

# Bruce Springsteen, Evacuation Of The West (A.K.A. No More Kings In Texas)

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