

## Cocoon

## The Decemberists

This cocoon, caught in vesuvius' shadow  
Only the ashes remain  
And I waited there for you  
Why couldn't you?  
Here we lie waiting for something to startle  
To shake us from gravity's pull  
And so the sleeping hours are through  
What can we do?

The tainted election, the low dirty war, it happened before you  
came to  
But this is solution, and this is amends  
The joke always tends to come true  
But there on your windowsill over the unmoving platoon  
Written in paperback, the key to the quarterback's room  
Under waning moon

This quiet serves only to hide you  
Provide you  
What I knew: it'd come back to you

Take this palm, follow the lines here are written  
And script out the rest of your life  
And feel your fingers falling slack and all folding back

The sorry conclusion, the hole in the sky  
Command what is tried, what is true  
But without solution, with feet on the ground  
It won't make a sound 'til you're through  
So loosen your shoulderblades  
This is your hour to make due  
Because there on the timberline  
Deep cold november shines through  
Soft and absolute