

## 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