

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 + 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 spoke 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 + waiting
For my perfect pain to cover me for good

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