

## The Buffalo Skinners

Big Country

Out beyond the river  
Where you and I would ride  
We would skin the buffalo  
The last ones left alive

But once again it passed me by  
I know it always will  
So now I spend my Sunday standing still

Sure we could have  
We could have got it right  
Sure we could have  
We could have got it right

And somewhere she is calling out  
On a scarlet plain  
But I no longer hear her  
I grew out of those games

I never skinned a buffalo  
I never even killed  
That's why I spend my Sunday standing still

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