

Slate

Uncle Tupelo

A worn out joke to keep the flies away
Carried it this far
Got the west side winds to keep it steady
We bury the hatchets we find Could carry that heavy load
I really thought it would matter
Farcical hair appears
As a blind side, clean the slate Working in the halls of shame
Lay it down in full view, lay it down
What the hell were we thinking
Before the fire burned out?
I can't find you now
And I didn't know you then
Loneliness drinks the bitters
Till the cold winds warm again It's a feel for the game
Mouth open wide, screams and hollers
Working in the halls of shame
Lay it down in full view, lay it down I gambled once and won, never made a dollar
And beauty fades to gray
And I pray the very best will guard her
And provide the way
It's a tell-tale sign
When it's chairs up and time to go
Working in the halls of shame
Lay it down in full view, lay it down

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