

Forty miles west of Kansas City
Down a county road like a lonely soul
I see Sharon and I see Jack
It's me and roman weared in black,
Tell my bride to bury me in stull...

Don't be afraid,
Don't be afraid,
It's great

Thirty-seven seventeen - six miles to stull
In the dark I see the sign - six more miles to stull
I see Sharon and I see Jack
It's me and roman dressed in black,
Tell my bride to bury me in stull...

Don't be afraid,
Don't be afraid,
It's great

Sixty-five, fifty, forty-four, thirty miles to go
In the night I see the sign - six miles to stull
Forty miles west of Kansas City
She said that she had come in white to meet me
I see Sharon and I see Jack
It's me and roman weared in black,
Tell my bride to bury me in stull...

Don't be afraid,
Don't be afraid,
It's great