

# Spirit Of The West, D For Democracy

You with the jaundiced eyes, drunk on your own reflection  
Propped up with desks and flags, 8 chairs short of  
Perfection

Lines drawn here, there and everywhere  
None of your own volition

Unrecognized you pace your shadow

Stripped of all your definition

Scour the house, flip the wig,

Shake the tree, until your whereabouts are known to me

You've been abused and cheated,

Shat on you're beyond defeated

Those who rise stand in your name,

Then treat you roughly once they're seated

Your pen in one, their sword in the other

Satisfied the blessing is given

In god they trust only their way one way

Afraid of the other isms

Scour the house, flip the wig,

Shake the tree, until your whereabouts are known to me

The grass is always greener

Under western skies

But your norman rockwell nation

Is being choked by weeds and vines

Look here the old grey mare

She ain't what she used to be

Look here the old grey mayor

He's all he's cracked up to be

Scour the house, flip the wig,

Shake the tree, until your whereabouts are known to me