Evacuation of the west

It was on the day the cowboys were banned from the range
Metal touched the world as a master
They rode their ponies down into cities of gold
To leave them for ever after
Now the sun was swollen red and old
The earth it was windy, dark and cold
Where the highway ends the desert takes its toll
So dusty, red and angry
It was a time when men died out on the praire
From not having a decent friend
At night the ghosts of them old rough riders
Was a howl in the canyon winds

You can here them crying
Good God, I think they're dying

When them rangers down in Dallas
Had all, but given it up and left
And those that hung on hoping
Was trying their best to, to forget
The way those outlaws and desperadoes
Right from the cheapest to the best
Rode in on ponies made of skin and bones
Gave up their rusty guns and went back home
And the governor was sent down from Population Control
And martial law was passed
Riverboat gamblers put their money on faith
For the time for hope had passed

In the cold blue light of the desert night
There was a thousand starry ships
And men came down from still I don't now where
With death on their fingertips
Now there's no more kings in Texas
I swear they rounded up each and everyone
And oh that line of Conestoga
Reached from the Rocky Mountains into the old dead sun
Now Anna Maria walks the plains alone
The last of a struggling people
She thinks of all those outlaws who wanted to reach for the skies
And got stuck up on a steeple
Oh, you can hear them crying
Good God, I think they're dying
In the wind you can hear them sighing