

# 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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