

# 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 found Where 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 back Well 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 around And 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 gone If 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 down Once 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

Songwriters

Dar Williams Published by

BURNING FIELD MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>