

Lucksmiths, The "Wyoming"

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I like the look of Wyoming
Although I wasn't there for long
And I like the sound of Wyoming
'Cause it sounds like the name of a song

The sky was big and the fields were wide
And if people lived there, they were all inside
In Wyoming

I like the light of Wyoming
It shone down in a painterly way
I met no residents of Wyoming
So about them I've nothing to say

The grass was pale and the sky was grey
And time that I spent there was less than a day
In Wyoming

There are fences of wood in Wyoming
That roll across prairies so grand
But they hold nothing out and they hold nothing in
So their use I do not understand

The rain in the distance, the shadow of cloud
If the hills made a sound it was not very loud
In Wyoming

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