

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