

## Call Caedmon's "40 Acres"

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Out on these Texas plains you can see for a million  
lives  
And there's a thousand exits between here and the  
state line  
About the last time that I saw you  
You said call me Pandora, call me a fool  
And I'm thinking this view it could do you some good  
So drop these scales and take a look

There's forty acres and redemption to be found  
Just along the way  
There is a place where no plow blade has ever turned  
the ground  
And you will turn it over, 'cause out here hope remains  
'Cause out here hope remains...

Out here the Texas sky is as big as the sea  
And your alone in your room like an island floating free  
Your spirit's hanging in a bottle out on a tree  
You say that you're the black sheep, I say you're still  
family  
So throw that bottle to the waves  
They'll bring you in to me and the shore you will see

Out here the Texas rain is the hardest I've ever seen  
It'll wash your house away, but it'll also make you clean  
Now these rocks they are crying too  
And this whole land is calling out for you

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