

Drover

Bill Callahan

The real people went away
But I'll find a better word, someday
Leaving only me and my dreams
My cattle and a resonator
I drove all the beast down right under your nose
The lumbering footloose power
The bull and the rose
Don't touch them don't try to hurt them
My cattle
I drove them by the crops and thought the crops were lost
I consoled myself with rudimentary thoughts
And I set my watch against the city clock
It was way off
Yeah one thing about this wild, wild country
It takes a strong, strong
It breaks a strong, strong mind
Yeah one thing about this wild, wild country
It takes a strong, strong
It breaks a strong, strong mind
And anything less, anything less
Makes me feel like I'm wasting my time
But the pain and frustration, is not mine
It belongs to the cattle, through the valley
And when my cattle turns on me
I was knocked back flat
I was knocked out cold for one clack of the train track
Then I rose a colossal hand buried, buried in sand
I rose like a drover
For I am in the end a drover
A drover by trade
When my cattle turns on me
I am a drover, double fold
My cattle bears it all away for me and everyone
One, one, one, one, one ...
Yeah one thing about this wild, wild country
It takes a strong, strong
It breaks a strong, strong mind
And anything less, anything less
Makes me feel like I'm wasting my time

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