Sunday Under Glass

Beulah

The scenery rides by
Just like floats lost in a parade
Where the palms and tumbleweeds sail
Right past the homes they stretch and they fade
Rolling like movie credits
Far beneath the clear skies

How wary does the West carry
So many sights, yeah, let's see the sights!
Slow prayers with no answers
Must go somewhere
Fall away

And the Wild West is a slow pan
And the sunshine is fake
And the ocean is just painted
On a backdrop downtown

The miniature sprawls blur
From the set lights and the heat
Where the summer's path with charades
Right where the sidewalks crack and they meet
Just like a sad, sad actress
Right before her last scene

How wary does the West carry
So many sights, yeah, let's see the sights!
Slow prayers with no answers
Must go somewhere
Fall away

And the Wild West is a slow pan
And the sunshine is fake
And the ocean is just painted
On a backdrop
Somewhere
Downtown

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