

# Natural Forces

Lyle Lovett

I rode across the great high plain  
Under the scorchin' sun and thru the drivin' rain  
An' when I set my sights on the mountains high  
I bid my former life goodbye.

An' so thank you ma'am, I must decline  
For it's on my steed I will rely  
An' I've learned to need the open sky  
I'm subject to the natural forces  
Home is where my horse is.

We loaded up in Buffalo  
Took 90 South down to Ohio  
On 80 West I'm Frisco-bound  
An' when I get there I'll turn back around

An' so thank you ma'am, I must decline  
For it's on these eighteen wheels I ride  
An' I'm underneath the western sky  
I'm subject to the natural forces  
Home is where my horse is.

And ev'ry year they come to town  
An' then drag em on right in the round  
And Mr Bradley calls the score  
And the cowboy there who tried for more

So thank you ma'am, I must decline  
For it's on my three-year-old I ride  
An' I've spin an' run an' stopped an' slide I'm subject to the natural force  
s  
Home is where my horse is.

The Cherokee an' the Chickasaw  
Creek Seminole an' the old Choctaw  
"We volunteered to move!" they say  
"And we'll understand, come Judgement Day".

An' so thank you ma'am, I must decline  
For it's on this trail of tears I ride  
An' I'm under Oklahoma skies  
Sometimes at night I hear their voices  
Home is where my horse is.

Now as I sit here safe at home  
With a cold Coors Lite an' the TV on  
All the sacrifice and the death and woe  
Lord I pray that I'm worth fighting for

An' so thank you ma'am, I must decline  
For it's on my RPG I ride  
Till Earth an' hell are satisfied  
I'm subject to the natural forces  
Sometimes at night I hear their voices  
Home is where my horse is.  
Home is where my horse is.