck  
And the only lights off the wire  
Are all the moths in the fire  
Can't you feel how the air is getting dry  
Try, but can't identify  
What you start to think

My baby won't come out at night  
They took apart the Angel's Flight  
For this, strange Season

Did you feel it change from cold to hot  
With fever, you will have a bout  
And all you do is talk about  
The meaning of the walkabout,  
There I go again  
A taste of my own medicine

So shake your head and look around  
The leaves don't fall  
There's still no sound  
To this, strange Season

Then I start to think  
I've seen it through  
I saw the sights  
They disassembled Angel's Flight.  
With this, strange Season

Do you want to know that  
It comes down to this?  
Do you want to hear that  
Ignorance is bliss  
Ignorance is bliss