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Title: When sal's burned down

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Are we the fools for being suprised that a silence could end with no sound
Like the silent movie era like with snow like when Sal's burned
down

Well yeah there was noise but nothing to mark the passing on
Of that great unspoken chance we had found
Where the night's end came well-trod and familiar
Like the Charlie Chapin walk that fades to black
And there wasn't anyone trying to sell their souls
They were only trying to buy them back
They were only trying to buy them back

Well yeah there was a Sal he walked with bulging pockets round town
Either he was up to no good or he just got excited watching things burn down
Well I guess he got the idea if you hold a chunk of gold in your hand now
For once in your life you can throw some weight around
And Sal you slimeball sell-out how can we blame you
We all want something to put our fingers on
And you never know the true throne that you've lost
Till the vinyl barstools are gone
Till the vinyl barstools are gone

If you toss around some words you might say that
Sal was carrying a torch for the mob
But the mob's gone too yeah the only sign of them left
Is on every screen at the multiplex and we go there no prob hey
Cause there ain't no cowboys in this Connecticut town
No not anymore, no, not since Sal's burned down
Once you'd dip your tin cup down in the muse's watering hole
Or pioneer a new patch of common ground
Then you'd lie on your time-traveled bedroll
Quite amazed at the expansive terrain*
And if anyone said that you'd never have fame and fortune just
that bar
You know you'd ride that way again
I bet you'd ride that way again