

# There's Nobody Home On The Range Anymore

Moe Bandy

The old man used to dream of the fortune he'd seek  
Now he lives in the room where you pay by the week  
His hands're all bothered and his pony's gone lame  
And his bones always ache when the sky looks like rain

Well he dreams of the old days with bronc bustin' tails  
And the wide open spaces where buffalo plays  
Deep in his mem'ry wild horses ride on  
But he knows the good times have all come and gone

There's nobody home on the range anymore  
They closed down the bunkhouse and had locked the door  
Now there's oilwells and motels and folks by the score  
But there's nobody home on the range anymore

Now the eagle stop flyin' the night wind is still  
And the last cayou's hawlin' on some lonely hill  
The old man is longin' to lay all down  
In his final box canyon the poor side of town

'Cause he knows his last mantel is two flights two stairs  
And his saddle's turned into an old rocking chair  
Mornings he wakes up and wonders what for  
'Cause there's nobody home on the range anymore

There's nobody home on the range anymore