

## **Spirit Of The West "D For Democracy"**

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You with the jaundiced eyes  
Drunk on your own reflection  
Propped up with desks and flags  
Eight chairs short of affection

Your lines are drawn  
Here, there and everywhere  
None of your own volition  
Unrecognized  
You pace in your shadow  
Stripped of all your definitions

Scour the house  
Flip the wig  
Shake the tree  
Scour the house  
Flip the wig  
Shake the tree

Until your whereabouts  
Are known to me

You've been abused and cheated  
Shat on, you're beyond defeated  
Those who rise stand in your name  
They treat you roughly once they're seated

Your pen in one, sword in the other  
Satisfied, the blessing is given  
In God they trust, only their way  
One way, afraid of the other 'isms'

Scour the house  
Flip the wig  
Shake the tree  
Scour the house  
Flip the wig  
Shake the tree

Until your whereabouts  
Are known to me

Wha eee ee oh  
Your whereabouts  
Are known to me  
Wha eee ee oh  
Your whereabouts  
Are known to me

The grass it is always greener  
Under the western skies  
But to Norman Rockwell nations  
Being choked by weeds and vines

Look here, the old gray mare  
She ain't what she used to be no no  
Look here, the old gray mayor  
He's all, he's cracked up to be

Scour the house  
Flip the wig  
Shake the tree  
Scour the house  
Flip the wig  
Shake the tree

Until your, until your  
Until your whereabouts  
Are known to me

Wha eee ee oh  
Your whereabouts  
Are known to me  
Wha eee ee oh  
Your whereabouts  
Are known to me

Wha eee ee oh  
Your whereabouts are known  
Your whereabouts are known  
Your whereabouts are known

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