

# The Monitor

Bishop Allen

Once a great ironworks  
Stood at the end of my street  
And they hauled in The Monitor  
Fit her with armor  
For to save the union fleet

The River James was on fire  
As The Merrimack thundered and raged  
And she seemed so colossal and so unstoppable  
Until the two engaged  
And inside the sound  
A deafening din, round after round, again and again  
Shattering down, shattering down, shattering down

The neighborhood's quiet at night  
But sometimes my ears still ring  
And you think I'd understand  
That a rock-n-roll band  
Doesn't mean a blessed thing  
But I picture the poor crew stunned  
When the cannons did finally subside  
How they stand on the deck  
With the sun at their neck  
And they wonder if they're still alive  
And I try to shout  
But none of them hear  
They're moving their mouths  
But the blood in their ears  
Is running down, running down, running down

And we're singing la da da da da da  
And we're singing la da da da da da  
And we're singing la da da da da da  
But what then?

It's stunning to know I've survived  
But I'm not sure what I'm fighting for anymore  
And when I break another string  
And continue to sing  
Is that courage? I'm not sure.  
When the ironclads drifted apart  
Still blue and still gray  
The men shoveled in the coal  
And worked the pumps in the hull  
Just like every other day  
And none of them knew  
Oh, none of them cared  
How much it just changed right then and right there  
They just carried on, carried on, carried on

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