

# Elton John, American Triangle

Seen him playing in his backyard  
Young boy just starting out  
So much history in this landscape  
So much confusion, so much doubt

Been there drinking on that front porch  
Angry kids, mean and dumb  
Looks like a painting, that blue skyline  
God hates fags where we come from

'Western skies' don't make it right  
'Home of the brave' don't make no sense  
I've seen a scarecrow wrapped in wire  
Left to die on a high ridge fence  
It's a cold, cold wind  
It's a cold, cold wind  
It's a cold wind blowing, Wyoming

See two coyotes run down a deer  
Hate what we don't understand  
You pioneers give us your children  
But it's your blood that stains their hands

Somewhere that road forks up ahead  
To ignorance and innocence  
Three lives drift on different winds  
Two lives ruined, one life spent