

Brenn Hill

"Roundup Fire"

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Frost on the wheat grass
Frost on the sage
Frost on the aspen leaves
Steam on the lake

The blue autumn sky is turnin' colder by the day
Its time to get this roundup party underway
So buckle on your leggings get your saddle cinched up
tight
For the roundup fire burns tonight

Cattle on the skyline
Cattle through the trees
Riders close behind them
And freedom on the breeze

This way of life is gettin' older by the day
Its time to get this roundup party underway
So resin up your ropes and spur your pony quick and
light
For the roundup fire burns tonight
I spent the summer waitin' workin' on the land
I'll spend the winter waitin' for the time to brand

And I'll spend a lifetime
Ridin' through the sage
Its burnin' in my blood
There is no other way

You can call me crazy say whatever you will say
But its time to get this roundup party underway
So buckle on your leggings get your saddle cinched up
tight
For the roundup fire burns tonight
Yeah the roundup fire burns tonight

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