

## Samples, The "Buffalo Herds And Windmills"

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In the old days when the wheels went round and round  
Through a wagon trench I called this home  
And out there on these new trails we've blazed  
Watching buffalo herds & windmills sway

And still these paths do run wild  
But now concrete slabs make roads of miles  
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, have changed

A freeway never seemed so strange  
Rushing back an forth from a life that I can't explain  
In the old days when the wheels went round and round  
Through a wagon trench I called this home

Watching buffalo herds & windmills sway  
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Watching buffalo herds & windmills

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