## 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 Lorett 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