

## The Silent Comedy

Written by J. John and J. Benjamin

We loaded rifles with our ragged britches on  
We built the wagons, and we head to Cali-FOR-nia  
Iâ€™ve got a lot to say, so you must sit and take it all

Your father looked at me like a thing that donâ€™t belong  
Some sorry sailor with no fortune for his daughter  
Iâ€™ll take your words with me - Iâ€™ll cross the Rockies in the fall

To win my baby â€“ Iâ€™ll find fortunes fit to take you home

Blood washes glitter from stone  
Mad forces, bodies and bones  
Blood washes glitter from stone

Four years and seven days since I left what was my home  
Return to find you cavortinâ€™ with another  
He bent a knee for you â€“ bought you a ring of solid gold  
With that vein my fate pursued, I could have made five hundred more

Youâ€™re breaking my patience  
Youâ€™re breaking my patience  
Youâ€™re breaking my patience DOWN

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