

## Past Belief

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Lord  
Show me a sign  
That you're still there  
That you still care  
That you're still with me  
That you still know me  
Before I resign  
Show me a sign

I can't laugh  
I can't weep  
Five nights in a row now  
Not a second of sleep  
Is there something  
You want me to know  
Well I wish you'd tell me what  
Give me some kind of show

How 'bout a meteor  
Or a shooting star  
Or even a drunk  
Getting thrown out of the bar  
I'm getting impatient  
And hope is expensive  
And I'm running low on  
Everything these days

The waters are rising  
And the world is on fire  
We're all just gasoline  
For the funeral pyre  
In the palaces morons  
In the hospitals ghouls  
Murderers in the towns  
Rats in the schools

Armies of zombies  
And the generals fishing  
And baby Jesus  
On a suicide mission  
And little Mohammed  
Lifeless and brown  
And drowning faceless scarecrows  
Wearing the crown

Ten thousand whistlers  
Off-track and off-tune  
Sixteen drummers  
Wearing some kind of rune  
Some kind of amulet  
Some pre-Christian cross  
And one man's lucky roll  
Is another man's loss

Lord, you should have been there  
Last Saturday night  
I broke a couple barstools

And I broke up a fight  
I broke three fingers  
They looked kind of Egyptian  
And the doctor wouldn't see me  
Without a prescription

If this is how  
It's all gonna go  
I might as well pile up  
Frequent flier miles and lay low  
I might as well buy up  
Some spiritual trinkets  
Line the walls with paint  
And start to drink it

It's hard to believe  
It's goin' down so fast  
When Einstein died  
He thought you built it to last  
But they threw him in a hole  
And they stole his brain  
And three days later  
It washed up again in the rain

Lord, I'll make you a bargain  
I'll cut you a deal  
They can cut off my eyelids  
And I won't squeal  
I won't spill your secrets  
My soul's locked tight  
Just please let me  
Get a little sleep tonight

Fifty thousand horses  
Ten thousand sheep  
I'd trade 'em all  
For just a second of sleep  
The kind with dreams though  
You gotta have dreams  
I've heard about what happens  
At the other extreme

Yeah without them dreams  
You go insane  
It's like having mayonnaise  
Shot into your brain  
But maybe I'm the exception  
Every dog has its day  
Maybe I'm a brand new species  
What do you say

So look out the window  
Might be something out there  
Maybe something to read  
Here's a Vanity Fair  
Winter is coming  
That's a relief  
And I'm willing to go on faith  
But I'm past belief