Bruce Springsteen, Evacuation Of The West (A.K

Was on the day the cowboys were band from the range
Metal touched the world as a master
They rode their ponies down into cities of gold
To leave them forever after
Now the sun was swollen red and old
The earth it was windy, dark and cold
Where the highway ends the desert takes it toll
So dusty, red and angry
It was a time when men died out on the prairie
From not having a decent friend
At night the ghost to the mode of riders
Was a howlin' canyon winds

You can hear em' cryin'
Good God, I think they're dyin'

When them rangers down in Dallas
Had all but all given' it up and left
And those that hung on hopin'
Was trying their best to, to forget
The way those outlaws and desperados
Right from the cheapest to the best
Rode in on ponies made of skin and bones
Gave up their rusty guns and went back home
And the governor was sent down from population control
And Marshall law was passed
Riverboat gamblers put their money on faith
For the time for hope had passed

In the cold blue light of the desert night
There was a thousand starry ships
And men came down from still I don't know where
With death on their fingertips
Now there's no more kings in Texas
I swear they rounded up each and every one
And old Atlanta Canastoga
Reached from the Rocky Mountains into the old dead sun
Now Anna Maria walks the plains alone
The last of a struggling people
She thinks of all those outlaws who wanted to reach for the skies
And got stuck up on the steeple

Oh, you can hear them cryin'
Good god, I think they're dying'
In the wind lord, you can hear em' sigh