

Ballad Of A Dead Man

The White Buffalo

The moon lights up over the battlefield now,
With a blistering heat somehow
Lifeless and broken heart to death,
they should have just stayed home instead
stayed alive.

We'll let her rice
We gliss on some others eyes
She wonders where when and why
She could have tucket him in his bed,
with a kiss on the cheek and his head
He'd still lay

Well the moon and the stars can't cast shadows on what is wrong
well my boys are dead, living is lead.
Nothing more

The sun wakes up, bring sparkles in the morning light,
Rubbs a belly bouncer head to cry, she lost him before they were wed
but he's there in her heart and her head, he's still alive

Well the moon and the stars can't cast shadows of what is wrong
dead, living is lead.
Nothing more
Oh the moon lights up over the battlefield now.