

# Natural Forces

Lyle Lovett

I rode across the great high plain  
Under the scorching sun and through the driving rain  
And when I set my sights on the mountains high  
I bid my former life goodbye And so thank you, man, I must decline  
For it's on my steed I will rely  
And I've learned to need the open sky  
I'm subject to the natural forces  
Home is where my horse is We loaded up in Buffalo  
Took 90 south down to Ohio  
On 80 west, I'm Frisco-bound  
And when I get there, I'll turn back around  
And so thank you, man, I must decline  
For it's on these eighteen wheels I ride  
I've learned to need the western sky  
I'm subject to the natural forces  
Home is where my horse is And every year, they come to town  
And then drag them on right in the round  
And Mr Bradley calls the score  
And the cowboy there who'll try for more So thank you, man, I must decline  
For it's on my three-year-old I ride  
And I've spin and run and stopped in stride  
I'm subject to the natural forces  
Home is where my horse is The Cherokee and the Chickasaw  
The Creek Seminole and the old Choctaw  
We volunteered to move, they say  
And we'll understand come Judgement Day  
And so thank you, man, I must decline  
For it's on this trail of tears I ride  
And I've done the road, the homeless sky  
Sometimes at night, I hear their voices  
Home is where my horse is Now as I sit here safe at home  
With a cold Coors Lite and the TV on  
All the sacrifice and the death and woe  
Lord, I pray that I'm worth fighting for And so thank you, man, I must decline  
For it's on my RPG I ride  
Till earth and hell are satisfied  
I'm subject to the natural forces  
Sometimes at night, I hear their voices  
Home is where my horse is  
Home is where my horse is

