

# Wyoming

Benjamin Tod

Well, men like me probably die alone  
With some broken dream on a dusty road  
And it may be sad but so is everything that's true  
Well if life's a gamble, then I bet the table on a pair of twos

And the sun's probably shining in Wyoming  
And the moon, she's casting diamonds on a low-lying stream  
And when my soul is finally set free  
You can burn my body in a prairie breeze

By candlelight paper and ink, I wrote my final wish  
Killing a drink and I thought of you  
It happened more times than a few, I stared down a barrel  
And I wasn't able to follow through

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When I'm gone please remember me  
For my blue eyes and the songs I'd sing  
Forget the bad, I did all that I could do  
If I could take it back I would in fact and give it all to you

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