

April the 14th

Gillian Welch

When the iceberg hit
Wasn't much to know
That God moves on the water
Like Casey Jones

So I walked downtown
On my telephone
And took a lazy turn
Through the red-eye zone

It was a five-band bill
A two-dollar show
I saw the van out in front
From Idaho

And the girl passed out
In the backseat trash
And there was no way they'd make
Even a half a tank of gas

They looked sick and stoned
And strangely dressed
No one showed
From the local press

But I watched 'em awhile
Through the bottom land
And I wished I played
In a rock and roll band

Hey, hey
It was the fourteenth day of April

Then they closed it down
With the sails and rags
And they swept up the fags
And the local rags

And threw the plastic cups
In the plastic bags
And the cooks cleaned the kitchen
With the staggers and the jags

Ruination Day
The sky was red
I went back to work
And back to bed

And the iceberg broke
And the Okies fled
And the Great Emancipator
Took a bullet in the back of the head

Hey