

## Carbon Leaf

### "If I Were A Cowboy"

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The ghost of a building that once was a barn  
Leans on itself on an old ghost-town farm  
Its posts are all crippled  
It's tired, it's done  
Lays down to rest like a dog in the sun

Dust devils boil as they stretch for the sky  
As if thirsty for more than the earth can provide  
Sprinklers are quiet, hay's two bucks a bale  
Just a piece of the west on the Oregon Trail

And if I were a cowboy I'd dance until dawn  
If I were a cowboy I'd sing this song

Now the foothills roll on like a fabric of green  
They fold in on themselves with no stitch and no seam  
Higher to the mountains just fog and fir trees  
If we haven't reached heaven we're at least at its knees

Corridors cut through these mountains of snow  
Winding our way to the next makeshift home  
So many ways out I forget where I am  
So many ways out when a map's in your hand

And if I were a cowboy I'd dance until dawn  
If I were a cowboy I'd sing this song

Out here the land is untouched and it's wide  
There is no great progress, no great divide  
The land seems so empty but with each step I know  
Someone's been here before me with a story untold

Clouds in the valley  
Dark shadows a break  
A ghost creepin' and sweepin'  
the dirt from his pain

Raindrops and teardrops  
Just two bucks a bale  
Another day in the west on the Oregon Trail

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