

This Was Pompeii

Dar Williams

I am thinking about the woman in a century of peace
On a bright mosaic she is washing on her knees
And she looks up at the black sky beyond the mountain tall
She says, "Oh good, the rain is finally going to fall" Today
This was Pompeii Everyone has memories from the night that melted stone
The neighbors nightgown, the screaming on the phone
And the tired man at the station says, "We can't tell who's alive
All we ever know is that the tourists survive""Tra la, tra la, let's go", they say
"Let's go, Pompeii" And I think about Pompeii when I feel an end is near
Just before the rain and every time you disappear
And I think about a teacup, suspended and half served
And all the scholars know is that it's perfectly preserved" Oh, oh, that's all", they say
"This was Pompeii" And as for my on kingdom, not a table leg was charred
I simply lost my kingdom 'cause I held it much too hard
Once I had a sadness, the sadness turned to trust
The trust turned into ashes and to lawyers and dust A century, a day
This was Pompeii
This was Pompeii
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, hmm

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