

[et\_pb\_section admin\_label="section"][et\_pb\_row admin\_label="row"][et\_pb\_column type="4\_4"][et\_pb\_audio admin\_label="Audio" audio="http://www.johnfitz.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/08/04-Shane.mp3" title="Shane" artist\_name="Jimmy O'Brien" album\_name="Fires in the Belly" background\_layout="light" background\_color="#ffffff" use\_border\_color="off" border\_color="#ffffff" border\_style="solid"]

[/et\_pb\_audio][et\_pb\_text admin\_label="Text" background\_layout="light" text\_orientation="left" use\_border\_color="off" border\_color="#ffffff" border\_style="solid"]

It's been too long feeling sorry for myself.  
It's been too long with my life up on the shelf.  
Sometimes wish that I was Shane—  
shoot Jack Palance, and disappear again;  
don't have no one  
don't want no one  
don't miss no one:  
living lonely with a saddle and a gun.

Some men just want to walk behind a plow.  
Other men find a different way somehow.  
Wish that I could be like Shane:  
come this way once  
and never come this way again;  
don't have no love  
don't want no love  
don't miss no love:  
hell below and the stars above.

*Shane, come back Shane.  
Prairies dried up  
it won't rain.  
You're a technicolor cowboy I know  
but I sure do hate to see you go.*

Sometimes I look back and I wonder why  
I can't touch the ground or reach the sky.  
Shane would come but he wouldn't stay.  
He'd empty his pistols and ride away;  
don't have no star  
don't want no star  
don't miss no star:  
no destination is too far...

#### *Chorus*

It's not easy living here this way.  
I watch the sun come up and go down each day.  
Sometimes it helps to ease the pain  
to shout 'Shane, come back Shane.';  
don't have noone  
don't want noone  
don't miss noone:

not trying to undo what's been done...

*\*Written by Jimmy O'Brien ©*

(I've sung this song so much that it feels like a part of my life. Thanks, Jimmy!)

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