

# Traces Of The Western Slopes

Rickie Lee Jones

We go down round  
The far side of the tracks  
Lolitas playing dominoes and poker  
Behind their daddy's shacks  
Vacant-eyes, glue-face boys  
On a pearl splashing glass  
If they give us any flack  
If they come up on our ass  
We'll just give 'em the go-by  
The Cadillac pass

Take me now  
From the blue and pale room I'd follow  
Through the faces and the traces of  
Treasure I keep hearing inside me  
Madmen throw their voices  
From pretty boys  
And from the best ones  
You pick up connections  
As they hand you your directions  
To the Western Slope

I lied to my angel so I could take you downtown  
I'd lie to anybody there was nobody else around  
And I know what people say about me  
But I lied to my angel and now he can't find me

I'm sorry  
I saw him  
I saw him  
Laughing  
I could hear them  
Laughing  
Alive  
I could hear them

E. A. Poe  
And Johnny Johnson  
If you dial in  
They're calling from the Western Slope  
Who's the thin thread of light  
That keeps you strangled in the scenery  
That follows my voice - can you see me?  
Then follow my voice

Who raised this banner?  
That no one hears - The Jack  
Beneath the axis  
Digging under the current  
Someone's trying to get back  
But who's qualified to retrieve  
The soul's enduring song?  
From the grottos of her eyes  
And the clashing stars

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And Johnny Johnson

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Who's the thin thread of light  
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That follows my voice - can you see me?  
Then follow my voice - see me?