

Wyoming

Brand New Sin

These eyes that are worn from the road
Dirt Tears run never ending
The prize that keeps me from home
It's gone but keeps pretending
A journey that i walk alone
The sky its line and this run
Clouds of dust as i kick them bones
My Boots my pride and my gunIts all i can do to recall
that time is still against me
The Days are as long as the road
Neck burns the night set me freeThe sky its line and this run
And i cry out Wyoming
My boots my pride and my gun
And i cry out WyomingOut here will i die alone
Never laid to rest
Another passing man kicks my bones
Buck wild will my ghost ever pass

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