

# Gomorrah

Jerry Garcia

Just a song of Gomorrah  
I wonder what they did there  
Must've been a bad thing  
To get shot down for

Wonder how they blew it up  
Or if they burned it down  
Get out, get out, Mr. Lot  
Don't you look around

Who gave you your orders?  
Someone from the sky  
I heard a voice inside my head  
In the desert wind so dry

I heard a voice telling me to flee  
The very same voice I always believe  
Said, a lot of trouble's coming  
But it don't have to come to you  
I'm telling you, so you can tell  
The rest what you been through

Don't you turn around, no  
Don't look after you  
It's not your business how it's done  
You're lucky to get through

You're a good upstanding man  
A credit to the flock  
If you don't face straight ahead  
You could not take the shock

Blew the city off the map  
Left nothing there but fire  
The wife of Lot got turned to salt  
Because she looked behind her

Because she looked behind her  
Because she looked behind her  
Because she looked behind her  
Because she looked behind her  
Because she looked behind her