God Bless Ohio

Sun Kil Moon

There you were, a little kid in the yard I was a friend and a brother There's an old picture of us playing cards And at night we threw corn at houses It was meant for feeding hogs Later in life, I was playing Jimmy Fallon You were getting chased by police through cornfields And mauled by canine dogs And when I go back and visit It's like a ghost town We travel around, and around, and around Past the perpetually vacant Sexton house Past the abandoned Molly Stark Hospital And I think about The old Mansfield prison where Shawshank Redemption was filmed And I think about The Alcoholic's Anonymous guys I knew in my teens who had been in and out Past the old steel mill I think about my grandpa And that horrible nursing home And the ugly tattoo on his sagging dying arm I said fuck that, Dad Whatever that is I'm never ever ever going to get one My Dad is one of two left of his nine siblings And when he's gone I'm gonna lay down in my bed and I'm never gonna wanna ge t out again (I'm never gonna get out again) I'm gonna be strong when I can Cause if my little brother goes before me Don't want to swim out into the sea and never come back God bless Ohio God bless every man Woman and child God bless every bag of bones, six feet under the snow God bless O God bless O God bless Ohio Just saw the news on my television in New York Pike County, Ohio Massacre If it ain't families getting shot then it's one thing or the other Guy letting his pet lions loose in the street and putting a gun in his mouth Young girls held as slaves in a basement by a guy Until a neighbor ratted him out Craigslist killers luring people by offering them work on a farm Killed and buried their bodies out by Belden Village Mall Stole their cars and credit cards God bless Ohio God bless every man Woman and child God bless every bag of bones, six feet under the snow God bless O God bless O God bless Ohio

Oh, as sadness lingers And the rain clouds above Well, sadness lingers and the lightning storms Rain floods Oh, as sadness lingers And the graffiti underneath the bridge Well, sadness lingers and the old dilapidated barns And the doors coming off their hinges And in the empty downtown parking lots And the lonely alleyways And the foreclosed homes that once had kiddie pools in the yards And cars parked in the driveway Oh, but the beautiful things from Ohio My mother, my mother, my mother, my mother And my walks along the path of the Tuscarawas Street (Of the Tuscarawas Street) The beautiful children of my sister And the blue herons gliding across the pond (Blue herons gliding across the pond) The black squirrels nibbling on acorns The fireflies flickering on the summer lawn (On the summer lawn) Domino's pizza brings me back to when I was younger When I was younger, when I was younger, when I was younger, when I was young er These kids I hear outside my window I was one of them, I was one of them, I was one of them, I was one of them Now I'm the old man in the chair Deep in thought in the living room I'm that old man now and I'm grateful that I got this far And that I've become him And when I go back, we drive around We drive around, we drive around, we drive around, we drive around (We drive around) The old supermarket we used to go hide behind Is closed down (Is closed down) I was raised on groceries my mom brought home from their spring, summer, fal 1. winter (Spring, summer, fall, winter) Velveeta cheese and Wonder Bread and chocolate milk, and Salisbury steak TV dinners (Salisbury steak TV dinners) She squirreled away a few bucks along the way because she loved you and me (She loved you and me) So she could make sure we had a few gifts each year under the Christmas tree (Under the Christmas tree) At the risk of pissing my dad off very, very, very badly She socked that money away from those grocery store trips without him knowin α For you and me What saved me from the dark clouds hanging over Ohio? What's chasing the dream, baby? Who would have known That the pursuit of love and music would have even bought me a home Or'd have take me to Tokyo, to Tel Aviv, to Athens, to Reykjavík, and Rome

There is healing in writing poems There is healing in psychotherapy There is healing in taking walks along the beach But never underestimate the healing of music, baby Some songs are funny and some are sad Some are short, some are long There is nothing as healing and powerful As the power of song I was walking along the Hudson looking at the New York skyline on my break f rom the studio in Hoboken Every pay phone I saw I checked to see which ones worked and which ones were broken And in my head there was a melody going Oh God bless O God bless O God bless Ohio God bless O God bless O God bless Ohio God bless O God bless O God bless Ohio God bless O God bless O God bless Ohio God bless O God bless O God bless Ohio God bless O God bless O God bless Ohio God bless O God bless O God bless Ohio God bless O God bless O God bless Ohio God bless O God bless O God bless Ohio God bless O God bless O God bless Ohio God bless O God bless O God bless Ohio God bless O God bless O God bless Ohio