

Fine Science "Plenty Of The West"

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Practicing the pale polemic of a passionate passing soul
I watch and wait for footfalls that hold the words you
stole
But for a fleeting instant as you carried me away
I stood, told those who would listen, "I have enough to
say."
Where in the wounded wounded world would you go
If you had a bred consideration of faulty falling foes
The feeling of a foolish fancy stopped the driving train
>From staying to the open path or wandering away
Stealthily providing for a mint and winter snow
Pacing and complaining about where you have to go
Still you ask surrender and provide a pleasing pitch
But still releasing penalties and pointing out to which
Painful and pretending all I ask is that you stay
For seeing how the bundled birch reclines until the day
Be broken stance. The burning bough can offer us a
way
To shout, befall, and broken fast the will will bring a
way
Winding down the windy hollow breaking fast a blemish
in the past
While a play of ends and over beckoning the power
hold her fast
Pleasing all the fallow plunder, every night is sure to
watch
Blue December marks the dust until we wept until the
march
Studied plains of indecision as we wither by the stream
Of empty wood and hollow embers cast into our fading
dream

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