

Riot **"49Er"**

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They all, were losers,
And none had a dime.
And they all drew pictures,
Of what was stored in their minds.
Questions and answers,
Filled with fables and rhymes.
Headed west was a '49er,
To stake his new shrine.
Some never made,
Their dreams come to life.
Many men fell,
From a gun or a knife.
They grew old and weary,
And ashamed,
Of the stories they told,
And the wealth that they gained.
But the road, was a rough one,
Wind and hills were their foe.
And no man, was a low man,
They were too young to know.
Headed west was a 49er,
Get rich quick, live life finer.
On and on and on, the story goes.
Some never made,
Their dreams to life.
Many men fell,
From a gun or a knife.
They grew old and weary,

And ashamed,
Of the stories they told,
And the wealth that they gained.
Now rich man, and poor,
Aren't equal to one.
And they follow the stars,
Once the journey's begun.
Shines the gleam, in their eye,
And the song in their heart.
If the land don't shred his mind,
It'll tear his soul apart.
Some never made,
Their dreams come to life.

Many men fell,
From a gun or a knife.
They grew old and weary,
And ashamed,
Of the stories they told,
And the wealth that they gained.
Some never made,
Their dreams come to life.
Many men fell,
To a gun or a knife.
They grew old and weary,
And ashamed,
Of the stories that told,
And the wealth that they gained.
That they gained.

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