

The Monitor

Bishop Allen

Once a great ironworks
Stood at the end of my street
And they hauled in The Monitor
Fit her with armor
For to save the union fleet

The River James was on fire
As The Merrimack thundered and raged
And she seemed so colossal and so unstoppable
Until the two engaged
And inside the sound
A deafening din, round after round, again and again
Shattering down, shattering down, shattering down

The neighborhood's quiet at night
But sometimes my ears still ring
And you think I'd understand
That a rock-n-roll band
Doesn't mean a blessed thing
But I picture the poor crew stunned
When the cannons did finally subside
How they stand on the deck
With the sun at their neck
And they wonder if they're still alive
And I try to shout
But none of them hear
They're moving their mouths
But the blood in their ears
Is running down, running down, running down

And we're singing la da da da da da
And we're singing la da da da da da
And we're singing la da da da da da
But what then?

It's stunning to know I've survived
But I'm not sure what I'm fighting for anymore
And when I break another string
And continue to sing
Is that courage? I'm not sure.
When the ironclads drifted apart
Still blue and still gray
The men shoveled in the coal
And worked the pumps in the hull
Just like every other day
And none of them knew
Oh, none of them cared
How much it just changed right then and right there
They just carried on, carried on, carried on

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