

Martha & The Muffins

"This Is The Ice Age"

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Riding our bicycles down on the freeway,
Leaving distorted cars trailing behind,
We move like bullets!
No danger, no danger
We take that for granted.

Crossed the bridge, left the network behind,
I could feel it in my heart.
We gauge ourselves and the scenery too,
We push on forever and a day.

This is the Ice Age...

Feeling the trees and the wind on my face,
Passing along single file,
Might be autumn but we know it's not,
Cynosures hiding in the air.

All we did was close our eyes,
A moment come unhinged.
All we did was close our eyes,
A world falling into shape.

The wind purls over a hinterland of long grass,
gold, where tiny black horses play.
Distant mountains move like water.
My friend is with me, a familiar voice,
an unfinished memory:
"This is the Age of Innocent Passion."
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