

# No More Buffalo

James McMurtry

I guess we knew the cards were stacked  
Started out the best of friends  
And we beat that highway 'til it quit beating back  
It didn't mean much in the end  
Some you win, some you lose, some you throw away  
We headed South across those Colorado plains  
Just as empty as the day  
We looked around at all we saw and all we'd hoped to see  
Looking out through the bugs on the windshield  
Somebody said to me  
No more buffalo, blue skies or open road  
No more rodeo, no more noise  
Take this Cadillac park it out in back  
Mama's calling, put away the toys  
Don't chase that carrot 'til it makes you sick  
What do you think you're gonna prove  
Just let it dangle 'til it falls off that stick  
That's when you make your move  
Don't go chasing after shooting stars  
Trying to make yourself a name  
You could joust at windmills with that old Fender guitar  
Probably do about the same  
No more buffalo, blue skies or open road  
No more rodeo for this old boy  
Take my Cadillac park it out in back  
Mama's calling, put away the toys  
I never thought they'd ever doubt my words  
I guess they were just too tired to care  
I'd point to the horizon, to the dust of the herds  
Still hovering in the air  
Somebody said it ain't any such  
Man you wish so hard you're scaring me  
'Cause those are combines kicking up that dust  
But you can see what you want to see  
And go on chasing after what used to be there  
Top that rise and face the pain  
But man they were here, they were here I swear  
Not just these bleaching bones, stretching across the plain  
No more buffalo, blue skies or open road  
No more rodeo for this old boy  
Take my Cadillac park it out in back  
Mama's calling, put away the toys  
No more buffalo, blue skies or open road  
No more rock and roll 'cause we all know that  
Take my Cadillac park it out in back  
Mama's calling, put away the toys

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