

## Civil War

Joe Henry

I don't know you to wear a hat  
But I came home late and there it sat,  
You rose to show what hats are for  
When living through a civil war,  
When living through a civil war

Christmas mornings and New Years Days  
They flood with dreams and drift away,  
They cling to logs and cupboard doors  
Riding out this civil war,  
Riding out this civil war

Some fighters came and pitched a tent  
And everyone around here, we went,  
The fix was in, but we bet and we swore  
From both sides of a civil war...

We build this up and we knock this down  
We call our little mob a town,  
We nail a sign up above the door  
"God bless our little civil war,"  
"God bless our little civil war"

Three dogs at a party an a boat at night  
Play checkers in a lantern light,  
They sing a song out to the shore  
Of women, gold, and civil war...

Every truth carries blame  
And every light reveals some shame,  
Progress rides with thieves and whores  
The stowaways of civil war,  
The stowaways of civil war.