

## Trails of History

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*I wrote this song as a summary of western history. There is interesting "lingo" in the song but the meaning of terms such as prairie coal and Devil's rope should become clear.*

I'm gonna ride those trails of history , sing the songs of how it used to be  
I'm gonna roll along the old Santa Fe, tell the tales of yesterday.  
I'm gonna ride the Western pushin hide n' horn, ride the Chisholm where the cowboy was born

Drive spikes lay transcontinental rail, ride Pony Express and deliver the mail  
I'm gonna feed my fire with the prairie coal, gathered from the bed ground of the buffalo  
I'm gonna dance with a girl in a gingham gown, shoot out the lights of a cattle town

Tell my time, by the stars at night, read my Bible by the coal oil light  
Mend my fences with the Devil's rope, cross this nation with nothin but hope.

I'm gonna plant turkey red in the KS plains - watch it turn into golden grain  
I'm gonna stake my claim in the Oklahoma run, protect it with my fist and gun  
I'm gonna cry and die along the Trail of Tears, sing the songs of the pioneers.

Push that hand cart down the Mormon trail - listen to a prairie tenor sing his wail.  
I'm gonna drink rye whiskey from a mason jar - while ridin' to Souix City in a cattle car  
Behind a mule new ground I'm gonna plow, I'll get them steers to the railroad corral

Catch my pony with a houlihan, ride him across this Promised Land  
To stars with difficulty we will be, the heartland of the Brave and Free

I'm gonna push, I'm gonna drive, I'm gonna plow, I'm gonna plant  
I'm gonna sing, I'm gonna mend, I'm gonna tell, I'm gonna dance.

I'm gonna ride those trails of history, sing the songs of how it used to be.