After the Storm

Stan Ridgway

After the storm
We'll all need to dry out
And the forecast will be
Sunny and fair
After the stormWe'll have a big parade
And the smell of victory will be in the air
We'll march in the sun
And listen to speeches
Life will be a bowl of cream and peachesAfter the storm
We'll be sucking on swallows
And driving our trucks in the sand
We'll redraw the maps
Wear snappy new caps
A gentle breeze will blow over the landWe'll pack up our things
Maybe get married
Throw off that weak, wussy
Feeling we carried
Bring it all home
In a bag to be buried
After the stormAfter the storm
The flowers will grow
And pastures of plenty we'll see
We'll dig a few holes
Heat up a few coals
And have a big barbecue feedWe'll shine up our cars
Drive in the sun
Pitch a tent in the woods
And make a beer run
If somebody wants something
We might just give 'em some
After the stormWe'll march in the sun
And listen to speeches
And life will be a bowl of cream and peaches

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