Underneath the Ground

The Gaslight Anthem

That's enough, my man, it's time to clap our hands.
Call the papers up tomorrow, say we did the best we can.
'Cause our doctor's in the hospital, the poet just laid down.
There's one good man I know, and he can't talk right now.I'd like to hear what you'd say to me if I was bulletproof and free again.
Or what you'd shout if I was dead in the ground, and buried under another name?Or would you talk about if I loved her now?
Tell my sins to God out loud.
Would you cry, cry 'cause I was gone?
Would you spit and hiss and curse my name,
And embarrass me to the other graves?
Would you lay right down with me, underneath the ground?Now who you think I am?
Worse than all the rest?
That's what I'll be now, just like no one said.
Did anybody see that, there's a crack right down my head.
But mama, how they'll cheer for us, while the blood drips down our legs.I'd like to know if you could see through the soul
Like I could see to your soul back then.
And reach your hands through all the hurt and defenses,
Would you still try if you knew I was gone?Or would you talk about if I loved her now?
Tell my sins to God out loud.
Would you cry, cry 'cause I was gone?
Would you spit and hiss and curse my name,
And embarrass me to the other graves?
Would you lay right down with me, underneath the ground?
Underneath the ground?(I wanna caution you to watch out for the wolves.
And for the mad, mad weather.
I wanna caution you to watch out for the wolves.
And for someday, when you're older)Or would you talk about if I loved her now?
Tell my sins to God out loud.
Would you cry, cry 'cause I was gone?
Would you spit and hiss and curse my name,
And embarrass me to the other graves?
Would you lay right down with me, underneath the ground?
Underneath the ground?I wanna thank you all for your courtesy.
I wanna thank you all for watching us bleed.
I wanna thank you all for your courtesy.
I wanna thank you all for watching us bleed.
Underneath the ground.

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