

# Now He's Just Dust In the Wind

## Ramblin' Jack Elliott

Out in the state of west Texas  
Old cowboys, they all gathered 'round.  
A family of friends from all over  
To spread his ashes around In the stirrups his boots were tied backwards  
Buell led his horse up the trail.  
You had to be there, he was cast in the air  
I'll remember the rest of my days. Way out in that desert terrain  
They scattered his ashes on the plains.  
On a painted plateau, we had to let go  
Of a man we were all glad to know. Cowboy Franky played fiddle  
He had a great tear in his eye.  
A friend, he had gone but he picked his own home,  
A good place to rest when he died. Now he's just dust in the wind  
He'd been every place that I've been.  
In spite of injustice he always stood tall.  
He'd a done it all over again. He was not a man of great fortune  
Born of a mixture in race  
French and Indian, Irish and black  
He was slighted by all in disgrace. As a playwright his friend addressed the troubles of men.  
He won a great prize of his day.  
But his true friends were always the cowboys,  
You heard nothing from them but their praise The song that was sung was one of farewell  
Goodbye to the friend we'd known well.  
A great man had died in west Texas  
Gone to heaven from a life lived in hell. The cowboys' lament to his spirit  
So moved me I could not speak a word.  
Dust in the wind is what he became,  
I'll never forget what I heard. Now he's just dust in the wind  
He'd been every place that I've been  
In spite of injustice he always stood tall  
He'd a done it all over again.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>