

Country Heart

By: Peter Queal

**You need never doubt the heart of the one
raised on the open range
Fire from eyes on a path deep in the night
going to everywhere
Cool breath of the earth flows, and sparks imagination
Where all that's alive goes**

**Reach for leather and iron with powerful hands
sure as flowing rivers
Rope and tie up the load, never a trace
left for the ones who follow
Meadows, mountains pure
Clear crisp colors, look around and you're**

**Living this fascination
Joy is living's art
Full of the sensation
Warm Country Heart
Deep Country Heart
Know where it comes from
Pure Country heart**

**Now's the time to be free, free is a heart
Beating inside the moment
Stone, sage and sand, this is the land
Sun, wind and rain keep changing
Taking in the view
Pulse of earth here, magical to you**

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