

Corb Lund

"No Roads Here"

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CHORUS:

There are no roads here
There are no signposts
To guide a man thru this dark land
There are no roads here
There is no history
No written law to stay one's hand

Well there's a growed over wagon trail that's headed
for the west
There's a tipi ring out to Purple Springs if your ponies
need their rest
There's a shepherd out in Vauxhall in the coulees who
may know
But the sheep shack's old and leaning and that was
sixty years ago

CHORUS

Well, I see handcarts pulled by desperate settlers bent
under the yoke
Fleeing lives of certain serfdom for this new faith of
which he spoke
Trekking 'cross the desert with a few intrepid Danes
There's times I still think I can feel the blood of Vikings
in my veins

I hear "Strawberry Roan" and there's bison bones been
bleached out in the sun
South of Raymond, whiskey trade, the antelope still run
Hidden family reasons at the edge of consciousness
Silhouettes of grazing cattle on that olde Milk River
Ridge

CHORUS

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