

Hank Thompson

"Dusty Skies"

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Dusty skies I can't see nothing in sight
Good old Dan you'll have to guide me right
For we lose our way the cattle will stray
And we lose them all tonight
With all of the grass and water's gone
We'll have to keep the cattle moving on
Sand blowing I just can't breathe in this air
Thought it would soon be clear and fair
But the dust storms were bad they took all we had
I've got to be moving somewhere

I hate to leave the old ranch so bare
But I've got to be moving somewhere

So get along doggies we're moving off of this range
Never thought as how I'd make the change
But the blue skies have failed we're on our last trail
Underneath these dusty skies
These ain't tears in my eyes just sand from these dusty
skies

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