

Chris LeDoux, There's Nobody Home On The Range

The old man used to dream of the fortunes he'd seek
Now he lives in a room where you pay by the week
His hands are all battered and his pony's gone lame
His bones always ache when the sky looks like rain
He dreams of the old days when bronc bustin' paid
The wide open spaces the buffalo graized
Deep in his memory wild horses run on
But he knows the good times have all come and gone
There's nobody home on the range anymore
They closed down the bunk house and padlocked the door
Now there' s oil wells and motels and folks by the score
But there's nobody home on the range anymore
Now the eagle stopped flying, the night wind is still
And the last coyotes howling on some lonely hill
The old man is longing to lay it all down
In his final box the far side of town
Because he knows his last mountain is two flights of stairs
And his saddle turned into an old rocking chair
He wakes up in mornin' and wanders what for
'Cause there' s nobody home on the range anymore
There's nobody home on the range anymore
They closed down the bunk house and padlocked the door
Now there' s oil wells and motels and folks by the score
But there's nobody home on the range anymore