

Soul Song

You wanna be some place where
Wearing a white hat isn't a fashion statement
And having spurs on is just common folk
In a west Texas town like El Paso

Where the heat rises to your eyes
Or the dust swirls around your toes
Sage brush rushes down main street
Instead of Cadillacs and Mini-Vans

Where the grasses blow free from want
The sun beats down your back in spades
There are no limits in a place like this
No signs to restrict your own mustangs

But here you are, dreaming away into oblivion
About western motifs that were made modern
Now glass cages captivate your work ethic
Turning saddles into wayward events of fiction

