When Sal's Burned Down

Dar Williams

Are we the fools for being surprised
That a silence could end with no sound
Like the silent movie era, like with snow
Like when Sal's burned down
Well yeah, there was noise but nothing to mark the passing on
Of that great unspoken chance we had foundWhere the night's end came well-trod and familiar
Like the Charlie Chaplin walk that fades to black
And there wasn't anyone trying to sell their souls
They were only trying to buy them back
They were only trying to buy them backWell yeah, there was a Sal
He walked with bulging pockets 'round town
Either he was up to no good
Or he just got excited watching things burn down
Well, I guess he got the idea, if you hold a chunk of gold in your hand now
For once in your life you can throw some weight aroundAnd Sal, your slimeball sell-out, how can we blame you
We all want something to put our fingers on
And you'll never know the true throne that you've lost
Till the vinyl barstools are gone
Till the vinyl barstools are goneIf you toss around some words you might say that
Sal was carrying a torch for the mob
But the mob's gone too, yeah the only sign of them left
Is on every screen at the Multiplex and we go there no prob hey
'Cause there ain't no cowboy's in this Connecticut town
No, not anymore, no, not since Sal's burned downOnce you dip your tin cup down in the muse's watering hole
Or pioneer a new patch of common ground
Then you'd lie on your time-traveled bedroll
Quite amazed at the expansive terrain
And if anyone said you'd never have fame and fortune
Just that bar you know, you'd ride that way again
I bet you'd ride that way again

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