West

Radical Face

Familiar ground's a distant thing
When you travel vague and crooked roads
And the sun's a scab on vacant skies
Now we always hope we're still aloneThere's too much time for idle minds
Imagination's armed with hooks and knives
We count our fears to pass the time
Tired or not, don't close your eyesA picket fence
A painted house
A quiet lifeOne where our days are calm
And night's are spent in kind
One where our hopes and dreams
Are attainable things
One where time can't reach
Gain half the plains now
Cut mountain chains down
Sleep when you can
You can't know how the night's fallThings will be better there
Things will be good there
Don't stop to think
Just chase the dream we're chasingI smell the fireplace
Warm light, a warm face
A quiet life
A life, a life, a life, a life
A life along the breezeThe dogs came at midnight
Guns drawn and eye's bright
I heard them laughin'
Black voices scratchin'
Black wind they move like
Our lives ain't worth the millions
As dog's tear the canvas
Flies on the carcass
But it buys the time we needThe dogs came at midnight
The dogs came at midnight
The dogs came at midnight
And I always hear them laughing
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/