

## **Dar Williams**

### **"When Sal's Burned Down"**

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Are we the fools for being surprised  
That a silence could end with no sound  
Like the silent movie era, like with snow  
Like when Sal's burned down  
Well yeah, there was noise but nothing to mark the  
passing on  
Of that great unspoken chance we had found

Where the night's end came well-trod and familiar  
Like the Charlie Chaplin walk that fades to black  
And there wasn't anyone trying to sell their souls  
They were only trying to buy them back  
They were only trying to buy them back

Well yeah, there was a Sal  
He walked with bulging pockets 'round town  
Either he was up to no good  
Or he just got excited watching things burn down  
Well, I guess he got the idea, if you hold a chunk of  
gold in your hand now  
For once in your life you can throw some weight around

And Sal, your slimeball sell-out, how can we blame you  
We all want something to put our fingers on  
And you'll never know the true throne that you've lost  
Till the vinyl barstools are gone  
Till the vinyl barstools are gone

If you toss around some words you might say that  
Sal was carrying a torch for the mob  
But the mob's gone too, yeah the only sign of them left  
Is on every screen at the Multiplex and we go there no  
prob hey  
'Cause there ain't no cowboy's in this Connecticut town  
No, not anymore, no, not since Sal's burned down

Once you dip your tin cup down in the muse's watering  
hole  
Or pioneer a new patch of common ground  
Then you'd lie on your time-traveled bedroll  
Quite amazed at the expansive terrain  
And if anyone said you'd never have fame and fortune

Just that bar you know, you'd ride that way again  
I bet you'd ride that way again

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