

## **Cowboy Junkies**

### **"West Of Rome"**

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West of Rome

Just east of the border in a staticy Ramada Inn  
Polishing his boots and pummelin' his liver  
Steeped in his dark isolation

Just what business does, he have around here  
Credentials are wearing out with each little bit of cheer  
Yes, it's a bad scene we're convening

Brushin' his teeth and milkin' his ulcer  
Preparing to waste another wily mornin'  
Strokin' himself and phoning up his sister  
He tells her their life would make one whale of a movie

Yes, a childhood full of dry goods and wet neglect  
The father they now sponge off of  
They have no absorbin' respect  
Yes, he's a glad boy to have such a void

Yes, he's a martyr crawling across cobble stones  
From his cozy cottages, just west of Rome  
Yes, it's a sad state for great sufferin'

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