

# 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

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