

R.E.M., How The West Was Won And Where It G

Blood from a stone
Water from wine.
Born under earplay design.
A stroke of bad luck,
wrong place, wrong time.
This flyer is out of the lime.

The story is a sad one, told many times.
The story of my life in trying times.
Just add water, stir in lime.
How the west was won and where it got us.

Canary got trapped, the uranium mine.
A stroke of bad luck, now the bird has died.
A marker to mark where my tears run dry.
I cross it, bless it, alkali.

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I didn't wear glasses cause I thought it might rain.
Now I can't see anything.
I made a mistake, chalked it up to design.
I cracked through time, space, Godless and dry.
I point my nose to the northern star,
Watch the decline from a hazy distance.

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