

The Long Journey Home

Rodney Crowell

We ran off chasing rainbows
'Neath the blue Montana sky
And we self-proclaimed our freedom with a roar
We crossed those raging rivers
And we drank the taverns dry
And we bowed our heads to legends
Gone before

Are you ready for the long journey home?
The flatlands, swamps and bayous in your bones
The simple life tastes sweeter now
You have no need to roam
Are you ready for the long journey home?

The wind down off the Yellowstone
Blows coal trains off their tracks
And the water springs eternal from the fire

An eagle flies at sunrise
'Cross an aspen grove and back
And the moonlight brings a blue coyote choir

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In dreams of mile-high cotton fields
We once ran barefoot through
My dead drunk Uncle Fireball growls these words

"Blood don't make you family, Boy
And I've got news for you
Rattlesnakes don't sing like speckled birds"

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