

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