

There's Nobody Home On The Range Anymore

Moe Bandy

The old man used to dream of the fortune he'd seek
Now he lives in the room where you pay by the week
His hands're all bothered and his pony's gone lame
And his bones always ache when the sky looks like rain

Well he dreams of the old days with bronc bustin' tails
And the wide open spaces where buffalo plays
Deep in his mem'ry wild horses ride on
But he knows the good times have all come and gone

There's nobody home on the range anymore
They closed down the bunkhouse and had locked the door
Now there's oilwells and motels and folks by the score
But there's nobody home on the range anymore

Now the eagle stop flyin' the night wind is still
And the last cayou's hawlin' on some lonely hill
The old man is longin' to lay all down
In his final box canyon the poor side of town

'Cause he knows his last mantel is two flights two stairs
And his saddle's turned into an old rocking chair
Mornings he wakes up and wonders what for
'Cause there's nobody home on the range anymore

There's nobody home on the range anymore