

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
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
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
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
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
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
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