

How the West Was Won and Where It Got Us

R.E.M.

Blood from a stone, water from wine.
Born under an ill-placed sign.
a stroke of bad luck, wrong place, wrong time.
this flyer is out of line.

The story is a sad one, told many times.
the story of my life in trying times.
just add water, stir in lime.
how the west was won and where it got us.
ahhhh.

The canary got trapped in the uranium mine.
I struck bad luck, now the bird has died.
a marker to mark where my tears run dry
at the crossing of blessed and alkaline.

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I didn't wear glasses cause I thought it might rain.
now I can't see anything.
I made a mistake, chalked it up to design.
I cracked through time/space, godless and dry.
I point my nose to the northern star,
and watch the decline from a hazy distance.

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