

Elliot Project, The "Like A Cowboy Western"

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Sunsets with shooting stars light photographs of what
we are,
Claiming to imperfection with the silence thats broken
Beneath our waking hearts and our trembling hands
The lights save up; diminish down.
Dont wait now they can never stop us.
Well make a scene and theyll crowd us.
Everyones watching, everyones saying,
You dont belong here. I just say theyre jealous
Forget the world and come with me. Well go as fast as
we can.
No well never stop until we reach our homes back in the
east coast.
We rode off into the sunset like we owned it

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