Alt-J, Chicago

More together than alone
From the hill we saw it rain on the town over
Torch to your chin lights your cheekbones
In that moment I saw a likeness to our father
In American Night on that hill
In the night

Pulled back to the night before
Where the TV lit our brilliant smiling faces
Torch hits your face before the fall
Panic in the eye is similar to breaking horses
An apparition lifts me up

An apparition lifts me up
From its shoulders I sit and see your face above the tree-line
Your reassurances subtitled in American English
I am calm as we sail down the hillside

In American Night on that hill
In the night