

Western Waterloo'

Poco

There he goes he's a trader, moving
On through the virgin land.
Got the word from the government that it's
Too late for a lowly man, to make a Stand.
His reasons read like a prophecy.
He made them up as he went along
Those who saw it as a falacy are
Remembered as only dead and gone.
And now we all know who was right.
And the time showed who was wrong.
We saw them wield all their might.
I guess they knew that it wouldn't be long.
I guess they knew that it wouldn't be long.
He's come to change all the wilderness
Change the course of the rivers too.
He's not about ta stop for any rest
But somebody, please say we're through
Here we go again and again
Save your woman, save the land
Save the children, they are the future hands
In the promised land
They're the future hands in the promised land
They're the future hands in the promised land.

And now they're left without a home
Somebody left them in the cold