

Spirit Of The West, Strange Bedfellows

You're so shiny, fresh, and new
And your clean is so appealing
That they're buying in, they're beggin' on
to a voice that's worth believing
Believe in means to a beginning
Believe you'll stop this top from spinning
Further into a hole so bottomless and broke, uh-huh
No wool, no mirrors, no smoke

Everybody's pencil marks the spot
Where hate can be hidden in a box

It's not the wordss that scare me
It's that someone's listening, whatever you say
Whatever you mean, it's theirs for the twisting
They get scared, they get angry
They get screaming for a hanging, on a thread of truth
A lie can be reborn, uh-huh, regroup, regress, reform

Everybody's pencil marks the spot
Where hate can be hidden in a box
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You their new found talking head
have some strange fellows in your bed
And you try, try to keep them out of view
But they're under sheets and all tucked in with you
They're under sheets and all tucked in with you

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