

Past Belief

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Lord
Show me a sign
That you're still there
That you still care
That you're still with me
That you still know me
Before I resign
Show me a sign

I can't laugh
I can't weep
Five nights in a row now
Not a second of sleep
Is there something
You want me to know
Well I wish you'd tell me what
Give me some kind of show

How 'bout a meteor
Or a shooting star
Or even a drunk
Getting thrown out of the bar
I'm getting impatient
And hope is expensive
And I'm running low on
Everything these days

The waters are rising
And the world is on fire
We're all just gasoline
For the funeral pyre
In the palaces morons
In the hospitals ghouls
Murderers in the towns
Rats in the schools

Armies of zombies
And the generals fishing
And baby Jesus
On a suicide mission
And little Mohammed
Lifeless and brown
And drowning faceless scarecrows
Wearing the crown

Ten thousand whistlers
Off-track and off-tune
Sixteen drummers
Wearing some kind of rune
Some kind of amulet
Some pre-Christian cross
And one man's lucky roll
Is another man's loss

Lord, you should have been there
Last Saturday night
I broke a couple barstools

And I broke up a fight
I broke three fingers
They looked kind of Egyptian
And the doctor wouldn't see me
Without a prescription

If this is how
It's all gonna go
I might as well pile up
Frequent flier miles and lay low
I might as well buy up
Some spiritual trinkets
Line the walls with paint
And start to drink it

It's hard to believe
It's goin' down so fast
When Einstein died
He thought you built it to last
But they threw him in a hole
And they stole his brain
And three days later
It washed up again in the rain

Lord, I'll make you a bargain
I'll cut you a deal
They can cut off my eyelids
And I won't squeal
I won't spill your secrets
My soul's locked tight
Just please let me
Get a little sleep tonight

Fifty thousand horses
Ten thousand sheep
I'd trade 'em all
For just a second of sleep
The kind with dreams though
You gotta have dreams
I've heard about what happens
At the other extreme

Yeah without them dreams
You go insane
It's like having mayonnaise
Shot into your brain
But maybe I'm the exception
Every dog has its day
Maybe I'm a brand new species
What do you say

So look out the window
Might be something out there
Maybe something to read
Here's a Vanity Fair
Winter is coming
That's a relief
And I'm willing to go on faith
But I'm past belief