

Decemberists, The

"Calamity Song"

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Had a dream
You and me and the war of the end times
And I believe
California succumbed to the fault line
We heaved relief
As scores of innocents died

And the Andalusian tribes
Setting the land of the Nebraska alight
'Til all that remains is the arms of the angel

Hetty green
Queen of supply side bohnahiem bone drab
You know what I mean
On the road
It's well-advised to follow your own path
In the year of the chewable ambien tab

And the Panamanian child
Stands at the Dowager Empress's side
And all that remains is the arms of the angel
And all that remains is the arms of the angels

And you've receded into loam
And they're picking at your bones
Will call cold
We'll come home

Quiet now
Will we gather to conjure the rain down
Will we now
Build a civilization below ground
And I'll be crowned
The community kick it around

And the Andalusian tribes
Setting the land of Nebraska alight
'Til all that remains is the arms of the angel
'Til all that remains is the arms of the angels

