

Decemberists, The

"After the Bombs"

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After the bombs subside
And this long, low campaign
Calls it good for the night
We meet in the streets
Will we meet in a bar's cold light?
We grip at our hands
We hold just a little tight

After the bombs
After the bombs subside

And after the rockets come
And the glimmer of fire
Pretends an early dawn
We pinch at our skin
While we wonder how we escaped harm
We forget all our trials
All there in our baby's arms

After the rockets
After the rockets come

Then we'll go dancing
Won't we go dancing?
Yes, we'll go dancing
Until it all starts over again

Then we'll go dancing
Yes, we'll go dancing
Won't we go dancing?
Until it all starts over again

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