

647-1000

And on and on across the plains

Sometimes when the shower beats hot upon my neck
I wonder 'bout the folks who would make a fateful trek
Across the mississippi and the thousand mile plains
Before there were any cars, before there were trains

I don't so much think about the romance of the wild
Instead i think about the mom who's just lost her eldest child
Because the company must always move to 'void the cold
Because she must bury her baby by her husband she is told

And how can she get back upon that now so empty trail
Over hill around a bend, glancing back to no avail
Is the memory of her beloved wiped away
As she on and on across the plains travels that day

I cannot wrap my heart around the sorrow she must feel
With every passing mile the destruction ever real
Is there some mile marker at which her baby's face obscures
Or does the memory and love o'er the thousand miles endure

Today i visited the resting place of one so dear
We held each other close and wiped away a tear
And months from now when snows have melted i can fast return
To once again kneel quietly, a grave to fast discern

But once upon a time a woman lost her precious one
And the resting place was lost as on she marched into the sun
And my heart breaks equally for both, as the grief carves so deep
oh thankful how i am to return to that grave and weep