

Theme for an Imaginary Western

Mountain

When the wagons leave the city
For the forest and further on
Painted wagon of the morning
Dusty roads where they have gone Sometimes travelin' through the darkness
At the summer comin' home
Foreign faces by the wayside
Look as if they hadn't known All the sand was in their eyes
And the desert that's dry
In the country town
Where the life was found
Oh, the dancing and the singing
Oh, the music when they play
Oh, the fire that they saw there
On the grave of no return Sometimes they found it
Sometimes they kept it
Often lost it on the way
Pawnee shadow to possess him
Sometimes ride inside of day Oh, the sand was in their eyes
And the desert that's dry
In this country town
Where the map was found
Oh, the sand was in their eye
And the desert that's dry
In this country town
Where the wagons bound

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