

The Decemberists, Cocoon

This cocoon, caught in Vesuvius' shadow
Only the ashes remain
And I waited there for you
Why couldn't you?

Here we lie waiting for something to startle
To shake us from gravity's pull
And so the sleeping hours are through
What can we do?

The sorry conclusion, the low dirty war
It happened before you came to
But this is solution, and this is amends
The joke always tends to come true
And there on your windowsill, over the unmoving platoon
Written in paperback, the view to the quarterback's room
Under waning moon

This quiet serves only to hide you, provide you
What I knew, what I knew, it'd come back to you

Take this palm, follow the lines here are written
Tracing the bends and the shapes
And feel your fingers falling slack and all folding back

The tainted election, the hole in the sky
Command what is tried, what is true
Without solution, with feet on the ground
It won't make a sound till you're through
So loosen your shoulder blades
This is your hour to make due
Because there on the timberline
Deep cold November shines through
Soft and absolute

This quiet serves only to hide you, provide in you
What I knew, what I knew, it'd come back to you