

West Of Rome

Cowboy Junkies

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Just east of the border in a static Ramada Inn

Polishing his boots and pummelin' his liver

Steeped in his dark isolation Just what business does, he have around here

Credentials are wearing out with each little bit of cheer

Yes, it's a bad scene we're convening Brushin' his teeth and milkin' his ulcer

Preparing to waste another wily mornin'

Strokin' himself and phoning up his sister

He tells her their life would make one whale of a movie Yes, a childhood full of dry goods and wet neglect

The father they now sponge off of

They have no absorbin' respect

Yes, he's a glad boy to have such a void Yes, he's a martyr crawling across cobble stones

From his cozy cottages, just west of Rome

Yes, it's a sad state for great sufferin'

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