

West of the Moon

Bob Seger

Out on those trails
Out 'neath that sky
Rivers of old
Still rushing by

Eagles still soar
White mountains loom
Down in those valleys
West of the Moon

West of the stars
Far from the chase
Far from the crowds
Far from the pace

Horses run free
Winter comes soon
Out by those mountains
West of the Moon

And everywhere
Everywhere
Wild things are free
Free in the wind and the sun

Everywhere
Everywhere
As it should be
Left on their own while they run

Out by those mountains
West of the Moon