

Covette

"Pale Sun"

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Fifty miles from dakota territory
Cheyenne scalp hangs from his belt
Found him alone washing in the bighorn
A steady aim and he bagged his game

Pale sun falls without contest
Here is obedient darkness
He will not return

White cadillac, white man at the wheel,
White faces on the mountain,
Wounds that will never heal
Black clouds overhead, old man says
Looks like rain
Thieves' road winds to the black hills sign
Says south dakota, u.s.a.

Grass plains stretch to the horizon,
Not a soul can be found on them
They will not return

Old rusted pickup and a mad dog in the yard,
Purple paint peels but fails to reveal
The bitterness that grows inside
Cloud of dust in the distance,
Strange knock beneath my hood
Is it better to have words left unsaid
Than to have words misunderstood?

Pale sun falls without contest
Here is obedient darkness
It will return
I know it will return
It will return

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