

SPHINGES OF THE WEST

we were all dressed up for the party

there were still bulletholes in the wall

biding our time, drinking cheap wine

waiting for the next star to fall

now my smile may seem bigger cuz i'm long in the tooth

there were never any sphinges in the deserts of my youth

drain my meninges if you're looking for the truth

and wake me for the final curtain call

none of this was ever our intention

i suppose, though, we really should've known

it was grand at the time, with no grand design

let the others build their houses on the stone

no shivers, no shadows, sun high overhead

the wilde open spaces kept us in good stead

too busy with the business for what the soothsayers said

now there's nothing but the pain to call our own

we never could identify the gunmen

all the certainties vanished in the night

and every single body had a motive

every darkened corner hiding from the light

constellations all in motion – patterns too divine

all the different outcomes that saturate my mind

blinders on, straight ahead, never looking behind

too late to give up without a fight