

# Alt-J, Chicago

More together than alone  
From the hill we saw it rain on the town over  
Torch to your chin lights your cheekbones  
In that moment I saw a likeness to our father  
In American Night on that hill  
In the night

Pulled back to the night before  
Where the TV lit our brilliant smiling faces  
Torch hits your face before the fall  
Panic in the eye is similar to breaking horses  
An apparition lifts me up

An apparition lifts me up  
From its shoulders I sit and see your face above the tree-line  
Your reassurances subtitled in American English  
I am calm as we sail down the hillside

In American Night on that hill  
In the night