

# 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