

A Balladeer "Poster Child"

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The smell of the sagebrush reaches your brain
The scent of the pines from the snow covered range
You came out tonight there in search of a friend
Well, the Wyoming wind wants to play with your bangs

Hang on, handsome
We are going to get you out of here quick
Hang on, handsome
Just wait and watch out for the bicyclist

The sun it goes down now for a second black night
It's you in the outskirts, not a soul here in sight
The beautiful sky as your last piece of hope
The same moon and stars that you saw through the
telescope

Hang on, handsome
We are going to get you a new pair of shoes
Hang on, handsome
The bicyclist he will know what to say and do

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