

Hem, Oh No

Mean are the winds that tear at the palms
A tiny baby is crying then calms
And curses ring out instead of the psalms
I don't know

And black are the sounds dragged from the trains
They leave a trail of rust in the rains
Great Lakes are spilling across the Great Plains
They swallow up everything

Oh no, oh no
Board up the windows and shoot at the crows
And lay every might thing low

Well I didn't know that day that I fell
In Terre Haute at the Paris Hotel
Where I lost something that I'd never sell
I let go

Now all that I see keeps me afraid
I count the years by the marks that they made
And watch the sun from a circle of shade
That swallows up everything

Oh no, oh no
Board up the windows and shoot at the crows
And lay every might thing low