

Way Out West

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire

Elder green is dead and gone
Lost his way going to town
And I dont know who he is, what he's done
But it sure sounds sweet rolling off the tongue
Yeah, and it sure sounds sweet rolling off the tongue
Now if I was in an old hotel
That happened to be on fire
Well, maybe Id jump or maybe Id reconsider
Yeah, maybe Id just climb a little higher
Like an oily rag in a dusty corner
Like a box of matches near an open flame
Id jump 18 storeys from a burning tower
Oh, sooner than Id face this world of shame
Yeah, Id skip this town and jump a westbound train
And you take these fingerling's from my fingers
Spoken with your breath
With white washed eyes and flies that linger
Seems rather forlorn and bereft
I said where you going with that sack on your shoulder Willie
As if I couldn't have guessed
And he says, he's gonna get the hell out of slag valley
And he's gonna take a little stroll way out west
Yeah, he's gonna take a little stroll way out west
If I was in an old hotel
That happened to be on fire
Well, maybe Id jump or maybe Id reconsider
Then Id just climb little higher
Like an oily rag in a dusty corner
Like a box of matches near an open flame
Id get so far away from that old matchbox hotel
Id skip this town and jump a westbound train
Oh man, anything to get away from this ol' shame
And I'd take these fingerlings from my fingers
Spoken with your breath
White washed eyes and flies that linger
Seems rather forlorn and bereft
And I said, where you going with that sack on your shoulder, Willie
As if I couldn't have guessed
He says, I'm gonna get the hell out of slag valley
And I'm gonna take a little stroll way out west
Yeah, I wanna take a little stroll way out west

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