

# A Cowboy Was Born

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She was holding her breath and he attempted a prayer  
And he was cussing the dust rising up in the air  
'Cos the old cattle trail, well, it weren't anywhere  
For a baby to draw its first breath

And the unbroken West, well, it was no place to live  
'Cos it was hard to survive and it was Hell if you did  
So he entered this world with a pair of clenched fists  
And the first and last tears he'd shed

And the longhorns lowed him a welcome  
As a new voice cried from the buckboard  
And the Irish, they sang sad and lonely  
'Cos they knew a cowboy was born

Well, the Berry closed in and a century passed  
The settlers plowed under the tall prairie grass  
And the cow town's died off in a world changing fast  
But the wind kept the spirit alive

'Cos a young boy in Kansas, he caught a breeze one day  
And in a five-second rush, he was fighting for eight  
He saw it all so clear through the dirt on his face  
He knew he was born to ride

And the long lost heir to the saddle finally found his way back  
home  
As he picked up his hat, well, the crowd cheered  
'Cos they knew a cowboy was born  
Yeah, that day a cowboy was born

From the heroes in the bright lights of Vegas  
Through the poets of the sage and thorn  
A proud legacy of a nation, thank God, the cowboy was born  
Yeah, thank God, the cowboy was born