Pilgrim's Progress

Chris LeDoux

There's ghost ridin' prairies whistlin' through the air
There's dreams on main street broken dead and bare
And a river and a mountain grow older with the sky
Lookin' for some friends like those from days gone by

While the cowboys and the Indians roll across the range
The poor Buffalo die for silver change
While the renegades and the wranglers
Drank up half town damn if some pilgrims
Didn't tear the Wild West down

Circlin' like a vulturea all they'd pick the land to bits
Tearin' out its heart forcin' it to quit
Like an old ancient rustler the west just died away
Strangled by progress that greedy beast a prey

While the renegades and the wranglers
Drank up half the town damn if some pilgrims
Didn't tear the Wild West down

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!