

# High Noon

## Burden of a Day

With contrite hearts on the blackest of days  
We've done our deeds but now we have to pay  
The social call; the presidents not home  
The gossip line we never would have known I awoke to the sound of singing in the streets [x2] The sorrow fell  
like the setting sun  
On dusty streets the sound of running in our heads  
As we hung like leaves from the trees  
Shooting from the hip we live our lives so precariously  
Breathing deeply for the last time I can see  
The lights shining just for me... Built to last  
This winters going to end  
The sun will shine on our faces  
Life begins... Swing low, Sweet chariot  
Carry me home [x2] Ride till sunset leave it all behind [x2]  
and go Cowboys never die [x4] Built to last  
This winters going to end  
The sun will shine on our faces  
Life begins... When life ends life begins [x2]  
Again and again.

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