

# Under The Western Stars

## Everclear

Paint the stars in the sky  
On the ceiling above our bed  
Roll through the night with your blood  
Beating hard like a drum inside my head  
Paint the stars in the sky  
That were shining on the night we met  
If we can do this  
Then we can do anything  
Throw the clothes in a pile  
In the corner on the dirty wood floor  
Open up the big windows  
Throw a chain on the double locked doors  
Open up to the flame, so strong  
It feels so good even though  
We know it's wrong  
When we make love, I feel complete  
Yeah, like I can do anything  
We can lose ourselves to the faraway sound  
Of the noise of the boulevard  
We can lose ourselves tonight  
Underneath the western stars  
The wind sounds just like the ocean  
Blowing big through the trees in my backyard  
I sit alone in a dark room  
Smoking and wondering where you are  
You went away when the truth came down  
The sex was not enough for you  
To make you wanna stick around  
You said that I made you feel weak  
I made you feel like you couldn't do anything  
I try to sing myself to sleep to the rhythm  
Of the sound of the boulevard cars  
Yeah, I lay awake with my eyes wide open  
Underneath the western stars  
Hard promises broken  
Should have never been made  
You were cold in your anger  
I was warm in the shame  
I don't have any illusions  
Of the good old days  
If we make it through this  
Then I know that we can do anything  
We can do anything  
I'm going to walk all the steps  
Find a place where I can lie  
Lay on my back in the grass  
And stare at the stars in the warm night sky  
I'm gonna find me a new blond girl  
Hungry for the things  
That don't come easy in the real world

She will let me be myself  
I know she will let me do anything  
We can lose ourselves making love all night  
On a blanket, in the neighborhood park  
We can lose ourselves making love all night  
Underneath the western stars  
We can lose ourselves tonight  
Underneath the western stars  
Hard promises broken  
Should have never been made  
You were cold in your anger  
I was warm in the shame  
I don't have any illusions  
Of the good old days  
If I can make it through this  
Then I know that I can do anything  
Yeah, I can do anything

Songwriters

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