

Spirit Of The West

"Unplugged"

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The ceiling's too familiar
Laying slack-jawed on my back
And the words spit out like puzzles
As she tries to fill the gap

But my lover's not my mother
And the hands that wipe my ass
Are the hands that once caressed me
I don't want them to detest me

And I will not burden those I love
I will not be a spoon-fed bird
I'll beg for mercy from above
Oh let my cord become unplugged

The man from Holland left the room
But he never left his bed
On his birthday after brandy
He chose angel choirs instead

The first one was for sleeping
The next one took his breath
His wife left his bedside to reflect
In a rocking chair with a cigarette

And I will not burden those I love
I will not be a spoon-fed bird
I'll beg for mercy from above
Oh let my cord become unplugged

I will not burden those I love
I will not be a spoon-fed bird
I'll beg for mercy from above
Oh let my cords
Oh let my cord become unplugged

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