

# Young Dallas Cowboy

David Allan Coe

Well, I've hiked through the sage brush,  
I ran up some rail  
I slept on the bench in a few county jails  
And they laugh as they knocked all the wind from my sail  
When I was a young Dallas Cowboy

I've tried hard to tackle the problems at hand  
I've kicked a few habits, and I've marched to the band  
I tried hard to follow the lady of the land  
When I was a young Dallas Cowboy

I've made a few passes that weren't incomplete  
I stumbled through yards on my way to the street  
Running from beds where I did more than sleep  
When I was a young Dallas Cowboy

Well, he tackled the bottle and he fumbled the ball  
And he'd touchdown in alleys along where he'd fall  
Just wait for his son to make up for it all  
When I was a young Dallas Cowboy

When I was a baby, he broke up the team  
Divorcing my Mama to live with a dream  
He had back in college when he was still green  
And I was a young Dallas Cowboy

Now the footballs I held did not fit in my hand  
Got me a guitar and I've got me a band  
So don't put me down when I'm taking my stand  
Be proud of this young Dallas Cowboy  
Yeah I'm proud I'm a young Dallas Cowboy  
Be proud of those young Dallas Cowboys