

# Bob Seger, West Of The Moon

Out on those trails  
Out 'neath that sky  
Rivers of old  
Still rushing by

Eagles still soar  
White mountains loom  
Down in those valleys  
West of the Moon

West of the stars  
Far from the chase  
Far from the crowds  
Far from the pace

Horses run free  
Winter comes soon  
Out by those mountains  
West of the Moon

And everywhere  
Everywhere  
Wild things are free  
Free in the wind and the sun

Everywhere  
Everywhere  
As it should be  
Left on their own while they run

Out by those mountains  
West of the Moon