

**411****"Ode To Ogallala"**Visit "[Ode To Ogallala](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

It's the end of the Texas trail  
And it's where I begin  
A town too tough for Texans  
Lord I think I'll fit right in  
Transcontinental railroad  
Running by my door  
Was headed east to the ocean  
But I don't belong there anymore

Ogallala I really want ya  
Sweet Nebraska, I meant to ask ya  
How long?

Must have fell off the wagon  
The tinhorn gamblers  
Were drawing me in  
Then a dance with a cowboy  
My feet were flyin'  
My heart was sinned  
The smell of smoke in the timbers  
I coulda swore I saw a neon light  
Shinin' down on me whiskey  
A hard days work means a drinking night

Ogallala I really want ya  
Sweet Nebraska I meant to ask ya  
How long?  
Oh how long?

Smell of smoke in the timbers  
I coulda swore I saw a neon light  
Shinin' down on me whiskey  
A hard days work means a drinking night  
Shinin' down on me whiskey  
A hard days work means a drinking night.

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