

# There's Nobody Home On The Range Anymore

Chris LeDoux

The old man used to dream of the fortunes he'd seek  
Now he lives in a room where you pay by the week  
His hands are all battered and his pony's gone lame  
His bones always ache when the sky looks like rain

He dreams of the old days when bronc bustin' paid  
The wide open spaces the buffalo glaized  
Deep in his memory wild horses run on  
But he knows the good times have all come and gone

There's nobody home on the range anymore  
They closed down the bunk house and padlocked the door  
Now there' s oil wells and motels and folks by the score  
But there's nobody home on the range anymore

Now the eagle stopped flying, the night wind is still  
And the last coyotes howling on some lonely hill  
The old man is longing to lay it all down  
In his final box the far side of town

Because he knows his last mountain is two flights of stairs  
And his saddle turned into an old rocking chair  
He wakes up in mornin' and wanders what for  
'Cause there' s nobody home on the range anymore

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