

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire "Way Out West"

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Elder green is dead and gone
Lost his way going to town
And I don't know who he is, what he's done
But it sure sounds sweet rolling off the tongue
Yeah, and it sure sounds sweet rolling off the tongue

Now if I was in an old hotel
That happened to be on fire
Well, maybe I'd jump or maybe I'd reconsider
Yeah, maybe I'd just climb a little higher

Like an oily rag in a dusty corner
Like a box of matches near an open flame
I'd jump 18 storeys from a burning tower
Oh, sooner than I'd face this world of shame

Yeah, I'd skip this town and jump a westbound train
And you take these fingerling's from my fingers
Spoken with your breath
With white washed eyes and flies that linger
Seems rather forlorn and bereft

I said where you going with that sack on your shoulder
Willie
As if I couldn't have guessed
And he says, he's gonna get the hell out of slag valley
And he's gonna take a little stroll way out west
Yeah, he's gonna take a little stroll way out west

If I was in an old hotel
That happened to be on fire
Well, maybe I'd jump or maybe I'd reconsider
Then I'd just climb little higher

Like an oily rag in a dusty corner
Like a box of matches near an open flame
I'd get so far away from that old matchbox hotel
I'd skip this town and jump a westbound train
Oh man, anything to get away from this ol' shame

And I'd take these fingerlings from my fingers
Spoken with your breath

White washed eyes and flies that linger
Seems rather forlorn and bereft

And I said, where you going with that sack on your
shoulder, Willie
As if I couldn't have guessed
He says, I'm gonna get the hell out of slag valley
And I'm gonna take a little stroll way out west
Yeah, I wanna take a little stroll way out west

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