

# Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, Way Out West

Elder green is dead and gone  
Lost his way going to town  
And I don't know who he is, what he's done  
But it sure sounds sweet rolling off the tongue  
Yeah, and it sure sounds sweet rolling off the tongue  
Now if I was in an old hotel  
That happened to be on fire  
Well, maybe I'd jump or maybe I'd reconsider  
Yeah, maybe I'd just climb a little higher  
Like an oily rag in a dusty corner  
Like a box of matches near an open flame  
I'd jump 18 storeys from a burning tower  
Oh, sooner than I'd face this world of shame  
Yeah, I'd skip this town and jump a westbound train  
And you take these fingerling's from my fingers  
Spoken with your breath  
With white washed eyes and flies that linger  
Seems rather forlorn and bereft  
I said where you going with that sack on your shoulder Willie  
As if I couldn't have guessed  
And he says, he's gonna get the hell out of slag valley  
And he's gonna take a little stroll way out west  
Yeah, he's gonna take a little stroll way out west  
If I was in an old hotel  
That happened to be on fire  
Well, maybe I'd jump or maybe I'd reconsider  
Then I'd just climb little higher  
Like an oily rag in a dusty corner  
Like a box of matches near an open flame  
I'd get so far away from that old matchbox hotel  
I'd skip this town and jump a westbound train  
Oh man, anything to get away from this ol' shame  
And I'd take these fingerlings from my fingers  
Spoken with your breath  
White washed eyes and flies that linger  
Seems rather forlorn and bereft  
And I said, where you going with that sack on your shoulder, Willie  
As if I couldn't have guessed  
He says, I'm gonna get the hell out of slag valley  
And I'm gonna take a little stroll way out west  
Yeah, I wanna take a little stroll way out west