

# Westward Bound (The Whitest Blankets)

## Friday Mile

Roll the firecracker in your hand. Light the other end  
Toss it out into the clear black sky and let the noise begin  
Let the neighbors try and stop you  
Let them try and break your way  
Let them listen to the soundtrack of your leaving  
Independence day  
Let the sirens echo in your head  
As they chase you out of town  
Make a mad dash to the county line  
Westward bound  
Let the neighbors try and stop you  
Let them try and break your way  
Let them listen to the soundtrack of your leaving  
Place your hands upon your knees to take a breath  
And to look back  
Nestled underneath the whitest blankets, sleeping in a tent  
Now the neighbors can not stop you  
They will never break your way  
They'll never listen to the soundtrack of your leaving  
Independence day

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