

High Hawk Season

The Mountain Goats

I heard the wings beat on the wind tonight
As the heat stole power from the darkening light
I saw the streets fill up with people that I knew
People who look like you

Rise if you're sleeping, stay awake
We are young supernovas and the heat's about to break

Drift through the streets, walk between the cars
Newborn sons and daughters spat forth from distant stars
The summer will reveal itself to those whose hearts are true
And to the faithless few

Rise if you're sleeping, stay awake
We are young supernovas and the heat's about to break
Who will rise and who will sink?
Who's going to stand his ground and who's going to blink?

Surge forward from Van Cortlandt Park like frightened sheep
Spirit throngs that hoist us high, three-thousand warriors deep
Spray our dreams on any surface where the paint will stick
Try to time the rhythm, listen for the click

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