

I walk to the sagebrush silence of the dead  
Shout down in the canyon, echoing in my head  
I'm living the same dream I knew as a pup  
I wouldn't trade nothing nor have given it up  
Trouble on the horizon, better stay out of sight  
I'll marry a good man, who'll put up a good fight  
For all the right reasons and a couple of beers  
At Pappy and Harriet's should have drown in my tears

At last I understand  
I'll never leave this desert land  
Tomorrow breeds new ecstasies  
As leader of my own band

Visions of Moses out smokin' his weed  
Turned off at a truckstop 'neath a joshua tree  
Friends to the end faithful like bride to the groom  
Chasing down shadows by the light of the moon

At last I understand  
That memory is desert land  
Tomorrow breeds no ecstasies  
As leader of my own band

The county road's open still droppin' below  
When it's the season I'm going to play it like bo  
Gonna hallow my old haunts swing back to the yard  
Circle down around my bed when living is too hard