

The Wild West Is Where I Want To Be

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Now if I may indulge in a bit of personal history, a few years ago I worked for a while at the los alamos scientific laboratory in new mexico. I had a job there as a spy. no, I guess you know that

The staff out there at that time was composed almost exclusively of spies... of one persuasion or another. and, while I was out there, I came to realize how much the wild west had changed since that

Old days of wyatt earp and home on the range, and here then is a modern cowboy ballad commemorating that delightful metamorphosis called the wild west is where I wanna be.

Along the trail you'll find me lovin'
Where the spaces are wide open,
In the land of the old a.e.c. (yea-hah!)
Where the scenery's attractive,
And the air is radioactive,
Oh, the wild west is where I wanna be.

Mid the sagebrush and the cactus,
I'll watch the fellas practice
Droppin' bombs through the clean desert breeze.
I'll have on my sombrero,
And of course I'll wear a pair o'
Levis over my lead b.v.d.'s.

Ah will leave the city's rush,
Leave the fancy and the plush,
Leave the snow and leave the slush
And the crowds.
Ah will seek the desert's hush,
Where the scenery is lush,
How I long to see the mushroom
Room clouds.

'mid the yuccas and the thistles
I'll watch the guided missiles,
While the old f.b.i. watches me. (yea-hah!)
Yes, I'll soon make my appearance
(soon as I can get my clearance),
'cause the wild west is where I wanna be.