

Cemetery Guns

Fountains of Wayne

Elizabeth

That thundercloud is creeping up the Empire Hill
There's shadows on the overpass
And puddles in the old dirt path

Peoria

Lay silent still in the belly of the overgrown
All quiet on the open plain
Footprints to the family plot

Where evermore will restless sorrow sleep
In a broken heap

Cemetery Guns go bang bang bang
Shooting all the sky full of holes
Twenty-one times in row
For the blue war widow in the gray raincoat
On the green grass down below

Elizabeth

Our fathers came and settled where the ground was flat
Drew water from the Indian wells
Cut timber from the rolling fells

Grandaddy-o

Bled hearth and home for oiling the company gears
No rest for the errant ones
Godspeed their reckless sons

Who evermore play their forefathers' hands
On the foreign sands

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Twenty-one times in row
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On the green grass down below