

Lyle Lovett "Natural Forces"

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I rode across the great high plain
Under the scorching sun and through the driving rain
And then I set my sights on the mountains high
I bid my former life good-bye

So thank you man, I must decline
For it's on my steed I will rely
I'm underneath the open sky
Where I'm subject to the natural forces
Home is where my horse is

Loaded up in Buffalo
Took the 90 southbound to Ohio
On any western Frisco bound
And when I get there I'll turn back around

So thank you man, I must decline
For it's on these eighteen wheels I ride
I'm underneath the Western sky
Where I'm subject to the natural forces
Home is where my horse is

And every year they come to town
And they'll drag them all right in the ground
And Mr. Bradley calls the score
But the cowboy he will try for more

So thank you man, I must decline
For it's on my freer road I'll ride
And I'll spin and run and stop and slide
I'm subject to the natural forces
Home is where my horse is

The Cherokee and the Chickasaw
The Creeks and the Nou and the old Choctaw
They volunteered to move they say
We'll understand come judgement day

So thank you man, I must decline
For it's on this Trail of Tears I ride
And I'm under all the homeless sky
Sometimes at night I hear their voices

Home is where my horse is

Now as I sit here safe at home
With a cold Coors Light and the tv on
All the sacrifice and the death and woe
Lord I pray that I'm worth fighting for

So thank you man, I must decline
For it's on my own BG I ride
'Til earth and hell are satisfied
Where I'm subject to the natural forces
Sometimes at night I hear their voices
Home is where my horse is
Home is where my horse is

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