

Natural Forces

Lyle Lovett

I rode across the great high plain
Under the scorching sun and through the driving rain
And when I set my sights on the mountains high
I bid my former life goodbye And so thank you, man, I must decline
For it's on my steed I will rely
And 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
And when I get there, I'll turn back around
And so thank you, man, I must decline
For it's on these eighteen wheels I ride
I've learned to need the western sky
I'm subject to the natural forces
Home is where my horse is And every year, they come to town
And then drag them on right in the round
And Mr Bradley calls the score
And the cowboy there who'll try for more So thank you, man, I must decline
For it's on my three-year-old I ride
And I've spin and run and stopped in stride
I'm subject to the natural forces
Home is where my horse is The Cherokee and the Chickasaw
The Creek Seminole and the old Chocktaw
We volunteered to move, they say
And we'll understand come Judgement Day
And so thank you, man, I must decline
For it's on this trail of tears I ride
And I've done the road, the homeless sky
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 and the TV on
All the sacrifice and the death and woe
Lord, I pray that I'm worth fighting for And so thank you, man, I must decline
For it's on my RPG I ride
Till earth and 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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