

# The Long Journey Home

Rodney Crowell

We ran off chasing rainbows  
'Neath the blue Montana sky  
And we self-proclaimed our freedom with a roar  
We crossed those raging rivers  
And we drank the taverns dry  
And we bowed our heads to legends  
Gone before

Are you ready for the long journey home?  
The flatlands, swamps and bayous in your bones  
The simple life tastes sweeter now  
You have no need to roam  
Are you ready for the long journey home?

The wind down off the Yellowstone  
Blows coal trains off their tracks  
And the water springs eternal from the fire

An eagle flies at sunrise  
'Cross an aspen grove and back  
And the moonlight brings a blue coyote choir

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In dreams of mile-high cotton fields  
We once ran barefoot through  
My dead drunk Uncle Fireball growls these words

"Blood don't make you family, Boy  
And I've got news for you  
Rattlesnakes don't sing like speckled birds"

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