

I walk to the sagebrush silence of the dead
Shout down in the canyon, echoing in my head
I'm living the same dream I knew as a pup
I wouldn't trade nothing nor have given it up
Trouble on the horizon, better stay out of sight
I'll marry a good man, who'll put up a good fight
For all the right reasons and a couple of beers
At Pappy and Harriet's should have drown in my tears

At last I understand
I'll never leave this desert land
Tomorrow breeds new ecstasies
As leader of my own band

Visions of Moses out smokin' his weed
Turned off at a truckstop 'neath a joshua tree
Friends to the end faithful like bride to the groom
Chasing down shadows by the light of the moon

At last I understand
That memory is desert land
Tomorrow breeds no ecstasies
As leader of my own band

The county road's open still droppin' below
When it's the season I'm going to play it like bo
Gonna hallow my old haunts swing back to the yard
Circle down around my bed when living is too hard