

# The Aftermath

Trevor Hall

Well I sold my shoes  
For a front row seat on the moon  
I found all that I can save  
And I still got the blues

I picked up the blade  
And shaved my beard  
And I walked back into town  
With nothing to fear

I picked up my mess  
And put it in the ground  
And I watered it down  
Waited for the seed to sprout

Well silence fills the air when it's raining  
But I don't see anyone complaining  
Truth pokes its head out  
Truth pokes its head out

Well I took my last rose  
And threw it in the fire  
And I gathered all the ashes  
Started my empire

What is it to you  
Man I do what I please  
And when I pray for you  
I don't expect you to pray for me

Well silence fills the air when it's raining  
But I don't see anyone complaining  
Truth pokes its head out  
Truth pokes its head out

Well I took a bath  
In a constellation aftermath  
When I jumped off that start  
I looked upon this plastic place  
Saved it with all of my grace

Silence fills the air when its raining  
But I don't see anyone complaining  
Truth pokes its head out  
Truth pokes its head out  
Truth pokes its head out