

Grant Lee Phillips, Buckaroo

Curled-up by the station you are
Nothing to your name but a bag on your shoulder well
Where could you be bound

No one there to say goodbye
Waitin' for a train to take you out to another life
All dreams let you down

There's a world outside
Your mama doesn't want you to know about
Where the night's alive and vellum coaches cruise
With their black windows down

It's up to you Buckaroo
It's up to you
Hey you're still wild west and true
It's up to you Buckaroo

Light a-comin' down the track
You wonder what you're leaving but you can't help looking back
You're still as death as in a photograph

There's a world ahead
That you've only read of in magazines
Where the sidewalks shine with the names of stars
From the silver screen

It's up to you Buckaroo
It's up to you
Hey you're still wild west and true
It's up to you Buckaroo

Once back at home they'll be laughing and counting the days
'Til you return oh that they never learn
That you don't live for them anyway
No you don't live for them anyway

It's up to you Buckaroo
It's up to you
Hey you're still wild west and true
It's up to you Buckaroo

It's up to you Buckaroo
It's up to you
Hey you're still wild west and true
It's up to you Buckaroo
Ooh ooh

Still wild
Still wild

It's up to you Buckaroo
It's up to you
Hey you're still wild west and true
It's up to you Buckaroo
Ooh ooh

Ooh you're still wild
Still wild