

Theme for an imaginary western

When the wagons leave the city
for the forest and further on
Painted wagons of the morning
dusty roads where they have gone
Sometimes traveling through the darkness
met the summer coming home
Fallen faces by the wayside
looked as if they might have known

O the sun was in their eyes
and the desert that dries
In the country town
where the laughter sounds

O the dancing and the singing
O the music when they played
O the fires that they started
O the girls with no regret
Sometimes they found it
Sometimes they kept it
Often lost it on the way
Fought each other to possess it
Sometimes died in sight of day