

# Stampede

## Roy Rogers

We have been moving to cuts and bruises  
I'll sing a song for you, run faster or you'll lose it  
This is our heartbeat, our words are so sweet  
You dropped your medicine inside the water that we drink  
Mama, tell me do I have a fever?  
From the West I see  
the warrior is asleep  
And from the East I watch the witches bathe my feet  
Well I head North and saw you dancing in the rain  
I woke up in the South and I will never be the same  
Mama, tell me do I have a fever?  
I looked left to find your  
fingerprints were gone  
And I look right to see something was going wrong  
I looked up to see the sun had flickered out  
I headed down the road that lead me to the South  
Oh Lord, this road I travel  
Has made my head unravel  
I just want to go home  
But this road won't let me go  
Country road take me home  
To the place where I belong  
I'm so homesick and I can't see straight  
I'm not gonna make it, it's getting too late  
Oh Lord, this road I travel  
Has made my head unravel  
I just want to go home  
But this road won't let me go  
We have been moving to cuts and bruises  
I'll sing a song for you, you stood still so you'll lose it  
This is our heartbeat, our words are so sweet  
I cannot wake from you, you will not ever wake from me

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