

We loaded rifles with our ragged britches on
We built the wagons, we head to California
I've got a lot to say, so you must sit and take it all

Your father looked at me like a thing that don't belong
Some sorry sailor, no fortunes for his daughter
I'll take your words with me, I'll cross the Rockies in the fall
To win my baby, find fortunes fit to take you home

Blood washes glitter from stone
Mad forces, bodies and bone
Blood washes glitter from stone

Four years and seven days since I left what was home
Return to find you cavortin' with another
He bent a knee for you, bought you a ring of solid gold
That vein my fate pursued, I could have made five hundred more

You're breaking my patience
You're breaking my patience
You're breaking my patience down
Patience down
Patience down
Breaking down