

The Sacrificed

"Buffalo Herds And Windmills"

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N 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 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 and windmills

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