

Close the windows. Stay indoors. Refrain from breathing deeply.
If you suffer - go to the Mall. "Welcome shoppers!"

On the mountain smoke is rising
Far away on the mountain, not so far away
All the way down the mountain and over to the island
the morning sun is rising like a red rubber ball

Tape the windows. Pace the floor. Refrain from biking, hiking, jogging, climbing, heavy lifting
Go to work anyways. Watch the terrible on TV.

On the mountain smoke is flying
Far away on the mountain, it's not so far away
All the way down the mountain and over to the island
the morning sun is rising like a red rubber ball
If you can see it at all
I remember blue ...

Open the door. Get in the car. Out the west coast road we drive for miles
past piles of torn up tree stumps, nobody's burning them now
Somebody's always stealing the sign to Sombrio

We find the turn-off anyway. Slide down the twisty gravel road to the parking lot
Get out of the car and step into forty shades of green

Can you feel it? The giant arms open
Oh my love, can you feel it? Their heads held high
Let me breathe with the Old Ones, Hemlock, Cedar, Hemlock, Cedar
til the morning sun comes rising
til the morning sun comes rising in a clear summer sky ...

So Bring on the Rain

Rain on the wild grass Rain on the crackling leaves
Rain on the smoldering peat bog Rain on the blazing trees

Rain on the pine branches Rain on the pine beetle
Rain on the tree frog Rain on the stinging nettle

Rain on the withered vine Rain on the weathered gate
Rain on the binder twine Rain on the cedar shake

Rain on the golf courses, rain on the helicopters, rain on the hospitals,
rain on the water bombers, rain on the firebreak
Rain on the firebreak! Make it rain!

(Body percussion and plucked piano strings)

Rain on the ashes Rain on the cinders
Rain on the soot Rain on the embers
Rain through the air we breathe

Rain on the first bird returning Rain on the windblown seed
Rain on the last ones standing Rain on the ancient trees

Giant arms open
Oh my love, can you feel it? Their heads held high
Let me breathe with these Old Ones
Hemlock, Cedar Hemlock, Cedar
Til the morning sun comes rising in a clear summer sky.