

## Balladeer, A "Poster Child"

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the smell of the sagebrush reaches your brain  
the scent of the pines from the snow covered range  
you came out tonight there in search of a friend  
well, the Wyoming wind wants to play with your bangs

hang on, handsome  
we are going to get you out of here quick  
hang on, handsome  
just wait and watch out for the bicyclist

the sun it goes down now for a second black night  
it's you in the outskirts, not a soul here in sight  
the beautiful sky as your last piece of hope  
the same moon and stars that you saw through the  
telescope

hang on, handsome  
we are going to get you a new pair of shoes  
hang on, handsome  
the bicyclist he will know what to say and do

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