

Buffalo Herds And Windmills

The Samples

In the old days when the wheels went round and round
Through a wagon trench I called this home

And out here on these new trails we've blazed
Watching buffalo herd and windmills sway

And still these paths do run wild
But now the concrete slabs make roads of mile

Did the wealthiest always get there first
They could afford to journey on and on

Amazed at what we've come from
And found along the way the wheels don't turn much different
Only the roads have changed

A freeway never seemed so strange
Rushing back and forth from a life that I can't explain

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