Buffalo Ballet

John Cale

When Abilene was young and gay
And thunder storms filled up the day
The cattle roamed outside the townSleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sunThen tracks were lain across the plain
By broken, old men in torrid rains
The towns grew up and the people were stillSleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sunWe all joined in and we'll all hold hands
Yes, we'll join to help run the land
Then soldiers once, long, long ago
Rode through the town, rode down thoseSleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sunGold came and went, quickly spent
And the people broke down and often drowned
From wealth and the pain of old AbileneThey were sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun

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