

Road To Las Cruces

Corb Lund

Does the wind still blow In New Mexico?
Do the silver candelabras yet shine?
Is Kathrine still queen of El Paso?
Never to be yours, never to be mine

Out of reach like the pale moon that shines
On the road to Las Cruces

On a high plateau, out of Antone she goes
I see the dust of a herd moving through
The dream and the lights softly fading
The horses will not stay, they wish to go with her

Riding for Alex Corone
On the road to Las Vegas

The line of desire, seven strands of barbed wire
Will hold back the on rushing tide
Many dreams have been brought to the border
Down in the canyons, down in the culverts

They pray for safe passage tonight
On the trail to Albuquerque

I crossed over a toll, I stood there alone
Looking into the heart of the night
Across that dark plain to El Paso
Where Kathrine sleeps, Kathrine dreams

Out of reach like the pale moon that shines
On the road to Las Cruces
On the road to Las Cruces