

The Samples

"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 there on these new trails we've blazed
Watching buffalo herds & windmills sway

And still these paths do run wild
But now concrete slabs make roads of miles
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, have changed

A freeway never seemed so strange
Rushing back an 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 & windmills sway
Watching buffalo herds & windmills sway
Watching buffalo herds & windmills

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