

Walkabouts, Inauguration Day

I'm up to my neck
In the mud of Inauguration day

They say it's one in fifty years
That storm, that blew my dog away

And they say the road has been washed out
From Rockport to Concrete
And all the trees are falling down
And now, heaven's at my feet

My wishes do my beggin' for me
And like a beggar they do (learn / laugh)

Frozen fingers touch my face
They tie a blindfold 'round my eyes

And I'm stuck at this roadblock
Chasing fog and smoke
I guess the price of doing that was just
Another killing joke

Wash me down
Wash me down

Sing for me now
Sing for me now

Wash me from the hillside
And wash me from the dirt
Wash me from your worldly claims
And wash me, wash me from your hurt

'Cause I'm up to my neck
In the mud of Inauguration day