Stones River

Crawdad Republic

Old Clive was a rooftop rider,
big dreams, but a bigger tow,
cut loose for the great wide open,
still runnin' from his soul.Well, he knew there'd be no dreams in the meadowlands.Stones River was flushed with crimson,
washed out to Union's hold.
Bragg ran, but he would not follow,
Clive had another goal.Well, the fight had all been lost in this Confederate.
To find peace, one last time, he'd chase the sun.You can ride down the face of an avalanche.
You may walk about this world all alone.
The evil you invite may someday seep out from your pores,
but a man is not assured to make it home.To make it home...Thirteen long years it's been since hope filled his eyes with gold.
The only sovereignty he could render
was on the trail through Mountain Meadows.Well, no man decides on how and where to die.
This last voyage validated his resign.You can ride down the face of an avalanche.
You may walk about this world all alone.
The evil you invite may someday seep out from your pores,
but a man is not assured to make it home.To make it home...

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