'49

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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