

Squeeze, Wagon Train

(difford/tilbrook)

There's smoke in the hills
And prints on the path
The moon dangles down on the hyena's laugh
And there are riders with guns by their sides
The wagon train's full of women and hides
The men drink and smoke to help pass the time
Men have their thoughts and plans to decide
And the dust brings the thirst to the mouths open wide
The wagon train leaves the hills
As the gold hits the fever
The wagon train tips the scales
Wagon train you can keep her

There's gold in them hills

It's treasure to claim
A ghost in the hillside calls out my name
In the wind a roar as the tumbleweed tumbles
The rocks cast a shadow where the horses have stumbled
And we light up a flame as the sky above rumbles
Like the bellies that feast on a meal that is humble
And the rain slashing down as I shave off my stubble

There's arrows that fly
As guns start to shoot
There's mud in your eye and stones in your boot
With wagons on fire and women left screaming
Some left for dead and others left bleeding
There's nothing left now and nothing worth keeping
The treasure was trapped and sprung when in sleeping
Not even the wind from the rocks is left breathing