

# Spirit Of The West, Our Station

I know a little place that you might not have found;  
It looks down on the city from the underground,  
This is our station in the heart of town.

Leave the weather at the door, leave the rush out on the street,  
Let down your jewels, take the weight off your tired feet;  
Draw up a chair, strike up a little craic,  
If you've had a lousy day, take the monkey off your back.

Everyone's dressed for volume, everything's turned up loud,  
It's a designer's nightmare standing out in this crowd;  
With leathers mixed with tweed, pinstripe with polka dot,  
It makes no difference in this melting pot.

Talking business in the corner, politics at the door,  
While the boy brings the house down with his acoustic guitar;  
Going crazy on the dance floor, she don't need no help,  
She's just getting on with being herself.

Say hello, old timer, you're looking old against the new,  
Your sign is still glowing and the pain is showing through;  
You're trapped there in the corner, all alone you've watched them grow,  
But as long as you're still standing, I know where I can go,  
I can go, I can go, I can go.