

West Of The Moon

Bob Seger

Out on those trails
Out 'neath that sky
Rivers of old
Still rushing by
Eagles still soar
White mountains loom
Down in those valleys
West of the Moon
West of the stars
Far from the chase
Far from the crowds
Far from the pace
Horses run free

Winter comes soon
Out by those mountains
West of the Moon
And everywhere
Everywhere
Wild things are free
Free in the wind and the sun
Everywhere
Everywhere
As it should be
Left on their own while they run
Out by those mountains
West of the Moon

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