

# Spirit Of The West, Death On The Beach

Death on the beach, without any eyes  
Just a hollow head, I'm surprised to feel nothing  
Curious but nothing

Death on the beach, vultures all around  
Scatter for the breeze as I shuffle 'cross the ground  
They won't come down yah, but they're waiting

And death is such a strange sensation  
Interrupts my spring elation, death on the beach

And I (yah) know how it feels (to be) a fish outta water (fish outta water)  
Nothing's real  
And I (yah) know how it feels (to be) a fish outta water (fish outta water)  
Nothing's real

Mouth full of teeth, cat's got her tongue  
Eagle takes her eyes to hide them from the sun  
The sun goes down, in a slow dive burns out fading

Shipwrecked on the shore like a sailor drowned  
Waiting for the tide to life her off the ground and take her down  
In a slow dive, light's out she's fading

And death is such a strange sensation  
Interrupts my spring vacation  
Death on the beach, on the beach, on the beach

And I (yah) know how it feels (to be) a fish outta water (fish outta water)  
Nothing's real  
And I (yah) know how it feels (to be) a fish outta water (fish outta water)  
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