

## The Beehive State

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Cold gray buildings where a hill should be  
Steel and concrete, closin' in on me  
City faces haunt the places, I rode alone  
Cowboy, cowboy  
Can't run, can't hide  
It's too late to fight now, too tired to try.

Wind that once blew free now scatters dust to the sky  
Cowboy, cowboy  
Can't run, can't hide  
It's too late to fight now, too tired to try.