

## Wallflowers

### "Constellation Blues"

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You can tell a few things about the soul of a town  
From the blood of the men gone in the ground  
Bankrupt and buried by war that is carried out  
By messengers now

Was born here and married too young staring  
The nose of the barrel down  
Went milk to whiskey to the courthouse sitting  
With her stoned in her wedding gown

My birthday's in two months and I'll be twenty one  
I am the second oldest to an only son  
Third generation to carry a gun  
I've got brown eyes like my mother does

First I saw blood was in a soldier's hair  
Drying to his forehead in the dessert air  
I knew his name once but his face I don't dare  
Recall in the moments I go back there

Off the record do you see my tears  
On my face and in my ears  
As the silos reappear  
And all of our journeys have led us right back here

There's something in the water we've been passing  
around  
We've eaten the berries there is no doubt  
Like our father before us in his paper crown  
Kings of nowhere that was ever found

The angels that used to be guarding our beds  
Have all wandered off and left us instead  
Too strung out and much too sick to defend  
Laying in the bathwater all lit up again

It's not a rumor, it's more than true  
There's nothing I wouldn't do  
Be somewhere with only you  
Share a little of these constellation blues

When it comes to my death let it be slow  
May I be hunted in the hills I know  
Let God be certain I was ready to go  
But keep that secret from my children though

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