

Trevor Hall

"Aftermath"

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Well I sold my shoes
For a front row seat on the moon
I found all that I can save
And I still got the blues

I picked up the blade
And shaved my beard
And I walked back into town
With nothing to fear

I picked up my mess
And put it in the ground
And I watered it down
Waited for the seed to sprout

Well silence fills the air when it's raining
But I don't see anyone complaining
Truth pokes it's head out
Truth pokes it's head out
Well I took my last rose
And threw it in the fire
And I gathered all the ashes
Started my empire

What is it to you
Man I do what I please
And when I pray for you
I don't expect you to pray for me

Well silence fills the air when it's raining
But I don't see anyone complaining
Truth pokes it's head out
Truth pokes it's head out

Well I took a bath
In a constellation aftermath
When I jumped off that start
I looked upon this plastic place
Saved it with all of my grace

Silence fills the air when it's raining

But I don't see anyone complaining
Truth pokes it's head out
Truth pokes it's head out
Truth pokes it's head out

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