

# When Sal's Burned Down

Dar Williams

Are we the fools for being suprised that a silence could end with no sound

Like the silent movie era like with snow like when sal's burned Down

Well yeah there was noise but nothing to mark the passing on Of that great unspoken chance we had found

Where the night's end came well-trod and familiar

Like the charlie chapin walk that fades to black

And there wasn't anyone trying to sell their souls

They were only trying to buy them back

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Well yeah there was a sal he walked with bulging pockets round town

Either he was up to no good or he just got excited watching things burn down

Well I guess he got the idea if you hold a chunk of gold in your hand now

For once in your life you can throw some weight around

And sal you slimeball sell-out how can we blame you

We all want something to put our fingers on

And you never know the true throne that you've lost

Till the vinyl barstools are gone

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If you toss around some words you might say that

Sal was carrying a torch for the mob

But the mob's gone too yeah the only sign of them left

Is on every screen at the multiplex and we go there no prob hey

Cause there ain't no cowboys in this connecticut town

No not anymore, no, not since sal's burned down

Once you'd dip your tin cup down in the muse's watering hole

Or pioneer a new patch of common ground

Then you'd lie on your time-traveled bedroll

Quite amazed at the expansive terrain\*

And if anyone said that you'd never have fame and fortune just

That bar

You know you'd ride that way again

I bet you'd ride that way again