

Welcome To The Plains

Wyatt Flores

From five hundred feet above, in a fire, was a morning dove
Searching for a place to land
I'd perch up on the turnpike
Watch old sedans and semis
Wonder where they're going and where they've been

And looking back now, through the years
Before the hands of man were here
Rusty shovels found black gold
And tumbleweeds were free like the Choctaw and Cherokee
Before they had to call this land their home

If only they could see how it's gone

Now it's red dirt tears and broken mirrors
And a little trailer park, just south of here
End of the world is gettin' near, but I still feel the same
And it's red dirt poor and wanting more
Mr. Weatherman knocking at my door
Where dreams go drying up like rain
Welcome to the plains

And if I was a coyote runnin'
Stealing on the Cimarron
Looking for a place to cool my head
Find shelter from the voices
Telling me my only choices
Get up, get gone, keep moving west

If I ever left, those eyes would fill up fast with

Red dirt tears and broken mirrors
And a little trailer park just south of here
End of the world is getting near, but I still feel the same
And it's red dirt poor and wanting more
Mr. Weatherman knocking at my door
Where dreams go drying up like rain
Where dreams go drying up like rain
Welcome to the plains

Now it's red dirt tears and broken mirrors
And a little trailer park just south of here
End of the world is getting near, but I still feel the same
And it's red dirt poor and wanting more
Mr. Weatherman knocking at my door
Where dreams go drying up like rain
Where dreams go drying up like rain
Where dreams go drying up like rain
Welcome to the plains
Welcome to the plains
Welcome to the plains

One, two, three, four

One, two