

# The Great Western Road

David Byrne

A man sticks his fingers inside of his mouth  
The words are stuck in there  
He fishes them out  
Whispers and mumbles, statements and verse, curses and love songs  
For nobody else

Man takes a pencil and puts down his thoughts  
The old human highway from Eden to Nod  
Brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, strangers and cripples  
In love with their lives

How they dance  
In a trance  
Where the river bends  
Here we go,  
Don't you know  
That it never ends  
Some who ride  
Some who slide  
Everyone you know  
Travels on  
That Great Western Road

How they laugh  
Raise a glass  
Drink a bottle down  
Any face any place  
In this northern town  
Dragging on Sauchiehall,  
Past Kelvingrove,  
Travel on that Great Western Road

Man goes to Show World  
And dreams of the stars  
He leans to the left  
He leans to the north  
He learns to be humble  
He learns from the trees  
And all of God's creatures  
To him they would speak  
Saying wake up my little lambs  
Wake up it's time to begin  
Wake up it's all that you are  
Wake up and it's not very far

Baker-man, soldier-man, beggar-man and thief  
Some are young  
Some are old  
And some on their knees  
Broken legs, broken nose  
Swaying to and fro  
As they walk  
The Great Western Road

Every snake  
Every bird  
Every creeping thing

Like a knife  
In the night  
I see her again  
Blessed heart  
Blessed word  
Blessed skin and bone  
All along  
That Great Western Road