

Spirit Of The West

"Strange Bedfellows"

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You're so shiny fresh and new
And your clean is so appealing
That they're buying in, they're beggin' on
To a voice that's worth believing

Believe in means to a beginning
Believe you'll stop this top from spinning
Further into a hole so bottomless and broke
No wool, no mirrors, no smoke

Everybody's pencil marks the spot
Where hate can be hidden in a box

It's not the words that scare me
It's that someone's listening whatever what you say
Whatever you mean it's theirs for the twisting
They get scared, they get angry
They get screaming for a hanging, on a thread of truth
A lie can be reborn, regroup, regress, reform

Everybody's pencil marks the spot
Where hate can be hidden in a box
Everybody's pencil marks the spot
Where hate can be hidden in a box

And you, their new found talking head
Have some strange fellows in your bed
And you try to keep them out of view
But they're under sheets and all tucked in with you
They're under sheets and all tucked in with you

Everybody's pencil marks the spot
Where hate can be hidden in a box
Everybody's pencil marks the spot
Where hate can be hidden in a box

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