Slate

Uncle Tupelo

A worn out joke to keep the flies away carried it this far
The west side winds to keep it steady
Bury the hatchets we find could carry that heavy load
If I really thought it would matter farcical hair appears
As a blind side, clean the slate working in the halls of shame
Lay it down in full view, lay it downWhat the Hell were we thinking before the fire burned out?
I can't find you now and I didn't know you then
Loneliness drinks the bitters till the cold winds warm again
It's a feel for the game mouth open wide
Screams and hollers working in the halls of shame
Lay it down in full view, lay it downI gambled once and won, never made a dollar and beauty fades to gray
And I pray the very best will guard her and provide the way it's a telltale sign
When it's chairs up, and time to go working in the halls of shame
Lay it down in full view, lay it down

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