

We were sitting on the hill  
And everybody was...like....chill  
The day was warm, the air was still  
Nobody even said a word  
The only sound that we all heard  
Was the call and chattering of the birds  
We all looked up at the sweet, blue sky  
Lordy, Lordy, we was high

There are some perfect beaches made of sand  
Others are grass, and some are made of stone  
The surface cover is what sets the tone  
In the place where the water meets the land

At Pacengo, the beach is made of shells  
The skeletons of things that were alive  
In this placid lake, these creatures thrived  
I'm not surprised, I also liked it well

They had the water, and they had the sun  
They ate, they grew, they bred and then they died  
Their inert corpses drifted to one side  
Washed up on the shore when they were done  
A place for me to place my towel and lie  
In the sun and let my body dry

In events sequentially unfolding  
We measure out this thing that we call time  
The petals drop, the secrets they were holding  
Are revealed, the process is sublime

The water that is gushing from the fountains  
Looks almost solid in its symmetry  
The tiny trickle high up in the mountains  
Flows in a steady stream down to the sea

Children grow and some of them have children  
But then we all get old and fade away  
Generation follows generation  
And kids are always pretty much the same

So it has been, so it will always be  
Existence is in continuity

Did you get the amnesty,  
for Swiss Bank accounts 2009  
it wouldn't be a felony  
as long as you paid the fine

Or could it be something small  
That really shouldn't count

Like if you had to pay at all

It was a small amount

Why! Do you have to hide your tax returns?

What! Horrible things would we all learn

Did you try to falsify

Your place of residence

Or were there some other lies

In those documents

Could there be some gaps in time

That you can't explain

Or, perhaps, there were some crimes

In your tenure at Bain

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Could it be you think that we

The lowly, working class

Do not have the right to see

How you made your cash

Could it be the Mormon Church

Is not getting its full 10 percent

Would you give up being a god

Just to be president

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