

Cowboy Junkies, Lay It Down

Michael Timmins

He left his dead in the cottonwood trees
the ground grown too hard with the years.
Falling down was not what it used to be
the ground grown too hard with the years.

He told his children those little white lies
the truth would only paralyze them.
He told himself those little white lies
the truth would only paralyze him.

Lay it down,
lay it down.

He sold most of what he cherished,
the rest he let them steal.
Shot his dog out in the open field,
the rest he let them steal.

He broke all of his promises,
under a sea green sky.
They never thought to ask him why,
under a sea green sky.

Lay it down,
lay it down.

Please bury me in the cottonwood trees
this ground grown too cold for me.
Going to sleep tonight in a warm feather bed
this ground grown too cold for me.

Lay it down,
lay it down.