

My Wild Frontier - 1/3

Interprété par Faith Hill.

How do I feel? Well, I feel so alone

Like a sad armadillo across this desert I roam

I've been stripped down, bare, 'til I break

Still the wheel keeps turning

Had me a sweet one, I tell no lie

Summer nights in the cornfields

When the corn gets so high

We traveled clear across Wichita, headin' north

Leavin' civilization

And there were highways to get across

And places far from here

And I was his lonesome prairie

And he was my wild frontier

Harvested peaches in a small border town

Saved all our wages

Put ten percent down

I never thought I'd see the world through a child's eyes

Until early December

Then one Calgary morning

Still as glass

My Wild Frontier - 2/3

While my baby lay sleeping, an angel slipped past
And with one breath said I'm taking him back
To his Father in Heaven

Through gravel and ice and new fallen snow
I held him through my tears
Because I was his lonesome prairie
And he was my wild frontier

Get along, get along, get along
Get along, get along, get along
Oh, oh, oh
Get along, get along, get along
Get along, get along, get along
Oh, oh, oh

And sometimes at night
I swear I can hear him
Calling out so clear
He says, "You were my lonesome prairie
And I'm still your wild frontier"

Get along, get along, get along
Get along, get along, get along

My Wild Frontier - 3/3

Oh, oh, oh

Get along, get along, get along

Get along, get along, get along

Oh, oh, oh

Babe, I miss you