

West of Rome

Cowboy Junkies

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Just east of the border in a staticy Ramada Inn
Polishing his boots and pummelin' his liver
Steeped in his dark isolation

Just what business does, he have around here
Credentials are wearing out with each little bit of cheer
Yes, it's a bad scene we're convening

Brushin' his teeth and milkin' his ulcer
Preparing to waste another wily mornin'
Strokin' himself and phoning up his sister
He tells her their life would make one whale of a movie

Yes, a childhood full of dry goods and wet neglect
The father they now sponge off of
They have no absorbin' respect
Yes, he's a glad boy to have such a void

Yes, he's a martyr crawling across cobble stones
From his cozy cottages, just west of Rome
Yes, it's a sad state for great sufferin'