

## Cowboy Like Me

Chris LeDoux

Just barely eighteen when the Great War was through  
Ridin' and fighin' was all that I knew  
Hard life and death was all that I seen  
Ridin' hell bend for leather in search of a dream  
I rode drag on a heard up the old Chisum trail  
Straight through Oklahoma to Dodge City's jail  
My hard dusty wages played out way too soon  
On whisky and Keno at the Long Branch Saloon  
All I have left is my stories to tell  
Heavens too far and I'm plumb scared of hell  
Nobody wants this pain and misery  
But there still are some who think they could be a cowboy like me

I spent one lonely winter in an old line shack  
With beans in my belly rain on my back  
A ration of coffee and a mountain of snow  
With cattle to attend to at forty below  
And it's back for the round up in April or May  
You round up the calf's boys and you cut out the strays  
And you might touch a woman before the long summer ends  
Then it's back to the line shack and do it all again  
And all I have left...

I've given some bad guys a hard way to go  
I busted my bones in them old time rodeos  
I might have stretched truth Lord but I've never lied  
Can't you tell I'm a cowboy by the scars on my side  
But I rode with Cole Younger and New Jesse James  
Me and old Wyatt use to ride on the range  
And men all said sir to my Colt 45  
And I was with Hitchcock the night that he died  
All I have left...