

Into The Open Spaces Of The West

Boy Eats Drum Machine

So my love there's nothing left but for us to run
To a distant open space safe from this warming sun
There'll be nobody to greet us and no goodbyes
We've got to make this all gone
And leave behind this fading sky
Step and step mile by mile through the western gorge
Until the river has run gone and the cliffs look down no more

So let the mountains face us and the armies chase us
We'll stay low to the ground and we'll make no noises
There comes a time a time of ending
Here at the midwests beginning
We've left no signs no trails no holes
We'll find an open space find an open space to go