

# Sweethearts Of The Rodeo, One Time, One Night

A wise man was telling stories to me bout the places he had been to  
And the things that he had seen  
A lady dressed in white with the man she loved  
Standin' along the side of their pickup truck  
A shot rang out in the night just when everything seemed righ  
Another headline written down in America  
The guy that lived next door in 305  
Took the kids to the park and disappeared about half past nin  
Who will ever know how much she loved them so  
That dark night alone in America  
A quiet voice is singing something to me  
An age old song about the home of the brave in this land here of the free  
One time one night in America

Sunlight lays upon my windowpane. and I wake up to a world that's still the same.  
My father said to be strong and that a good man could never do wrong  
In a dream I had last night in America  
A quiet voice is singing something to me...

People having so much faith die too soon while all the rest come late  
We write a song that no one sings on a cold black stone  
Where a lasting peace will finally bring.

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And the things that he had seen  
A quiet voice is singing something to me an age old song about the home of the brave  
In this land here of the free one time one night in America