

# Quiet Americans

Shearwater

I can't help it  
If all the world is ending  
If all the life is gone  
Still, you're calling out this name:  
Where are the Americans?

Our dimmed conscience  
Our hands and eyes that wander  
Stumbling down the road  
Or collapsing on parade

Or lying alone in the eastern light,  
Sleeping in the morning hours

And the only sound  
From the lantern-covered hills  
The only light  
From a day yet to begin  
The only signs  
Of the guns in silhouette  
Are only sound  
Are only light  
Only, only!

Our dull silence  
Our disconnected lives  
Pull out the lightning dust  
At the mention of his name

And whither the Americans?

Shake the memories off  
Hide the evidence under  
Piss on the world below  
Like a dog that knows his name

Where are the Americans?  
All calling on their own tonight,  
filling the remaining hours

And the only sounds  
Are the bells up on the hill  
The only lights  
Are the lanterns in the wind  
The only sign  
Skims the rust off of the rails  
The only sound  
The only light  
Only, only!

The only sound  
Is the rushing of the wind  
The only light  
Is a day yet to begin  
The only signs  
Of the lives in silhouette  
"The only life"

Is not the only life  
Only, only!