

Faith Hill, My Wild Frontier

How do I feel? Well, I feel so alone
Like a sad armadillo across this desert I roam
I've been stripped down, bare, 'til I break
Still the wheel keeps turning

Had me a sweet one, I tell no lie
Summer nights in the cornfields
When the corn gets so high
We traveled clear across Wichita, headin' north
Leavin' civilization

And there were highways to get across
And places far from here
And I was his lonesome prairie
And he was my wild frontier

Harvested peaches in a small border town
Saved all our wages
Put ten percent down
I never thought I'd see the world through a child's eyes
Until early December

Then one Calgary morning
Still as glass
While my baby lay sleeping, an angel slipped past
And with one breath said I'm taking him back
To his Father in Heaven

Through gravel and ice and new fallen snow
I held him through my tears
Because I was his lonesome prairie
And he was my wild frontier

Get along, get along, get along
Get along, get along, get along
Oh, oh, oh
Get along, get along, get along
Get along, get along, get along
Oh, oh, oh

And sometimes at night
I swear I can hear him
Calling out so clear
He says, "You were my lonesome prairie
And I'm still your wild frontier"

Get along, get along, get along
Get along, get along, get along
Oh, oh, oh
Get along, get along, get along
Get along, get along, get along
Oh, oh, oh

Babe, I miss you