

Sentimental Side

Spirit of the West

They've been still in their tracks
For many's the year
Through watching and waiting
They've made their careers
And they've got frozen hands
Like broken down clocks
They wait by the door
For opportunity's knock
-chorus-

They say there's a snake that can shed it's skin
When the good old days are wearing thin, but
The good old days have all withered and died
Some go on livin' on the sentimental side
Tall tales and short stories
I know I'll hear them again
All about the time, do you remember when?
We were all local legends
Or heroes at least
Has the truth been stretched
About killing the beast?
They say there's a snake that can shed it's skin
When the good old days are wearing thin, but
The good old days have all withered and died
Some go on livin' on the sentimental side
The circle is broken
Now there's more than just one
And there's room to move
Where before there was none
For we stood in our circles
And looked to the inside
Our backs to the world
Unaware of the outside
They say there's a snake that can shed it's skin
When the good old days are wearing thin, but
The good old days have all withered and died
Some go on livin' on the sentimental side