

Burden Of A Day "High Noon"

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With contrite hearts on the blackest of days
We've done our deeds but now we have to pay
The social call; the presidents not home
The gossip line we never would have known

I awoke to the sound of singing in the streets [x2]

The sorrow fell like the setting sun
On dusty streets the sound of running in our heads
As we hung like leaves from the trees
Shooting from the hip we live our lives so precariously
Breathing deeply for the last time I can see

The lights shining just for me...

Built to last
This winters going to end
The sun will shine on our faces
Life begins...

Swing low, Sweet chariot
Carry me home [x2]

Ride till sunset leave it all behind [x2]
And go

Cowboys never die [x4]

Built to last
This winters going to end
The sun will shine on our faces
Life begins...

When life ends life begins [x2]
Again and again.

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