

Mountain Goats, The

"High Hawk Season"

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1,2,3 and

I heard the wings beat on the wind tonight
As the heat stole power from the darkening night.

I saw the streets fill up with people that I knew,
People who looked 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 Courtland 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.

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

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