

# Evacuation Of The West

Bruce Springsteen

It was on the day the cowboys were abandoned from the ranch  
Middle touch world as a master  
They rode their ponies down in the cities of gold  
To leave them for ever after  
Now the sun was swollen red and old  
The earth it was windy, dark and cold  
Were the highway ends the desert takes its toll  
Sodusty, red and angry  
It was a time when men died out on the prairie  
From not having a decent friend  
At nights the ghosts to the more of riders  
Was a howl in the candid winds

You can hear them crying  
Good god, I think they're dying

When them rangers down in dallas  
Had all, but given it up and left  
And those that hang on hoping  
Was trying their best to, to forget  
The way those outlaws and desperadoes  
Right from the cheapest to the best  
Rode in on ponies made of skin and bones  
Keep up their rusty guns and went back home  
And the governor was sent down from population control  
And marshall all was past  
Riverboat gamblers put their money on faith  
For the time for hope they passed

In the cold blue light of the desert night  
There was a thousand starry ships  
And men came down from still I don't now where  
With death on their fingertips  
Now there's no more kings in texas  
I swear they rounded up each and everyone  
And old atlanta canastoga  
Reached from the rocky mountains into the old dead sun  
Now anna maria walks the blames alone  
The last of a struggling people  
She thinks of all those outlaws who wanted to reach for the skies  
And got stuck up on a steamboat  
Oh, you can hear them crying

Good god, I think they're dying  
In the wind you can hear them sighing