

Wishing Chair, Open Range

Let's sit on a fence and talk about it
Watching the clouds rolling by
I'm just not cut out for a city life
I need a pure western sky

Oh that open range
Is my middle name
And I'm hell bent for leather in my soul
All your time frames
And your mind games
Gonna go where the four winds blow

Don't you think it's kind of funny
When people say they own the land
The grass and trees don't recognize it
The earth cries I own who I am

Oh that open range
Is my middle name
And I'm hell bent for leather in my soul
All your time frames
And your mind games
Gonna go where the four winds blow

Saw the rodeo at Cheyenne
They wear those fancy chaps and spurs
I'll take a feather in my hat band
And the stars above on night herd

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Is my middle name
And I'm hell bent for leather in my soul
All your time frames
And your mind games
Gonna go where the four winds blow

I had a dream it was morning
The wires and fences were gone
It's like a family reunion
And all creation sang along

Oh that open range
Is my middle name
And I'm hell bent for leather in my soul
All your time frames
And your mind games
Sing me ride an old paint when I go