

Jeff Finlin, West Of Rome

Well the pillars they tower
Lions cower
Behind maidens without any clothes
The people they flourish
Souls are nourished
Seeing life through the gardening hose
Caesars just a salad
The poets sing their ballads
The sun sets
The cock it crows
And you ask anybody where this happiness lies
Theyll tell you
Somewhere west of Rome

The people worship their idols
Cadillacs and rifles
Fight their battles on talk TV shows
All the answers are there if you happen to care
In the Bible and the lawn you mow
So lets run to them hills itll cure all our ills
Leave this mess before it explodes
Ah they tell me theres a place where happiness lies
I know its somewhere west of Rome

We can leave this world behind
Turn our heads away
I hear life out theres divine
These aint our problems anyway
Well build us a wall ten feet tall
So high that the wind wont blow
And we wont have to see all them peasants bleed
We might love it babe ya just never know
And if we cant find it there well find it somewhere
Well just follow that yellow brick road
That leads our eyes from the things we despise
And rolls out
Somewhere west of Rome