

Camper Van Beethoven, June

Are you weary of the lengthening days?
Do you secretly wish for November's rain,
and the harvest moon to wane in the sky?
There is nothing in this world more bitter than spring.

And I wrote you this letter
'cause the clothes were hung on the line,
and the crows flew out of the field and up into the sky.
I'm lying here in the station.
Stretching out on the tracks
are all the possible places that I might arrive.

There is nothing in this world more bitter than love
in all those long days of June.
Bring me the long brown grass, now that it's dry.
There is nothing in this world more bitter than spring.