

The Great Salt Lake

Band of Horses

Back of the boat was painted wreckin' ball
There was country music playing, but he don't like it at all
And red fire poppin' on the rained-down woody
His whiskey bottle spillin' in a lake that's made of salt
And look out Michael, there's a note on the door
Saying, "Everybody listen, you'll be the next Omaha"
Now, if you find yourself falling apart
Then I'm sure.. I could steer... the Great Salt Lake
Falling apart, then I'm sure...I could steer...the Great Salt
Lake
And your old man was but a wishing machine
It's time that you could spare; now he's getting old
When Billy Loretta had found a watering hole
It's a place to lay yourself or the heads of coyote
Now, if you find yourself falling apart
Then I'm sure.. I could steer... the Great Salt Lake
We're following home
We want more
Following home
We all want more
If ever beat down, we know who we are
They know we all want more
If ever beat down, we know who we are
They know we all want more

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