

Spirit Of The West, Rites Of Man

(Kelly/Mann)

I found my coat
Had trouble with the sleeves
We lifted your box
And bent at the knees
Know what tears the most?
It's the disregard for your holy ghost
You left the world, the world kept going..

Now I'm alone
I'm alone
And I don't fit here in our home
Where nothing tastes the same
With the tip of my tongue
Holding on to your name

Come on and pick me up
Raise me off the floor
Let me hear the band
Play the Rites of Man

Come on and lift my head
Lead me to the door
Make me understand
The rites of Man

Peace and quiet
Are over-rated words
The music of our home faded and unheard
Everything's as I left it;
Orderly and perfect
Nothing is out of place
All the cassettes stay in their case