

West Of Rome

Vic Chesnutt

West of Rome, just east of the border
In a static-y ramada inn
Polishing his boots and pummeling his liver
Steeped in the dark isolation
Just what business does he have around here
Credentials are wearing out with each little bit of cheer
Yes it's a bad scene we're convening

Brushing his teeth and milking his ulcer
Preparing to waste another wily morning
Stroking himself and then phoning up his sister
He tells her their life would make one whale of a movie
Yes a childhood full of dry goods and wet neglect
The father they now sponge off they have no absorbing respect
Yes he's a glad boy to have such a void
Yes he's a martyr crawling accross cobble stones
From his cozy cottages just west of Rome
Yes it's a sad state for great suffering