

## **Jones Rickie Lee**

### **"Traces On The Western Slopes"**

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Rickie Lee Jones

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We go down round  
The far side of the tracks  
Lolitas playing dominoes and poker  
Behind their daddy's shacks  
Vacant-eyes, glue-face boys  
On a pearl splashing glass  
If they give us any flack  
If they come up on our ass  
We'll just give 'em the go-by  
The Cadillac pass  
Take me now  
From the blue and pale room I'd follow  
Through the faces and the traces of  
Treasure I keep hearing inside me  
Madmen throw their voices  
From pretty boys  
And from the best ones  
You pick up connections  
As they hand you your directions

To the Western Slope

I lied to my angel so I could take you downtown

I'd lie to anybody there was nobody else around

And I know what people say about me

But I lied to my angel and now he can't find me

I'm sorry

I saw him

I saw him

Laughing

I could hear them

Laughing

Alive

I could hear them

E. A. Poe

And Johnny Johnson

If you dial in

They're calling from the Western Slope

Who's the thin thread of light

That keeps you strangled in the scenery

That follows my voice --- can you see me?

Then follow my voice

Who raised this banner?

That no one hears --- The Jack

Beneath the axis

Digging under the current

Someone's trying to get back

But who's qualified to retrieve

The soul's enduring song?

From the grottos of her eyes

And the clashing stars

E. A. Poe

And Johnny Johnson

If you dial in

They're calling from the Western Slope

Who's the thin thread of light

That keeps you strangled in the scenery

That follows my voice --- can you se me?

Then follow my voice --- see me?

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