

# Calamity Song

The Decemberists

Had a dream  
You and me and the war of the end-times  
And I believe  
California succumbed to the fault line  
We heaved relief  
As scores of innocents died

And the Andalusian tribes  
Setting the lay of Nebraska alight  
'Til all that remain is the arms of the angels

Hetty Green  
Queen of supply-side bonhomie bone-drab  
(Know what I mean?)  
On the road  
It's well advised that you follow your own bag  
In the year of the chewable Ambien tab

And the Panamanian child  
Stands at the dowager empress' side  
And all that remain is the arms of the angels  
And all that remain is the arms of the angels

When you've receded into loam  
And they're picking at your bones  
We'll come home

Quiet now  
Will we gather to conjure the rain down?  
Will we now  
Build a civilization below ground?  
And I'll be crowned the community kick-it-around

Chorus