Pale Sun

Neroche

Fifty miles from Dakota territory
Cheyenne scalp hangs from his belt
Found him alone washing in the Bighorn
A steady aim and he bagged his gamePale sun falls without contest
Here is obedient darkness
He will not returnWhite Cadillac, white man at the wheel
White faces on the mountain
Wounds that will never heal"Black clouds overhead", old man says
"Looks like rain"
Thieves' Road winds to the Black Hills sign
Says South Dakota, U.S.A.Grass plains stretch to the horizon
Not a soul can be found on them
They will not returnOld rusted pickup and a mad dog in the yard
Purple paint peels but fails to reveal
The bitterness that grows insideCloud of dust in the distance
Strange knock beneath my hood
Is it better to have words left unsaid
Than to have words misunderstood?Pale sun falls without contest
Here is obedient darkness
He'll return, I know he will return
He'll return

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