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 downThere'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 wingsYou say you're leaving
When I know that you're gone
After the fact, you'll be back
But long after the songIf 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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