

We're About 9, Weight Of The Ocean

It's seventy-four degrees
And a gentle warm breeze
Is bending the trees
Like a painting by Matisse
And everyone's all freaked out
'Cause they didn't plan vacations accordingly

I am in bed
Making a list in red
Of all the things I said
I'm going to before I'm dead
The clock just won't wait
It's up against fate
And so are we

It's a perfect damn day
To take out the trash
To do the damn laundry
To put out an ad
To sell the damn car
Or just waste away
A perfect damn day
It's a perfect damn day

"Jesus is coming,"
Says a man on the street
To a television camera labeled NBC
He said he had bad news
And they came out running immediately

When the sky opens up
And the earth all turns gray
There'll be nowhere to run to
And nothing to say
And everyone's all freaked out
'Cause they didn't load their cameras accordingly

It's a perfect damn day
To take out the trash
To do the damn laundry
To put out an ad
To sell the damn car
Or just waste away
A perfect damn day
It's a perfect damn day

A gentle warm voice
Calls down from the sky
To ask for repentance
But I just can't lie
So I'm driving to Cali
So I can drop off the earth quickly

I park by the ocean
I swim out to sea
And halfway to drowning
It dawns upon me
In the damn car
Amidst the excitement
I locked my keys

And the weight of the ocean
Pulls me out before my prime
I imagine I could just

Swim back into shore
But I'm having such a good time

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And a gentle warm breeze
Is bending the trees
Like a painting by Matisse
And everyone's all freaked out
'Cause they didn't plan vacations accordingly

It's seventy-four degrees
And a gentle warm breeze
Is bending my knees
Like a painting by Matisse
And everyone's all freaked out
'Cause they didn't plan vacations accordingly