

## Armstrong And The Guys

Spirit of the West

(Kelly/Mann)  
High above the clouds  
Bring on the trolley  
Release three loons  
For a screw-top red  
And as we watch the Earth diminish  
Will it linger on the finish?  
Rest's assured when the bottle's dead  
We'll leave a jet-trail across the sky  
Just like Armstrong and the guys  
Vapour trail against the blue  
I'd get off on getting higher  
Is it over the Moon for the frequent flyer?  
Straight to the arms of...  
Jezebel, I hear you well  
Or is it Gabriel? I can never tell  
And the question's growing  
'Cause it's not knowing  
When it's coming, where I'm going  
I've got a souvenir  
I'll take it with me  
I'm going to bring  
The backdoor key  
In case God lets me down  
I'll have a place to hang around  
It's my old haunt  
On my own street  
I'll be returning from the sky  
Just like Armstrong and the guys  
Watching over all of you  
If in the drive  
A locksmith's van  
There ruining my plan  
Straight to the arms of...