

Into the West

Black 47

INTO THE WEST

When I was a boy I traveled the roads
Nothinâ€™ but the wild west wind ahead of me
Then I moved to the city, put on a suit
Like a straitjacket, it nearly choked me.
I listened to all of their corporate lies
But they never really fooled me
â€˜Cause that song in my heart was beatinâ€™ right through my chest
And I knew that fire would drive me out of my skull
If I didnâ€™t get back to the west

Ah, the old days are gone and your freedomâ€™s gone with them
But the memory remains, itâ€™s always there tormentinâ€™
Just when you think youâ€™ve found some peace
A pair of black eyes sends you reelinâ€™
And the road rears up her head and you know youâ€™ve got that feelinâ€™
For the rain in your face, the sun in your hair
The fire in your blood roarinâ€™ again
The earth beneath your feet â€“ not like these streets
Chains around your chest
And youâ€™ve got to get back to the west.

Ah, youâ€™ve worked like a dog but youâ€™ve nothinâ€™ to show for it
Just some lines around your face and a pocket full of bubbles
And sheâ€™s laughed at all your jokes, yeah sheâ€™s sick of all your dealinâ€™s
â€˜Cause youâ€™re not the man she loved back when you had the feelinâ€™
For the rain in your face, the sun in your hair,
The fire in your blood roarinâ€™ again
The earth beneath your feet â€“ not like these streets
Chains around your chest
And youâ€™ve got to get back to

John Wayne, Gary Cooper, Audie Murphy
All out there ridinâ€™ the range on their eternal journey
You used to look up to them from the front row
At the Saturday afternoon pictures in the Abbey
Reach out to them now, they wonâ€™t let you down
Theyâ€™ll take you ridinâ€™ off into the sunset with

Ava Gardner, Bogie, and oh my dearest Marilyn
Are you still hauntings™ the laneways of Wexford on your eternal journey
With the rain in your face, the sun in your hair,
The fire in your blood roarinâ€™ againâ€™

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Lyrics submitted by Larry.

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