

Closing Night

The Avett Brothers

The show was over it's all in the name
It never was before but this ain't the same
So try to imagine a time and a place
Where the enemy won and the hero was slain

And poetic justice burns in the minds
Of five dying soldiers on the front lines
With nobody's singing in nobody's ears
No one's disappointed, nobody hears

I know a lady, promise her name
The price of her visit suffering and pain
And we gladly waited and we gladly paid
We watched the sun rise, she never came

An electric current moves us around
We sank to our knees to worship the sound
But nobody told us that we'd rise again
Imagine a hero unable to win
Imagine a hero unable to win