

West of the Fields

R.E.M.

Long gone intuition
To assume are gone when we try
I dream of a living jungle
I'm on my way back home, couldn't find shyer

West of the fields, west of the fields
West of the fields, west of the fields
Long gone, long gone
Long gone, long gone
West of the fields

Dreams of Elysian
To assume are gone when we try
Tell now what is dreaming
When we try I listen with my eyes, oversimplify

West of the fields, west of the fields
West of the fields, west of the fields
Long gone, long gone
Long gone, long gone

The antelopes are strange
Trying to sicken me
The antelopes are strange
Trying to sicken me

Dreams of Elysian
You assume are gone when we die
Tell now what is dreaming
When we try to listen to your eyes, when we die

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