

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