

# Westworld, Out There

Acid mind trip on some enchanted blue star  
Heavenly bodies look closer than they are  
Some wasted bound to die person said  
Cinematic in ghostly angelic light  
You're living out of your element my boy don't you know

This acting so naive, when I'm old enough to know how  
Hypersensitive, to the words draped in white  
It's unbecoming to me now

There must be light at the end  
There must be someone out there  
Waiting for me when I cross over  
Sunsets on a warm horizon

Behind the door to somewhere

I almost feel her hand on my face  
There must be someone out there for me  
As I fall into this I release myself from the ground  
There must be someone out there

There must be light at the end  
Behind the door to somewhere  
Waiting for me when I cross over  
Sunsets on a warm horizon  
There must be someone out there for me