



LAND OF THE FREE [12-99]

**Here's to all hearts of that cold, lonesome track,
To the life of the wanderlust...free.
To all who have gone and have never come back,
Here's a tribute to you and to me.**

**With our feet in the dirt we're the grit of the earth,
Heads a-ridin' the heavens o'erhead.
And they won't find a nickel of value or worth,
When our fortunes are tallied and read.**

**But no richer clan has there ever been known,
Since the times of all ruin and wrack;
Than those of us lost to the dust outward blown,
Who have gone and have never come back.**