

Awake in the Dirt

Kevin Devine

Dad I know
You can't see
My actions as
A plea for peace

You can't get past
The rocks stained red
The nailbomb blast
The doctor, dead

Your prairie dream
Your liberal heart
Your patient mind
Your father's arms

They just won't do
They just can't fit
It's them, not Marx
You can blame for this

Alive in the dirt
Alive in the dirt
I am still, sainted and waiting
For my perfect pain to speak through me again

Dad, I found God
Through Vietnam
My Lai's graves
Agent Orange

See, we live lies
We have to choose
Our bombs speak loud
So I spoke, too

Then disappeared
10 miles from home
Newark slum
Where you won't go

It's here I've found
My higher self
A life that works
And suits me well

I pray for the dirt
I pray for the dirt
And I ask to suffer in silence
To stay here in hell

Awake in the dirt

My stutter lifts
My words come clear
Your little girl
She's just not here

I am sure
At my death
The truth will float
On God's sweet breath

Until that time
Don't ask for me
Behind this veil
Is where I'll be

At one with the dirt
At one with the dirt
I'm at peace, sainted and waiting
For my perfect pain to cover me for good