

# Western Whirl

Ball Park Music

Turn me to the canyon's anchor  
Flip me from an old headbanger  
Into seas of fishes and my friends

On the wall of New York City  
I can see the spring committee  
Plummet to the bluey ocean floor

5 4 3 2 1  
I know that I can find you  
I know that I can find you

Buy a ball and cut his head off  
Re-enact the words you speak of  
Til your memory trickles down my spine

Western girl, you are my snowflake  
Burn inside the open earthquake  
Til your memory rolls in perfect time

5 4 3 2 1  
I know where I can find you  
I know where I can find you

I had a nice time here with you upon your legs  
The sweeter the sea is all the clouds burst from your springs  
And out of the blue float all these bruises on your shins  
You'll bleed, bleed for the first time, bleed, bleed for the first time, bleed, bleed  
Ah...

5 4 3 2 1  
I know that I can find you  
I know that I can find you

Cause I can talk to you through tin cans  
Tied together with some string, man  
We can tangle stories all through space