

## Death Of The Party

Spirit of the West

(Kelly/Mann)

I offered up a weak embrace  
'Till her song began to thin  
Slowing to a trickle down her chin  
Every head is cocked and still  
Her troubles have gone on display  
We knew her well before she lost her way  
Should she drink on that prescription?  
Mental's not an apt description  
But even brilliance has it's place  
When genius wears a twisted face  
How'd she get so way-out there?  
She's given us such a fright  
I don't think she'll be coming back tonight  
Hearing voices from the other side  
In the darkness they keep her up  
Trying to push her ball out of the cup  
Should she drink on that prescription?  
Mental's not an apt description  
But even brilliance has it's place  
When genius wears a twisted face  
When genius wears a twisted face  
Pull back the revelry  
Send in the cavalry  
The wagons formed a circle leaving her outside with me  
To shiver, shake & freeze  
And when she's done  
Go find the phone  
And make sure that her Mother's home  
And then we'll need a volunteer  
To get her there  
'Cause she's not all here