

## The Walkabouts

### "Buffalo ballet"

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When Abilene was young and gay  
And thunder storms filled up the days  
The cattle roam outside the town

Sleeping in the midday sun X4

Then tracks were laid across the plain  
By broken old men in torrid rain  
The towns grew up, and the people were still

Sleeping in the midday sun X4

We all joined in  
(And) We all joined hands  
We all joined in  
To help run this land

Then the soldiers came, long long ago  
Rode through the town  
And mowed down those

Sleeping in the midday sun X4

Gold came and went, quickly spent  
And the people broke down  
And often drowned  
From the wealth and the pain  
Of old Abilene

Sleeping in the midday sun X8

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