

## Gillian Welch

### "April the 14th, Part I"

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When the iceberg hit  
Oh, they must have known  
God moves on the water  
Like Casey Jones.

So I walked downtown  
On my telephone  
And took a lazy turn  
Through the redeye zone.

It was a five-band bill  
A two-dollar show  
I saw the van out in front  
From Idaho.

And the girl passed out  
In the backseat trash  
There was no way they'd make  
Even a half a tank of gas.

They looked sick and stoned  
And strangely dressed  
No one showed  
From the local press.

But I watched 'em walk  
Through the bottom land  
And I wished I played  
In a rock 'n' roll band.

Hey, hey  
It was the fourteenth day of April.

Well they closed it down  
With the sails in rags  
And the swept up the fags  
And the local rags.

Threw the plastic cups  
In the plastic bags  
And the cooks cleaned the kitchen

With the staggers and the jags.

Ruination day  
And the sky was red  
I went back to work  
And back to bed.

And the iceberg broke  
And the Okies fled  
And the Great Emancipator  
Took a bullet in the back of the head...

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