

## **Cymbals Eat Guitars "And The Hazy Sea"**

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Do you know how many cities had been built  
On the mainland and the trains there  
How they'd glide over the marshes  
And the hazy sea

Carrying business men in starched collar shirts  
Who peered out windows that would fog  
Faster than you could wipe them, man

Why are there mountains  
Then the last fire dies  
We rebuild with foundations  
Set just slightly higher  
On compacted ash and bone  
Spiralling skyward at the GWB  
Will you take the wheel for a while  
I'm suddenly real tired

We two running our course  
Your summer version  
Was so fresh and fertile emerald green  
The wind in your hair  
Like wind Russian through the canopy  
And I was green too with robust fucked envy

And the way suspension bridges shake  
When you're stopped behind trucks  
Sailing into 1999

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