

# Spirit Of The West, Williamson's Garage

There's something there in Williamson's Garage  
I think it's me trying to start a fire  
With autumn leaves and gasoline  
The flames leapt up to bite my sleeves  
It's only a painting  
But not too pretty a picture  
Into my home, a real native boy  
Full blooded brave, a kind of show'n tell  
I showed him off to my Great Aunt  
He told me off to my white face  
It's only a painting  
But not too pretty a picture

There it hangs on the wall  
A thousand words, I know them all  
The frozen bird, a hockey puck  
Shed tears, move on to Van Gogh

Murder of crows, gathered on the power lines  
Murdering crows - The Blue Max will be mine  
To bring them down, I take my aim  
Then I reload, shoot again  
It's only a painting  
But not too pretty a picture

And there it hangs on the wall  
A thousand words, I know them all  
The frozen biurd, a hockey puck  
Shed tears, move on to Van Gogh  
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