

## 8 Gods Of Harlem

Rosanne Cash

Rain falls on the paramedics but they do not go inside  
The street is where it all went down, the street is where he lies

The mother in her universe feels nothing but the pain  
The son who was a baby but who will never be a man

So we pray to the God of Broken Class  
We pray to the God of Gunfire and Regret  
We pray to the God of Collateral Children  
We pray to them all, the eight Gods of Harlem

Son was on his best behavior, shit was on his shoes  
Blood was on the handlebars, nothing on the news  
No one saw it coming, no one was to blame  
Daddy's got a broken heart, he'll never be the same

So we pray to the God of Old Illusions  
We pray to the God of Wasted Chances  
We pray to the God of Dreams and Roses  
We pray to them all, the eight Gods of Harlem

A girl falls down in hysterics  
Is she laughing? Is she crying? Is she living? Is he dying?  
Undone Who raise the glasses higher  
Sulfur from the underground  
Erosion, scalding steam  
Her brother in a picture frame  
And someone starts to scream

So we pray to the God of Washed Out Paper Broken Hearts  
We pray to the God, the last chance is for rage and vengeance  
We pray to the God, beat the drum slowly, neatly folded up and  
hidden Old Glory  
We pray to them all, the eight Gods of Harlem