

# My Wild Frontier

Faith Hill

How do I feel? Well, I feel so alone  
Like a sad armadillo across this desert I roam  
I've been stripped down, bare, 'til I break  
Still the wheel keeps turning

Had me a sweet one, I tell no lie  
Summer nights in the cornfields  
When the corn gets so high  
We traveled clear across Wichita, headin' north  
Leavin' civilization

And there were highways to get across  
And places far from here  
And I was his lonesome prairie  
And he was my wild frontier

Harvested peaches in a small border town  
Saved all our wages  
Put ten percent down  
I never thought I'd see the world through a child's eyes  
Until early December

Then one Calgary morning  
Still as glass  
While my baby lay sleeping, an angel slipped past  
And with one breath said I'm taking him back  
To his Father in Heaven

Through gravel and ice and new fallen snow  
I held him through my tears  
Because I was his lonesome prairie  
And he was my wild frontier

Get along, get along, get along  
Get along, get along, get along  
Oh, oh, oh  
Get along, get along, get along  
Get along, get along, get along  
Oh, oh, oh

And sometimes at night  
I swear I can hear him  
Calling out so clear  
He says, "You were my lonesome prairie  
And I'm still your wild frontier"

Get along, get along, get along  
Get along, get along, get along  
Oh, oh, oh  
Get along, get along, get along  
Get along, get along, get along  
Oh, oh, oh

Babe, I miss you