

Rickie Lee Jones, Traces Of The Western Slopes

We go down round
The far side of the tracks
Lolitas playing dominoes and poker
Behind their daddy's shacks
Vacant-eyes, glue-face boys
On a pearl splashing glass
If they give us any flack
If they come up on our ass
We'll just give 'em the go-by
The Cadillac pass

Take me now
From the blue and pale room I'd follow
Through the faces and the traces of
Treasure I keep hearing inside me
Madmen throw their voices
From pretty boys
And from the best ones
You pick up connections
As they hand you your directions
To the Western Slope

I lied to my angel so I could take you downtown
I'd lie to anybody there was nobody else around
And I know what people say about me
But I lied to my angel and now he can't find me

I'm sorry
I saw him
I saw him
Laughing
I could hear them
Laughing
Alive
I could hear them

E. A. Poe
And Johnny Johnson
If you dial in
They're calling from the Western Slope
Who's the thin thread of light
That keeps you strangled in the scenery
That follows my voice - can you see me?
Then follow my voice

Who raised this banner?
That no one hears - The Jack
Beneath the axis
Digging under the current
Someone's trying to get back
But who's qualified to retrieve
The soul's enduring song?
From the grottos of her eyes
And the clashing stars

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Who's the thin thread of light
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That follows my voice - can you see me?
Then follow my voice - see me?