

Some Things Never Change

Chris LeDoux

Rising times at five, the red sun is still sleeping,
My pillow is my saddle, stars are my ceiling,
My old body is ackin', I got a young cold needin' breaking.
But you know I can't complain,
Thank god something's never change.

There is a storm somewhere that's brewin',
Cause these old bones are creakin',
The cows will soon be down,
That ole roof's a leakin'.
Got a truck that needs attendin',
And some fences needin' mendin',
And I know it must sound strange,
But thank God something's just never change.

They fenced in all the free land,
And the old wells run the range,
Long gone are the cattle drives,
Since they brought in the trains.
But the hard work and the friendships still remain,
Thank God something's never change.

Out here where nature rules,
Each day is a different battle,
And it still takes a man, working in the saddle.

No machine can break a bay,
Or bringing in a lonely stray,
So I guess I will remain,
Thank God something's never change.