

Buffalo Skinners

Big Country

Out beyond the river where you and I would ride
And we would skin the buffalo, the last ones left alive
But once again it passed me by, I know it always will
So now I spend my Sunday standing still

Sure we could have
We could have got it right
Sure we could have
We could have got it right

And somewhere she is calling out on a scarlet plain
But I no longer hear her - I grew out of those games
I never skinned a buffalo, I never even killed
That's why I spend my Sunday standing still

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