

If I Were A Cowboy

Carbon Leaf

The ghost of a building that once was a barn
Leans on itself on an old ghost-town farm
Its posts are all crippled
It's tired, it's done
Lays down to rest like a dog in the sun

Dust devils boil as they stretch for the sky
As if thirsty for more than the earth can provide
Sprinklers are quiet, hay's two bucks a bale
Just a piece of the west on the Oregon Trail

And if I were a cowboy I'd dance until dawn
If I were a cowboy I'd sing this song

Now the foothills roll on like a fabric of green
They fold in on themselves with no stitch and no seam
Higher to the mountains just fog and fir trees
If we haven't reached heaven we're at least at its knees

Corridors cut through these mountains of snow
Winding our way to the next makeshift home
So many ways out I forget where I am
So many ways out when a map's in your hand

And if I were a cowboy I'd dance until dawn
If I were a cowboy I'd sing this song

Out here the land is untouched and it's wide
There is no great progress, no great divide
The land seems so empty but with each step I know
Someone's been here before me with a story untold

Clouds in the valley
Dark shadows a break
A ghost creepin' and sweepin'
the dirt from his pain

Raindrops and teardrops
Just two bucks a bale
Another day in the west on the Oregon Trail

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