These liner notes are excerpts from the journals we kept while on our month-long horsepacking trip out West.

Ahhh, nothin’ beats a good campfire. It’s the perfect place to unwind and tell a few tales. Whether they’re from last week, last year, or hundreds of years ago, a good story can take you anywhere. They all seem to weave together, too, and where one story ends, another one begins.

This just in: The West is HUGE! The sky is enormous, the clouds are gigantic, and the land goes on forever. When we’re out here on our horses, it feels like we can ride straight through the horizon. Ain’t no better feelin’ in the world!

We herded cattle today! You’ve probably “herd” of a cattle drive before, but this was more like a cattle SCATTER! If we tried to herd ‘em left, they’d go right. If we tried to stop ‘em, they’d run right by us. Maybe instead of chasing cows, we should just stick to chasing songs.

The Great Divide is just another way of saying the Continental Divide. In case you were wondering, the Continental Divide is an imaginary line made up of some of the highest peaks in the Rocky Mountains, starting way up in Alaska and ending down at the southern tip of South America. The rivers on the east side flow to the Atlantic Ocean, and the rivers on the west side flow to the Pacific Ocean. We had been riding horses all day, thinking about the common ground in our friendship. We stopped to rest right on top of the Great Divide in Colorado, and that’s where we wrote some of the words to this song.
We met up with our friend, Pecos Bill, while we were in Wyoming. Caught him right in the middle of ropin’ a tornado headed for Texas! We asked him about the roughest, toughest, most hootin’ and hollerin’, wildest and craziest person he knew. He told us the tale of Samantha Rosie-Anna, and according to him, Tall Talkin’ Sam was larger than life itself!

Did you know that the first cars were called horseless carriages? And that car companies still compare their engine power to the strength of a horse? Grandpa always said, “Who needs a 200 horsepower engine when you can just have the horse!”

Yesterday, Justin got caught in the rain, Joe couldn’t stop sneezing, and our cameraman fell off his horse! Hey, nobody said life was easy, so buck-up, buddy!

When you think of the West, a lot of times you think of Western movies. And when you think of Western movies, you think of showdowns and shootouts. Instead of avoiding this subject, we decided to tackle it head-on. It’s not our place to tell you how to live your life, but it is our place as songwriters to get families talking. How does this conversation end? Well, nobody knows but you.
Headin’ to bed here. Can’t wait for tomorrow. Isn’t it funny how the end of a day is the start of a new one? And the end of one story leads into another one? And the end of life… well, we don’t know, but maybe that’s just the start of a new one too. So, with every ending there’s a new place to start, and tomorrow will be another grand adventure. Goodnight!

As luck had it, we got to meet up with our friend, Carlos Medina. He was born and raised in New Mexico, and he tours the southwest with his Norteño band. We sang this song on the Rio Grande while Carlos played accordion and his bandmates played the guitarron, vihuela, and nylon string guitar. Turns out, it doesn’t matter if you say “Aaaaah!” or “Ayeee!” - they both mean, “Watch out! There’s a rattlesnake behind you!”