

Walkabouts "Buffalo Ballet"

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When Abilene was young and gay
And thunder storms filled up the days
The cattle roam outside the town

Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun

Then tracks were laid across the plain
By broken old men in torrid rain
The towns grew up and the people were still

Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun

We all joined in and we all joined hands
We all joined in to help run this land

Then the soldiers came, long, long ago
Rode through the town
And mowed down those

Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun

Gold came and went, quickly spent
And the people broke down and often drowned
From the wealth and the pain of old Abilene

Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun

Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun

Sleeping in the midday sun

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