

This Old Ghost "Madam's Of The Old West"

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He finished his bottle of Rye and kissed his girl
goodbye
Said don't lose any sleep over this, it's a catch
only money can fix
He started off west in the night under the moon lit sky
With every dig of his spur, he moves further from her
while humming his song of return

Oh I, I'm coming back I'll make it back to you
Don't worry your head you'll soon forget
When you're in my arms

He made it to deadwood by three was given his salary
Along with a task for the dawn, so he rode off still
humming his song
But Aslan is empty and tired collapsing underneath a
tree,
He succumb to defeat, he too is feeling weak,
breakdown in the Merciless heat

But I, I'm coming back I'll make it back to you
Don't worry your head you'll soon forget
When you're in my arms

He drained out his fathers canteen onto his desert
tongue
Stopped by a man who offers his hand, then takes
everything that he can
He looks to the sky and he screams,
I've made a promise I can't keep, these nights
have been colder than cold without
my love to hold and I fear this may not be a dream.

Darlin I'm sorry but I won't make it back to you
The sadness will pass, our love will last
This much is true

Now I lay here to die holding your photograph
The desert has won, my limbs growing numb and tears
streaming down

