

John Cale

"Buffalo Ballet"

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When Abilene was young and gay
And thunder storms filled up the day
The cattle roamed outside the town

Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun

Then tracks were lain across the plain
By broken, old men in torrid rains
The towns grew up and the people were still

Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun

We all joined in and we'll all hold hands
Yes, we'll join to help run the land
Then soldiers once, long, long ago
Rode through the town, rode down those

Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun

Gold came and went, quickly spent
And the people broke down and often drowned
From wealth and the pain of old Abilene

They were sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun

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