

The Lowlands Reader

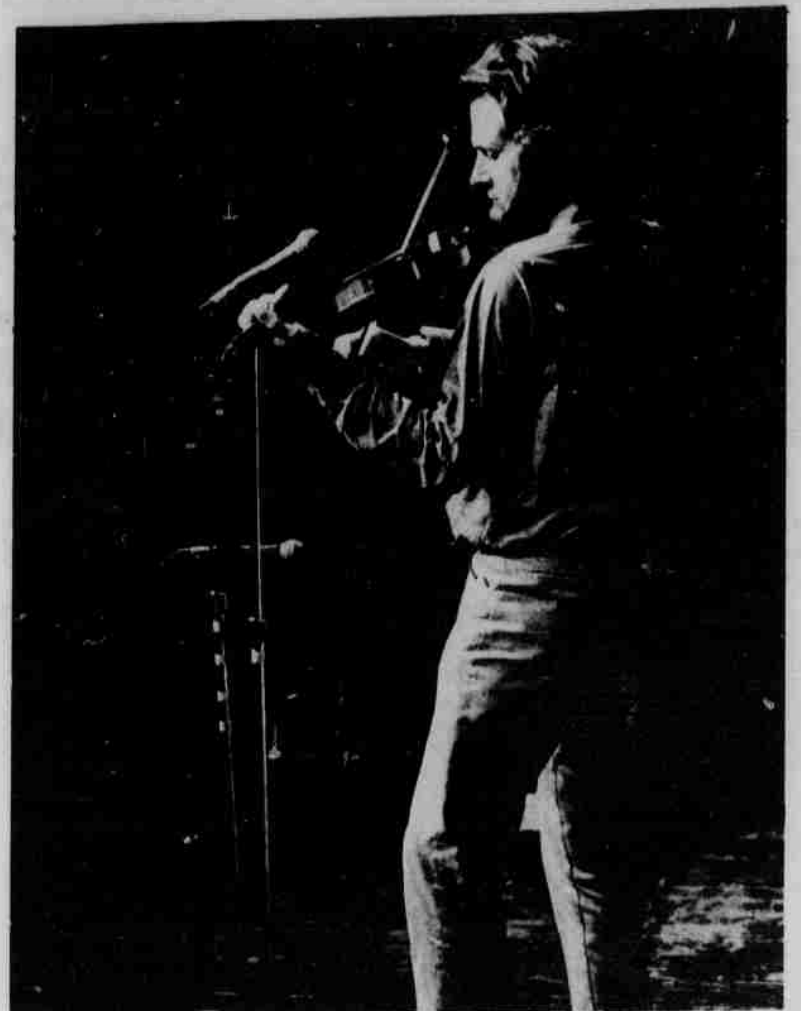
Lines from the Lowlands Junction

My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,
My wagon is loaded and rolling away.

My foot's in the stirrup, my bridle's in my hand,
Good morning young ladies my horses won't stand.

Good-bye old Paint, I'm a leaving Cheyenne,
Good-bye old Paint, I'm a leaving Cheyenne.

Lift high the cross, unfurl the flag;
May they forever stand
United in our hearts and hopes
God and our native land.
America, America,
May God they love increase,
Till wars are past
And earth at last
May follow Christ in peace.



Times a getting hard boys, money's a getting scarce,
If times don't get no better boys, gonna leave this place.
Take my true love by the hand, lead her through the town,
Say good-bye to every one, good-bye to everyone.

take me down the lonely roads
of nebraska which have only
known the tire rubber of a 1938
Chevrolet pick-up
through the desolate Dakota prairie land
past family hungry farm houses
which only know the sounds now
of itinerant wrens and
greeching katydids
silently and with melancholy
i pass the childhood
of my father



I know a girl at the head of the creek
And I'm goin' down to see her about two times a week
Kiss her on the lips just as sweet as any wine
Wrap myself around her like a sweet tatter vine.
Goin' up to Cripple Creek, goin' on a run,
Goin' up to Cripple Creek to have a little fun.
Goin' up to Cripple Creek, goin' in a whirl,
Goin' up to Cripple Creek to see my girl.

Photo Credits

Fiddler: Dan Ladely
Tracks: Mike Theiler

Got up this morning, blues walking 'round my bed. (Twice)
I went to eat my breakfast-the blues were in my bread.

I sent for you yesterday, here you come walking today. (Twice)
You got your mouth wide open, you don't know what to say.



LEARN **Shotokan KARATE**

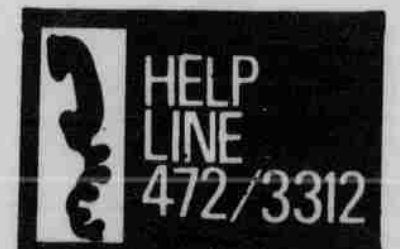
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