

The Gathering Field "Beautiful Land"

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Strip away the bar and gun shop
Strip away the lonesome telephone lines
Strip away the faded black top
Strip away these things,
I'll tell you what you'll find

Beautiful land
With the hills all around
Where the mountaintops reach
For the billowing clouds
Touch of God's hand
Is a whispering sound
Of the wind through the trees
In the dawn's misty shroud
Beautiful land

My coat still holds her perfume
My car seat a few strands of her hair
I see my red eyes in the rear view
I been driving through the high, country air
Through the....
Beautiful land....

I don't ever want to get that way again
I turned my back on who I was
I turned my back on all my friends
I don't ever want to get that way

In the stillness of the morning
In the absence of a practical plan
In the wake of my transforming
From a loved one to a stranger again
Lies the ...

Beautiful land....

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