

## Cemetery Guns

## Fountains of Wayne

Elizabeth

That thundercloud is creeping up the Empire Hill  
There's shadows on the overpass  
And puddles in the old dirt path

Peoria

Lay silent still in the belly of the overgrown  
All quiet on the open plain  
Footprints to the family plot

Where evermore will restless sorrow sleep  
In a broken heap

Cemetery Guns go bang bang bang  
Shooting all the sky full of holes  
Twenty-one times in row  
For the blue war widow in the gray raincoat  
On the green grass down below

Elizabeth

Our fathers came and settled where the ground was flat  
Drew water from the Indian wells  
Cut timber from the rolling fells

Grandaddy-o

Bled hearth and home for oiling the company gears  
No rest for the errant ones  
Godspeed their reckless sons

Who evermore play their forefathers' hands  
On the foreign sands

Cemetery Guns go bang bang bang  
Shooting all the sky full of holes  
Twenty-one times in row  
For the blue war widow in the gray raincoat  
On the green grass down below