

Lighthouse, 1849

Wagons rolled out under darkened skies
The sun refused to shine
Four-hundred people full of hopes and dreams
In eighteen-forty-nine
They waved goodbye, women dried their tears
Young men hid their fears
They headed west, full of confidence
That their fortunes would appear

They packed a trunk full of china, a bible or two
A shotgun for Leroy, a pistol for Lou
A pretty dress for Sarah
And a hat for sister Fay
No one thought their greed for gold would change their lives someday

They headed west in eighteen-forty-nine
Sixty-one wagons, two miles long in a line
They headed west in eighteen-forty-nine

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March winds came, filled the sky with lightnin'
It rained all day and night
Old men died and backs were broken
As they set their wagons right
They crossed the mountains, came down to the sea
Sure that it would be
Gold and riches and a life of ease
But what they didn't see...

Was a trunk full of china all broken in two
A shotgun for Leroy that he used on Lou
A pretty dress for Sarah
That they used to bury Fay
No one thought their greed for gold would change their lives that way

They came for gold in eighteen-forty-nine
Sixty-one wagons, two miles long in a line
A promised land in eighteen-forty-nine
A promised land in eighteen-forty-nine
A promised land in eighteen-forty-nine