

Moe Bandy

"There's Nobody Home On The Range Anymore"

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The old man used to dream of the fortunes he'd seek
Now he lives in a room where you pay by the week
His hands're all battered and his pony's gone lame
And his bones always ache when the sky looks like rain.

Well, he dreams of the old days when bronc bustin'
paid
And the wide open spaces where buffalo play
Deep in his mem'ry wild horses ride on
But he knows the good times have all come and gone.

There's nobody home on the range anymore
They've closed down the bunkhouse and padlocked the
door
Now there's oilwells and motels and folks by the score
But there's nobody home on the range anymore.

--- Instrumental ---

Now the eagle stop flyin' the night wind is still
And the last coyote's howlin' on some lonely hill
The old man is longin' to lay all down
In his final box canyon the poor side of town.

'Cause he knows his last mountain is two flights of
stairs
And his saddle's turned into an old rocking chair
Mornings he wakes up and wonders what for
Cause there's nobody home on the range anymore.

There's nobody home on the range anymore
They've closed down the bunkhouse and padlocked the
door
Now there's oilwells and motels and folks by the score
But there's nobody home on the range anymore...

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