

Medicine Hat

Son Volt

There will be droughts and days inundated
Unveilings free from saturation
Departures raised with no masquerading.

There will be teachers that die by their own hand
Pundits that push headlong for atonement
Friends and followers devoted to living.

There will be watchers that plot from in confines
And those committed to society's circles
Unwary cogs with no cadence or virtue.

There will be right, there will be wrong.
Drop of the hat and it's already started
Just like that and the deed is done
What I'd give for the hat to be medicine
The time is now to be on the run.