

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