

## Cicadas

Cowboy Junkies

Hear them buzzing in the trees  
A lot like us a dying breed  
One voice now is all we need  
Hear them buzzing in the trees  
Hear them buzzing in the trees

Nothing left but empty shells  
No memory now of where we fell  
No one left to truly tell  
The tale of how we truly fell

Once again the simple truth  
Is crushed beneath the leather boot  
A lot like us a dying breed

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One voice now is all we need  
Hear them buzzing in the trees

Nothing left but empty shells  
No memory now of where we fell  
No one one left to truly tell  
The tale of how we truly fell

No trees here to hide behind  
Those big red wheels they slowly grind  
No trees here to hide behind  
Those big red wheels they slowly grind

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