

The Beehive State

Harry Nilsson

Cold gray buildings where a hill should be
Steel and concrete, closin' in on me
City faces haunt the places, I rode alone
Cowboy, cowboy
Can't run, can't hide
It's too late to fight now, too tired to try.

Wind that once blew free now scatters dust to the sky
Cowboy, cowboy
Can't run, can't hide
It's too late to fight now, too tired to try.