

The Great Salt Lake

Band of Horses

Back of the boat was painted wrecking ball
There was country music playing but he don't like it all
And red fire poppin' on the rained-down woody
There was whiskey bottle spilling and a lake it was made of salt

Well look out back there was a note on the door it saying,
"Everybody listen we will be the next Omaha"

Well if you find yourself falling apart
Well I am sure I could steer
The great salt lake
Falling apart
Well I am sure I could steer
The great salt lake

Your old man was but a wishing machine
It's time that you could spin
Now that he is getting old
When Billy Loretta had found a watering hole
It's a place to lay south or the heads of coyote

Now if you find yourself falling apart
Well I am sure I could steer
The great salt lake

Follow me home
We want more
Follow me home
We all want more
If ever beat down
We know who we are
They know who we are
If ever beat down
We know who we are
They all know we want more