

## The Sainte Catherines

### "Buffalo Herds And Windmills"

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In the old days when the wheels went  
Round and round  
Through a wagon trench I called this  
Home  
And out here on these new trails we've  
Blazed  
Watching buffalo herd and windmills sway  
And still these paths do run wild  
But now the concrete slabs make roads of  
Mile  
Did the wealthiest always get there  
First  
They could afford to journey on and on  
Amazed at what we've come from  
And found along the way the wheels don't  
Turn much different  
Only the roads have changed  
A freeway never seemed so strange  
Rushing back and forth from a life that I  
Can't explain  
In the old days when the wheels went  
Round and round  
Through a wagon trench I called this  
Home  
Watching buffalo herds and windmills

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