

Natural Forces

Lyle Lovett

I rode across the great high plain
Under the scorchin' sun and thru the drivin' rain
An' when I set my sights on the mountains high
I bid my former life goodbye. An' so thank you ma'am, I must decline
For it's on my steed I will rely
An' I've learned to need the open sky
I'm subject to the natural forces
Home is where my horse is. We loaded up in Buffalo
Took 90 South down to Ohio
On 80 West I'm Frisco-bound
An' when I get there I'll turn back around An' so thank you ma'am, I must decline
For it's on these eighteen wheels I ride
An' I'm underneath the western sky
I'm subject to the natural forces
Home is where my horse is. And ev'ry year they come to town
An' then drag em on right in the round
And Mr Bradley calls the score
And the cowboy there who tried for more So thank you ma'am, I must decline
For it's on my three-year-old I ride
An' I've spin an' run an' stopped an' slide (?)
I'm subject to the natural forces
Home is where my horse is. (Instrumental) The Cherokee an' the Chickasaw
Creek Seminole an' the old Choctaw
"We volunteered to move!" they say
"And we'll understand, come Judgement Day". An' so thank you ma'am, I must decline
For it's on this trail of tears I ride
An' I'm under Oklahoma skies
Sometimes at night I hear their voices
Home is where my horse is. Now as I sit here safe at home
With a cold Coors Lite an' the TV on
All the sacrifice and the death and woe
Lord I pray that I'm worth fighting for An' so thank you ma'am, I must decline
For it's on my RPG I ride
Till Earth an' hell are satisfied
I'm subject to the natural forces
Sometimes at night I hear their voices
Home is where my horse is.
Home is where my horse is.

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