

# Way Out West

Andrew Bird

Elder Green is dead and gone  
Lost his way going to town  
Don't know who he is or what he's done  
But it sure sounds sweet rolling off the tongue  
Yeah it sure sounds sweet rolling off the tongue

If I was in an old hotel  
That happened to be on fire  
Maybe I'd jump or  
Maybe I'd reconsider  
Then I'd climb a little higher

Like an oily rag  
In a dusty corner  
Like a box of matches near an open flame  
I'd jump 18 stories from a burning fire  
Sooner than I'd face this world of shame  
Yeah I'd skip this town and  
Jump a westbound train

Take these fingerlings from my fingers  
Spoken with your breath  
With white-washed eyes  
And flies that linger  
Seems rather forlorn and bereft

I said where you goin' with that sack on your shoulder Willie  
As if I couldn't have guessed  
He says I'm gonna get the hell  
Out of Slog Valley and take a little stroll way out west

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That happened to be on fire  
Maybe I'd jump or  
Maybe I'd reconsider  
Then I'd climb a little higher

Like an oily rag  
In a dusty corner  
Like a box of matches near an open flame  
I'd get so far away  
From that old matchbox hotel  
Man I'd skip this town and  
Jump a westbound train  
Anything to get away from this shame

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Spoken with your breath  
With white-washed eyes  
And flies that linger  
Seems rather forlorn and bereft

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