

## **Aunt Rita**

### **"My Wild Frontier"**

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How do I feel, well I feel so alone  
Like a sad armadillo across the desert I roam  
I've been stripped down, bare, 'til I break  
Still the wheel keeps turning

Had me a sweet one, I tell no lie  
Summer nights in the cornfields, when the corn gets so  
high  
We've traveled clear across Wichita headin' north  
Leavin' civilization

And there were highways to get across  
And places far from here  
And I was his lonesome prairie  
And he was my wild frontier

Harvested peaches in a small border town  
Saved all our wages, put ten percent down  
I never thought I'd see the world through a child's eyes  
Until early December

Then one Calgary morning, still as glass  
While my baby lay sleeping, an angel slipped past  
With one breath said I'm taking him back  
To his Father in Heaven

Through gravel and ice and new fallen snow  
I held him through my tears  
Because I was his lonesome prairie  
And he was my wild frontier

Get along, get along, get along  
Get along, get along, get along  
Oh  
Get along, get along, get along  
Get along, get along, get along  
Oh

And sometimes at night I swear I can hear him  
Calling out so clear  
He says, you were my lonesome prairie

And I'm still your wild frontier

Babe I miss you

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