

Band Of Horses, The Great Salt Lake

Back of the boat was painted wrecking ball
There was country music playing, but he don't like it at all
And red fire poppin' on the rained down wood
It was whiskey bottle spilling in a lake that's made of salt
And look out Michael, there's a note on the door sayin',
Everybody listen we'll be the next Omaha

Now if you find yourself falling apart
Then I'm sure I could stand on
The Great Salt Lake
Falling apart
And I'm sure I could stand on
The Great Salt Lake

And your old man was but a wishing machine
It's time that you couldn't spend
Now he's getting old
When Billy Loretta had found a watering hole
It's a place to lay yourself o'er the heads of coyote

Now if you find yourself falling apart
Then I'm sure I could stand on
The Great Salt Lake

Following home
We want one
Following home
We all want one
If ever beat down
We know will we ever
They know we all want one, oh
If ever beat down
We know will we ever
They know we all want one
Oh Oh
Oh Oh Oh