

After the Bombs

The Decemberists

And after the bombs subside
And this long, low campaign
Calls it good for the night

We meet in the streets
Will we meet in the bar's cold light?
We grip at our hands
We hold just a little tight

After the bombs
After the bombs
Subside

And after the rockets calm
And the glimmer of fire
Portends an early dawn

We pinch at our skin
While we wonder how we
Escaped harm

We forget all our trials
While there
In our baby's arms

After the rockets
After the rockets
Calm

Then we'll go dancing
Won't we go dancing
Yes we'll go dancing

'Till it all
Starts over again

Then we'll go dancing
Yes we'll go dancing
Won't we go dancing

'Till it all
Starts over again