

The Decemberists, After The Bombs

And after the bombs subside
And this long low campaign
Calls it good for the night
We meet in the streets
Where we meet in the bar's cold light
We grip at our hands
Where we hold just a little tight

After the bombs
After the bombs subside

And after the rockets calm
And the glimmer of fire
Pretends an early dawn
We pinch at our skin
Where we wonder how we escaped harm
We forget all our trials
O'er there in our babies' arms

After the rockets
After the rockets calm

Then we'll go dancing
Won't we go dancing
Yes we'll go dancing
'Till it all
Starts over again.

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Yes we'll go dancing
Won't we go dancing
'Till it all
Starts over again.