

John Gorka

"Night Into Day"

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The rain's too hard. The streams too high.
Too many people barely getting by.
Some haven't yet paid for last winter's heat.
Labor Day is done and the ends don't meet.

Wise men say temperature's rising
And there's more water in the air
And it comes down with a vengeance
Which no memory can compare

We are low in expectations
But a body's belt can only go so tight
Till it interferes with the circulation
And your will and all your might
Dawn into day, day into night

The sun's too bright, the light too white
Some days I can't sleep at night
Changes come too fast and leave you slow
Reason overcome by the show

So we don't talk about the weather
Quite as often as we did
Conversations go to children
With voices low or our fears well hid

We don't talk about the weather like we did

Being low in expectations
But a body's belt can only go so tight
Till it interferes with the circulation
And your will and all your might
Dawn into day, day into night

We build our hopes up along the way
Day into night, night into day

We build our hopes along the way
Day into night, night into day
Day into night, night into day

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