The Range War

Todd Rundgren

Yore daddy runs sheep and mah uncle runs cattle
Nothin' can keep us out of this battle they wage
As it burns up the range, 'til no man is left
In the saddle
Yore ranch is upstream and they dammed up the water
Thirsty cows scream for mah uncle to slaughter
The sheep while yore daddy's asleep
And I do the same for his daughter
If I had my own way, we would be together
Back in Pittsburgh

It's the only town east of the river I know
And I feel kinda bad, bringin' our grief
Upon this pore old farmer's house
But we ain't got nowhere else to go
Three years on this range since they started the range war
Nothing has changed except maybe change for the worst
If I'd married you first
There might not have been any range war
You wouldn't be lost to the range war

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