

Rem

"How The West Was Won And Where It Got Us"

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Blood from a stone, water from wine
Born under an ill-placed sign
A stroke of bad luck, wrong place, wrong time
This flyer is out of the line

The story is a sad one, told many times
The story of my life in trying times
Just add water, stir in lime
How the west was won and where it got us

Canary got trapped in the uranium mine
I struck bad luck, now the bird has died
A marker to mark where my tears run dry
At the crossing of blessed and alkaline

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The story of my life in trying times
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I didn't wear glasses 'cause I thought it might rain
Now I can't see anything
I made a mistake, chalked it up to design
I cracked through time, space, godless and dry
I point my nose to the northern star
And watch the decline from a hazy distance

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