

# Cavalry

**Benjamin Dakota Rogers**

Yeah, the cavalry they're pushing hard  
Set fire to the grass in the final charge  
The Comanche stood till they had to fight  
Held America back with all their might

In the canyon of the Palo Duro  
They turn to face their final foe  
With the horses gone on, the food ran scarce  
Made part of what was always theirs

So the lines are drawn and the fences hung  
Across them, grassy plains now the cattle run  
With five kids and one more on the way  
Black gold found beneath the clay

So the farms are bought up one by one  
And the oil company came with the righteous drum  
Was a boomtown until the well ran dry  
Yeah, I guess that's how a country dies

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