

Spirit Of The West, Milk, Tea & Oranges

I found your shopping list upon the kitchen table
It read milk, tea, and oranges
It read bullets for the pistol
Between the ashtray flowing over
And your lucky No. 7's
Do I take this with a grain of salt
Tequila and a lemon?
You think I'm breaking, am I breaking? Breaking up inside
Worrying myself sick over what your note implies

I found your fond farewell upon the kitchen table
It read milk, tea, and oranges. It said bullets for the pistol
All you left me was your shadow
It was lost and lying there
Looking somewhat slighted crumpled in my favourite chair

You think I'm breaking, am I breaking? Breaking up inside
Worrying myself sick over what your note implies
How my heart does bleed. Dry my weeping eyes
Good-bye, goodluck, goodbye

I burnt your offering,
Swept it out the window
And it floated past the second floor
Towards the busy people

Who walking for a breath of air
Were breathing you instead
As you gently drifted down to touch their simple heads

You think I'm breaking, am I breaking? Breaking up inside
Worrying myself sick over what your note implies
How my heart does bleed. Dry my weeping eyes
Good-bye, goodluck, goodbye

I found your shopping list upon the kitchen table
It read milk, tea, and oranges. It read bullets for the pistol...