## Walkabouts, Buffalo Ballet

When Abilene was young and gay And thunder storms filled up the days The cattle roam outside the town

Sleeping in the midday sun X4

Then tracks were laid across the plain By broken old men in torrid rain The towns grew up, and the people were still

Sleeping in the midday sun X4

We all joined in (And) We all joined hands We all joined in To help run this land

Then the soldiers came, long long ago Rode through the town And mowed down those

Sleeping in the midday sun X4

Gold came and went, quickly spent And the people broke down And often drowned From the wealth and the pain Of old Abilene

Sleeping in the midday sun X8