

## 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