

My Wild Frontier

Faith Hill

How do I feel? Well, I feel so alone
Like a sad armadillo across this desert I roam
I've been stripped down bare 'til I break
Still the wheel keeps turning
Had me a sweet one, I tell no lie
Summer nights in the cornfields when the corn gets so high
We traveled clear across Wichita headin' north
Leavin' civilization
And there were highways to get across
And places far from here
And I was his lonesome prairie
And he was my wild frontier
Harvested peaches in a small border town
Saved all our wages, put ten percent down
I never thought I'd see the world through a child's eyes
Until early December
Then one Calgary morning still as glass
While my baby lay sleeping, an angel slipped past
And with one breath said I'm taking him back
To his Father in Heaven
Through gravel and ice and new fallen snow

I held him through my tears
Because I was his lonesome prairie
And he was my wild frontier
Get along, get along, get along
Get along, get along, get along, oh
Get along, get along, get along
Get along, get along, get along, oh
And sometimes at night
I swear I can hear him calling out so clear
He says, "You were my lonesome prairie
And I'm still your wild frontier"
Oh get along here
Get along, get along, get along
Babe, I miss you

Get along, get along, get along
Get along, get along, get along
Get along, get along, get along
Get along, get along, get along

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