

## West Of Rome

Vic Chesnutt

West of Rome, just east of the border  
In a static-y ramada inn  
Polishing his boots and pummeling his liver  
Steeped in the dark isolation  
Just what business does he have around here  
Credentials are wearing out with each little bit of cheer  
Yes it's a bad scene we're convening

Brushing his teeth and milking his ulcer  
Preparing to waste another wily morning  
Stroking himself and then phoning up his sister  
He tells her their life would make one whale of a movie  
Yes a childhood full of dry goods and wet neglect  
The father they now sponge off they have no absorbing respect  
Yes he's a glad boy to have such a void  
Yes he's a martyr crawling accross cobble stones  
From his cozy cottages just west of Rome  
Yes it's a sad state for great suffering