

# Squeeze, Wagon Train

(difford/tilbrook)

There's smoke in the hills  
And prints on the path  
The moon dangles down on the hyena's laugh  
And there are riders with guns by their sides  
The wagon train's full of women and hides  
The men drink and smoke to help pass the time  
Men have their thoughts and plans to decide  
And the dust brings the thirst to the mouths open wide  
The wagon train leaves the hills  
As the gold hits the fever  
The wagon train tips the scales  
Wagon train you can keep her

There's gold in them hills

It's treasure to claim  
A ghost in the hillside calls out my name  
In the wind a roar as the tumbleweed tumbles  
The rocks cast a shadow where the horses have stumbled  
And we light up a flame as the sky above rumbles  
Like the bellies that feast on a meal that is humble  
And the rain slashing down as I shave off my stubble

There's arrows that fly  
As guns start to shoot  
There's mud in your eye and stones in your boot  
With wagons on fire and women left screaming  
Some left for dead and others left bleeding  
There's nothing left now and nothing worth keeping  
The treasure was trapped and sprung when in sleeping  
Not even the wind from the rocks is left breathing