

Grateful Dead

"Gomorrah"

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Just a song of Gomorrah, I wonder what they did there
Must've been a bad thing to get shot down for
I wonder how they blew it up or if they burned it down
Get out, get out Mr. Lot and don't you turn around.

Who gave you your orders, someone from the sky
I heard a voice inside my head in the desert wind so
dry
I heard a voice tellin' me to flee the very same voice I
always believe
Say alot of trouble comin', but it don't have to come to
you
I'm telling you so you can tell the rest what you've been
through.

But don't you turn around, no, don't look after you
It's not your business how it's done, you're lucky to get
through
You're a good upstanding man, a credit to the flock
But if you don't face straight ahead you could not take
the shock
Blew the city off the man, left nothing there but fire
The wife of Lot got turned to salt, because she looked
behind her

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