

# Cowboy Junkies, Pale Sun

Fifty miles from Dakota territory  
Cheyenne scalp hangs from his belt  
Found him alone washing in the Bighorn  
A steady aim and he bagged his game

Pale sun falls without contest  
Here is obedient darkness  
He will not return

White Cadillac, white man at the wheel,  
White faces on the mountain,  
Wounds that will never heal  
Black clouds overhead, old man says  
Looks like rain  
Thieves' Road winds to the Black Hills sign  
Says South Dakota, U.S.A.

Grass plains stretch to the horizon,  
Not a soul can be found on them  
They will not return

Old rusted pickup and a mad dog in the yard,  
Purple paint peels but fails to reveal  
The bitterness that grows inside  
Cloud of dust in the distance,  
Strange knock beneath my hood  
Is it better to have words left unsaid  
Than to have words misunderstood?

Pale sun falls without contest  
Here is obedient darkness  
It will return  
I know it will return  
It will return