Caedmons Call, 40 Acres

Out on these Texas plains you can see for a million miles And there's a thousand exits between here and the state line About the last time that I saw you You said call me Pandora, call me a fool

And I'm thinking this view it could do you some good So drop these scales and take a look

There's 40 acres and redemption to be found Just along down the way There is a place where no plow blade has turned the ground And you will turn it over, 'cause out here hope remains 'Cause out here hope remains...

Out here the Texas sky is as big as the sea And you're alone in your room like an island floating free Your spirit's hanging in a bottle out on a tree You say that you're the black sheep, I say you're still family

So throw that bottle to the waves They'll bring you in to me and from the shore you will see

Out here the Texas rain is the hardest I've ever seen It'll wash your house away, but it'll also make you clean Now these rocks they are crying too And this whole land is calling out for you