

Spirit Of The West, Death Of The Party

(Kelly/Mann)

I offered up a weak embrace
'Till her song began to thin
Slowing to a trickle down her chin
Every head is cocked and still
Her troubles have gone on display
We knew her well before she lost her way
Should she drink on that prescription?
Mental's not an apt description
But even brilliance has it's place
When genius wears a twisted face
How'd she get so way-out there?
She's given us such a fright
I don't think she'll be coming back tonight
Hearing voices from the other side
In the darkness they keep her up
Trying to push her ball out of the cup
Should she drink on that prescription?
Mental's not an apt description
But even brilliance has it's place
When genius wears a twisted face
When genius wears a twisted face
Pull back the revelry
Send in the cavalry
The wagons formed a circle leaving her outside with me
To shiver, shake & freeze
And when she's done
Go find the phone
And make sure that her Mother's home
And then we'll need a volunteer
To get her there
'Cause she's not all here