

## Under the Western Sky

### Strung Out

There's a wretched man I know  
Who walks along a lonely road  
He begs the world to see  
The man he wants to be

He comes from dirt and he scrapes the sky  
Like Jesus Christ, like suicide  
With panic in his voice you can hear him whisper

Give up all your ghosts  
And all the hurt you know  
In regalia and armor we all hide

There's a lonely girl I know  
Undressing just to make the show  
No sign of beauty left to fade  
Phantoms of the digital Christ on parade

Somethin' in the drugs like nothing in your eyes  
Like heaven up above, like missiles in the sky  
Suffer here no more, drown out the heartache

Give up all your ghosts  
And all the hurt you know  
In regalia and armor we all hide

Give up all your ghosts  
And all the hurt you know  
Because anything that's not growing here is murder

There's an inferno in your eyes  
That gives it all away  
When you pretend that you don't care  
And now I'll be sympathetic to the end  
I'm just like you, I'm just pretending  
That everything's alright

Give up all your ghosts  
And all the hurt you know  
In regalia and armor we all hide

Give up all your ghosts  
And all the hurt you know  
Because anything that's not growing here is murder