

# Last Cowboy Song

Ed Bruce

This is the last cowboy song the end of a hundred year waltz  
Voices sound sad as they're singing along another piece of America's lost

He rides a feed lot and clerks in a market on weekends selling tobacco and beer

His dreams of tomorrow surrounded by fences

But he'll dream tonight of when fences weren't here

He blazed the trail with Lewis and Clark

And eyeball to eyeball Ol' Wyatt backed down

He stood shoulder to shoulder with Travis in Texas

And rode with the Seventh when Custer went down

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Remington showed us how he looked on canvas

And Louie L'Amore has told us his tale

And Willie and Waylon and me sing about him

And wish to God we could have ridden his trail

The Old Chisholm Trail is covered in concrete now

And they truck 'em to market in fifty foot rigs

They blow by his market never slowing to reason

Like living and dying was all he did

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