

Spirit Of The West, Unplugged

The ceiling's too familiar
Laying slackjawed on my back
and words spill out like puzzles
as she tries to fill the gap
But my lover's not my mother
And the hands that wipe my ass
Are the hands that once caressed me
I don't want them to detest me

And I will not burden those I love
I will not be a spoon fed bird
Or beg for mercy from above
Oh, let my cord become unplugged

The man from Holland left the room
But he never left his bed
On his birthday after brandy
he chose angel choirs instead

The first one was for sleeping
The next one took his breath
His wife left his bedside to reflect
In a rocking chair, with a cigarette

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