

## Chapters From The Storm

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(One)

Midnight cowboy  
By now you oughta know  
This city don't run by near the same rules  
As the land where you rise with the sun.  
While the harvest moon slowly reddens the sky  
In the words of the prophet  
Saddle your chestnut and ride.

(Two)

What the hell is this city?  
Where the hell is my home?  
Who the hell is the populace?  
Will I ever find the wilderness?

(Three)

A siren's wail cuts through the roll of the night  
Like a banshee it tears your breath away  
Its echo leads you from the heart of this tomb  
Towards the outskirts, the fields, and the light.  
And your chestnut, she runs with the rhythm of years  
Given free rein she knows where to go  
And you never once question her chosen direction  
As the fear starts its flight from your soul.

(Four)

Come the morning you wake, the exodus you survived  
Though you feel it's a skirmish at best  
From the city you faded and your hope flared inside  
Yet more hazards lie in wait to the west.

And if you ever once thought by chance the victory was yours  
Well in a small way perhaps this is true  
For though you never much cared just what the masses might think  
The word "freeman" conjures visions of you.

(Five)

There's no planning your life when you ride towards the sun  
As it beckons with the coming of night  
There's no curing the ill that the cities have bred  
And so alone, you continue your flight.

(Six)

One day as you cross the peaks painted in gold  
Of your symbol, your lifeblood, your star  
You may feel some confusion as a smile parts your lips  
Yet your chestnut knows just where you are.

From the highlands you followed a canyon stream on the run  
To where it lost its strength in the sea  
And on the beach you left your saddle there in the sand  
And rode bareback in the land of your dreams.