

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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