

The Indelicates

"Point Me To The West"

Visit "[Point Me To The West](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

POINT ME TO THE WEST

I'm bitter and twisted
Unaddressed and unlisted
And all of our plans came to nothing, it seems.
There's nothing above
Except lies about love
Crooked skies west
And impossible dreams.

And the young and the hatefully
Spoiled and ungrateful
Born to inherit this beauty we made,
Who owe us a debt
That they'll never know debt
And the dirt and disease
Of the rotten old days.

So tear out my name from the books of the law
I don't want a part of the past anymore
And scrub out every line in my biography
And don't let me influence no one.

I'm jelous and broken
For the trophies and the tokens
And the aching little photos
On other peoples walls.
No desire could be finer
And no man should be a miner
But I could spit a hole in diamond
When the clocking-out bell tolls.

How we danced, you and I,
Beneath the cut glass sky
With our hands waving mimicing
How other hands were free
Life's a beach that you build,
A sandpit we filled
With the old cold sweat
Of our slavery.
So tear out my name from the books of the law

I don't want a part of the past anymore
And burn every record in my discography
And don't let me influence no one.

Pack up my books in the old oak chest
Saddle me a horse and point me to the west
Fill up my hip flask, load up my gun
And point me to the setting sun.

Visit [The Indelicates](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.