

Williamson's Garage

Spirit of the West

There's something there in Williamson's Garage
I think it's me trying to start a fire
With autumn leaves and gasoline
The flames leapt up to bite my sleeves
It's only a painting
But not too pretty a picture
Into my home, a real native boy
Full blooded brave, a kind of show'n tell
I showed him off to my Great Aunt
He told me off to my white face
It's only a painting
But not too pretty a picture

There it hangs on the wall
A thousand words, I know them all
The frozen bird, a hockey puck
Shed tears, move on to Van Gogh

Murder of crows, gathered on the power lines
Murdering crows - The Blue Max will be mine
To bring them down, I take my aim
Then I reload, shoot again
It's only a painting
But not too pretty a picture

And there it hangs on the wall
A thousand words, I know them all
The frozen biurd, a hockey puck
Shed tears, move on to Van Gogh
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Move on to Van Gogh