

# After the Fact

## John Wesley Harding

There is a room that you just now walked out of  
It has everything in it but you  
There's a mirror that knew what you looked like  
And a door that has ruined the view  
There's a carpet depressed by your footsteps  
A hallway which echoes their sound  
There's an arrow that points to the exit  
And a lift that goes no further down, no further down  
There's a stage play that shows every evening  
With no prompter, no plot and no lines  
The actors don't know what they're doing  
They improvise all of their lives  
And the action's all happening offstage  
Where the props meet the actual things  
Someone saw you with a gun in your hand  
I heard the report from the wings  
You say you're leaving  
When I know that you're gone  
After the fact, you'll be back  
But long after the song  
If ever I try to run after  
The ceiling reveals the sky  
The carpet is pulled out from under  
The walls disappear in the flies  
Behind them, the lenses of cameras  
They all want a piece of us now  
The story behind the unmaking  
The what and the why and the how  
Excuse if I choose not to bow

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