

Spirit Of The West, Guildhall Witness

And the Guildhall witness never said a word
Just stared from the window as a head hit the curb
And the bat left the boot
chain hit it's mark, man stays down, house gets dark

And it's showtime in the wrong place, in the wrong colour
in the wrong face of an angry mother...
...fucker

And the Guildhall witness pulled the ring from a can
Watched it froth over, and run down his hand

Shaken and tuneless, covered in fear
Walks to the stage smelling of beer

And it's showtime in the wrong place, in the wrong colour
in the wrong face of an angry mother...
Showtime in the wrong place, in the wrong colour
in the wrong face of an angry mother...
...fucker