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