John Cale, Buffalo Ballet

When Abilene was young and gay And thunder storms filled up the day

The cattle roamed outside the town

Sleeping in the midday sun

Then tracks were lain across the plain

By broken old men in torrid rains

The towns grew up and the people were still

Sleeping in the midday sun

We all joined in and all joined hands

All joined in to help run this land

Then soldiers came, long long ago

Rode through the town and rode down those who were

Sleeping in the midday sun

Gold came and went, quickly spent

And the people broke down and often drowned

In the wealth and pain of old Abilene

Sleeping in the midday sun

Sleeping in the midday sun

Sleeping in the midday sun

Sleeping in the midday sun