

Lay It Down

Cowboy Junkies

He left his dead in the cottonwood trees
The ground grown too hard with the years
Falling down was not what it used to be
The ground grown too hard with the yearsHe told his children those little white lies
The truth would only paralyze them
He told himself those little white lies
The truth would only paralyze himLay it down, lay it downHe sold most of what he cherished
The rest he let them steal
Shot his dog out in the open field
The rest he let them stealHe broke all of his promises
Under a sea green sky
They never thought to ask him why
Under a sea green skyLay it down, lay it downPlease bury me in the cottonwood trees
This ground has grown too cold for me
Going to sleep tonight in a warm feather bed
This ground has grown too cold for meLay it down, lay it down

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