

## 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 rise  
We gliss on some others eyes  
She wonders where when and why  
She could have tucked 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,  
Rubs 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.