

My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys

The Outlaws

I grew up a-dreamin' of bein' a cowboy,
Lovin' the cowboy ways.
Pursuin' the life of my high-ridin' heroes,
I burned up my childhood days.
I learned all the rules of the modern-day drifter,
Don't you hold on to nothin' too long.
Just take what you need from the ladies, then leave them,
With the words of a sad country song.
My heroes have always been cowboys.
And they still are, it seems.
Sadly, in search of, but one step in back of,
Themselves and their slow-movin' dreams.

Cowboys are special with their own brand of misery,
From being alone too long.
You could die from the cold in the arms of a nightmare,
Knowin' well your best days are gone.
Pickin' up hookers instead of my pen,
I let the words of my years fade away.
Old worn-out saddles, an 'old worn-out memories,
With no one and no place to stay.

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