

# Brand New Sin, Wyoming

These eyes that are worn from the road  
Dirt Tears run never ending  
The prize that keeps me from home  
It's gone but keeps pretending  
A journey that i walk alone  
The sky its line and this run  
Clouds of dust as i kick them bones  
My Boots my pride and my gun

Its all i can do to recall  
that time is still against me  
The Days are as long as the road  
Neck burns the night set me free

The sky its line and this run  
And i cry out Wyoming  
My boots my pride and my gun  
And i cry out Wyoming

Out here will i die alone  
Never laid to rest  
Another passing man kicks my bones  
Buck wild will my ghost ever pass