

# West

# Radical Face

Familiar ground's a distant thing  
When you travel vague and crooked roads  
And the sun's a scab on vacant skies  
Now we always hope we're still alone

There's too much time for idle minds  
Imagination's armed with hooks and knives  
We count our fears to pass the time  
Tired or not, don't close your eyes

A picket fence  
A painted house  
A quiet life

One where our days are calm  
And night's are spent in kind  
One where our hopes and dreams  
Are attainable things  
One where time can't reach

Gain half the plains now  
Cut mountain chains down  
Sleep when you can  
You can't know how the night's fall

Things will be better there  
Things will be good there  
Don't stop to think  
Just chase the dream we're chasing

I smell the fireplace  
Warm light, a warm face  
A quiet life  
A life, a life, a life, a life  
A life along the breeze

The dogs came at midnight  
Guns drawn and eye's bright  
I heard them laughin'  
Black voices scratchin'

Black wind they move like  
Our lives ain't worth the millions  
As dog's tear the canvas  
Flies on the carcass  
But it buys the time we need

The dogs came at midnight  
The dogs came at midnight  
The dogs came at midnight  
And I always hear them laughing