

Spirit Of The West

"Milk, Tea and Oranges"

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I found your shopping list upon the kitchen table
It read milk, tea and oranges
It read bullets for the pistol
Between the ashtray flowtray
And your lucky No. 7's
DO I take this with a grain of salt
Tequila and a lemon?

You think I'm breaking. Am I breaking? Breaking up
inside
Worrying myself sick over what your note implies

I found your fond farewell upon the kitchen table
It read milk, tea and oranges. It said bullets for the
pistol
All you left me was your shadow
It was lost and lying there
Looking somewhat slighted crumpled in my favorite
chair

You think I'm breaking. Am I breaking? Breaking up
inside
Worrying myself sick over what your note implies
How my heart does bleed. Dry my weeping eyes
Good-bye, goodluck, good-bye

I burnt your offering
And swept it out the window and
It floated past the second floor
Towards the busy people

Who walking for a breath of air
Were breathing you instead
As you gently drifted down to touch thier simple heads

You think I'm breaking. Am I breaking? Breaking up
inside
Worrying myself sick over what your note implies
How my heart does bleed. Dry my weeping eyes
Good-bye, goodluck, good-bye

I found your shopping list upon the kitchen table
It read milk, tea and oranges. It read bullets for the
pistol...

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