

Spirit Of The West

"D For Democracy (scour The House)"

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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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