

Some People Do

Ned LeDoux

A long stretch of highway
Reaches out across the plains
Open fields of Sagebrush
Scattered wild a long the range
It's not the place to breakdown
Just keep driving through
But why would you live here?
Some people do

White knuckle wind blows strong
Ain't nothing to slow it down
I watch tumbleweeds race
Along this dry and barren ground
There's no sign of water
And they could use an inch or two
To go weeks without it
Some people do

In the middle of nowhere
Nothing much to see
It's somebody's everything
Somebody might be me
Total isolation
In a world just passing through
Surviving in the middle of nowhere
Some people do

You know the winter is cold as hell
Snow falling all around
Life comes to a standstill
On this godforsaken ground
All roads were snowed in
Good luck with getting out
To the ones who live here
It ain't nothing to worry about

You'll never know it
Ain't nothing much to see
It's somebody's everything
Somebody might be me
Total isolation
From a world just passing through
Surviving in the middle of nowhere
Some people do

In the sun this is paradise
It had it no other way
Family roots run deep in the ground
And it's where they're gonna stay
When there's peace and solitude
Worries out here are few
Living in the middle of nowhere
Some people do

A big prairie moon comes up
A distant coyote howls
Echoes a song from another time

Serenity sets in now
As I pull off to the side
Take a deep breath in
Sure feels good to be back home
In the middle of nowhere again

In the middle of nowhere
Nothing much to see
Somebody's everything
Somebody might be me
Total isolation
In a world just passing through
Surviving in the middle of nowhere
Some people do

Surviving in the middle of nowhere
Some people do