

[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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