

# 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