After the Fall

Terry Allen

Hey, remember all those psychedelic nights
When your head come loose and floated into the lights
And all them girls without any tops at all
Down in the dirt after the fallAnd remember how all the fantasies worked
Little flags in front of the tract homes by the church
It's a wonder any thing's left to hurt at all
Down in the dirt after the fallAnd remember the flower children and their shit-eating grins
Wearing buckskin building tepees trying to be Indians
An remember the reservation with the drunks against the wall
Peddling turquoise to the tourists
Down in the dirt, after the fallHey, remember the Holy Road running red
With blood from the mouths of mystics when they said
"Let's eat flesh from the knees of Jesus while He crawls"
Down in the dirt, after the fallYeah, remember the Christian soldiers armed to the teeth beneath the stars
Watching the jungle burn from beside their armored cars
We saw it all on TV while we ate just what we saw
So we two could partake in history without our names on the wall
Or down in the dirt, after the fallHey, remember all those psychedelic nights
When your head come loose and floated into the lights
And all them girls without any tops at all
Down in the dirt, after the fall, after the fall

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