

## **The Last Buffalo Hunter**

Words and music: R. Schneider

*Rising up on tired bones, the days  
Get harder every year  
Riding through this empty land  
That I once knew so well  
But now seems strange to me*

*When my saddle held a younger man  
Life was as it should be  
Buffalo, a million strong  
Would graze upon these fields  
Giving life to my young family*

*Chorus  
All I really need,  
Is the blue, sky over me  
Open plains, open road ahead  
Prairie wind, and my buffalo*

*Time to build a home, my people say  
Begin to work the land  
Use your hands, to till the soil  
Reap the crops you sow  
That should be enough for you*

*But how can I make them understand  
A hunter's what I am  
We are, the buffalo and I,  
Two sides of the same coin  
Two halves that make a whole*

*Chorus*

*Now I'm left to wonder as I roam  
Across this quiet land  
What went wrong, and who's to blame  
And could it really be  
That I'm searching for the last buffalo*

*Chorus*