

## 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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