

# Oh No

## Hem

Mean are the winds that tear at the palms  
A tiny baby is crying, then calms  
And curses ring out instead of the psalms  
I don't know And black are the sounds, dragged from the trains  
They leave a trail of rust in the rains  
Great lakes are spilling across the great plains  
They swallow up everything Oh no, oh no  
Board up the windows and shoot at the crows  
And lay every might thing low  
Well, I didn't know that day that I fell  
In terre-haute at the Paris hotel  
Where I lost something that I'd never sell  
I let go  
Now all that I see keeps me afraid  
I count the years by the marks that they made  
And watch the sun from a circle of shade  
That swallows up everything Oh no, oh no  
Board up the windows and shoot at the crows  
And lay every might thing low

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>