

Grant Lee Buffalo, Even The Oxen

Here is the one here is the one here is the one mistake that can not be made
There is a line that is crossed over once and only once let it be said
All of the hubris clenched in our fist won't punch our way out of here
You know what I've told and I tell but you won't let it pass into your ears

Even the oxen ramming their heads on wood rails
Come to know pain before the rusted barrier falls

Before the radio long before radio waves struck down to touch
Off the wild flame that took all in its path and trampled the young underbrush
Music shooed clouds away billowing anxieties are rolled over and out
Seems like a lot of folks gave up and got out except for the truly devout

Who like the oxen ramming their heads on wood rails
Came to be dizzy before the barrier fell

Love is the one love is the one weapon that hasn't been brandished yet in this song
Strikes fear in the pockets of bankers and generals without it we can't carry on
And all of us knew this at one time from teething to toothless it's safe to say
But useless perhaps to point out that we've lost our instincts and awe in this day

And like the oxen ramming their heads on tin walls
Might come to know mercy before the barrier falls
And I come to know mercy before the barrier falls
And I come to know mercy before the barrier falls

Falls falls
And it falls falls falls
And it falls falls falls