

Western Whirl

Ball Park Music

Turn me to the canyon's anchor
Flip me from an old headbanger
Into seas of fishes and my friends

On the wall of New York City
I can see the spring committee
Plummet to the bluey ocean floor

5 4 3 2 1
I know that I can find you
I know that I can find you

Buy a ball and cut his head off
Re-enact the words you speak of
Til your memory trickles down my spine

Western girl, you are my snowflake
Burn inside the open earthquake
Til your memory rolls in perfect time

5 4 3 2 1
I know where I can find you
I know where I can find you

I had a nice time here with you upon your legs
The sweeter the sea is all the clouds burst from your springs
And out of the blue float all these bruises on your shins
You'll bleed, bleed for the first time, bleed, bleed for the first time, bleed, bleed
Ah...

5 4 3 2 1
I know that I can find you
I know that I can find you

Cause I can talk to you through tin cans
Tied together with some string, man
We can tangle stories all through space