

Dusty Skies

Bob Wills

Dusty skies
I can't see nothing in sight
Good old Dan
You'll have to guide me right
For we lose our way
The cattle will stray
And we lose them all tonight
With all of the grass
And water's gone
We'll have to keep
The cattle moving on
Sand blowing
I just can't breathe
In this air
Thought it would soon
Be clear and fair

But the dust storms were bad
They took all we had
I've got
To be moving somewhere
I hate to leave
The old ranch so bare
But I've got
To be moving somewhere
So get along doggies
We're moving off of this range
Never thought
As how I'd make the change
But the blue skies have failed
We're on our last trail
Underneath these dusty skies
These ain't tears in my eyes
Just sand from these dusty skies

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