

Dry Year

Noah Gundersen

There's a new day coming up over the east side
There's an unseasonable weight in the air
Hasn't rained here in a long time
It's been a real dry year

Sirens going off in the distance
Someone's house is burning down
Somewhere, a young man is dying
Somewhere, a lost child is found

Somedays it feels like we're dreaming
Moving like shadows in a trance
Are these my feet going through the motions?
Are these my feet attempting to dance?

Somedays the world feels like a building on fire
But everyone's ignoring the smoke
You would vote for a comedian
If he could comfort you with a joke

So you hold onto your values
Like they're gonna save you from the fall
Your offspring as an offering
So you don't have to choose at all

We get by on consumer masturbation
Sensation is satiation
The accumulation of all your high school insecurities
All your lost love and aspiration
All your failed attempts at inspirational speeches
You give yourself at night when you can't sleep
When everyone on the internet is far more interesting
And far more happy and far more happy
And far more

Tell me where all of this is going to, going to
Tell me where all of this is going to, going to

Now the sky's given up her child
And the dead grass of the back lawn
I hope she takes the water in my body when I'm gone