

Bruce Hornsby, The Red Plains

B. R. Hornsby/John Hornsby

Four walls I built one winter
She came to share my name
For years we lived as lovers on the open plains
Far off the heat wave shimmers
Pipelines and the gasoline
One day it all came running like a bad dream
Fire, smoke-filled lungs
I hope I'll be standing when the day is done
We're

Staring out at the red plains
And we're hiding out from the smoke and the rage
A lifetime living on the red plains
Watching out as it all goes up in flames

Get up on Sunday morning
Repent for Friday night
Don't let 'em tell you it's gonna be a fair fight
I gave her clothes and a diamond
She loved the things that shine
But one day the gold and the silver get left behind
Fire, smoke-filled rooms
I hope I'll be standing when the day is through

Staring out at the red plains
And we're hiding out from the smoke and the rage
A lifetime living on the red plains
Watching out as it all goes up in flames