

Black Hills  
of South Dakota

They say the trail  
Can be long and hard  
If you try to change  
When you've come so far

And maybe it's just  
This weathered guitar  
Or a can of beer  
In a dusty bar

But I've seen nights  
And all the glitter  
Of long eye lashes  
And nothing matters

And so now I figure  
As near always told  
The road to ride  
Will take you home

Where the coffees hot  
On a wood filled stove  
And stars are bright  
And lighten the load

On a country road  
With a field to clear  
Holding dirt in hands  
And someone near

Where love takes hold  
Like a stream of gold  
Back home in the Black Hills  
Of South Dakota

-Karl Sandstrom