

Readin' old westerns with them white and black Stetsons
They made it real simple to tell bad from good
It seems people these days are wearin' all kinds of grey
I miss them old dusters 'cause I knew where I stood

You can't count any more on Louis L'Amour
To paint you the lay of the land
And tell you who's on your side, stride for stride
And who's gonna ride for the brand

But don't get me wrong there was a lot goin' on
Back in them wild lawless days
Not every gunfight was won by the good guys
And one person's outlaw was another man's saint
But still

You can't count any more on Louis L'Amour
To show you the lay of the land
And tell you who's on your side, stride for stride
And who's gonna ride for the brand

That old Russell hangs in a busted up frame
In a tire shop off the highway at
A young mother cries as she searches the eyes
Of a son who's known nothin' but desperate pain

A young mother cries as she searches the skies
For a time before meth hit our great western range