

# R.E.M., Until The Day Is Done

The battle's been lost, the war is not won  
An addled republic, a bitter refund  
The business first flat earthers licking their wounds  
The verdict is dire, the country's in ruins

Providence blinked, facing the sun  
Where are we left to carry on  
Until the day is done  
Until the day is done

As we've written our stories to entertain  
These notions of glory and bull market gain  
The teleprompt flutters, the power surge brings  
An easy speed message falls into routine

Providence blinked, facing the sun  
Where are we left to carry on  
Until the day is done

Until the day is done

A voice whispers "Son,  
The blessed vision comes."  
What have I done  
What have I done

So hold tight your babies and your guns  
Forgive us our trespasses, father and son

Providence blinked, facing the sun  
Where are we left to carry on  
Until the day is done  
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