

# Rheostatics, We Went West

Tim Vesely

We went west on our very first tour.  
It takes a day to drive to the outskirts of lake nowhere.  
It takes a second day to meet your first mechanic.  
Move along. Tied it on. Let's not panic.

Like a free-fall, the rocks and trees release you.  
Blue sky smiles above and does its best to please you.  
Feels like it's rarer, or closer to above.  
Move along. Coast is clear. Come on!

We liked Winnipeg, befriended we left traces.  
I find the tightest knit live in the wide open spaces.  
... And we're still tightly knit, though years have come and gone.  
Move along. West End rules. Move along.

I remember Broadview by the tracks.  
And how the sun lit the names on Legion plaques.  
How can forever not last long enough?  
Move along. Can't come back. Move along.

Out of Badlands into bad parts of the city.  
We roomed with pigeons at the National Hotel.  
And the drifters all moving west as well.  
Who could tell? Who'd be drifting? Who could tell?

Just like you pictured it would happen, yeah it did.  
Mountains climbing out of nowhere let us in.  
As we climbed them, they make our headsets spin.  
Move along. Climb on up. Come on in.

Roger's Pass pulled the wheels from under us,  
But the drive moved us on, we rented more.  
... And the grass in Three Valley Gap's a gas.  
Move along. In a minute. Move along.

Where the road ends under water weeds are bending,  
As we succumb to the rhythm of blue eyes.  
Orcas black and white as green becomes an ending.  
Move along. This beginning. Move along...

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