

## Legends Never Die

Bill Miller

A tall black cowboy hat pulled down low to hide his eyes  
While lines of weekend window shoppers just kept rollin' by  
I spotted him from my old truck as he stood out in the crowd  
He was a little more than twice my age, but he still looked strong and proud  
Hadn't seen my uncle now since I was seventeen  
And the stories of the wild, wild west kept comin' back to me  
He didn't say too much, just tipped his hat as he closed the old truck door  
And I knew that this trip down Highway 10 would bring me so much more

Where the old man and the little boy could see things eye to eye  
He took me back to a place in time where legends never die...

His hands and face were lined and weathered, they told stories of their own  
His skin as red as desert clay, his eyes as black as coal  
He was a cowboy and an Indian, just a little bit of both  
For years of working the ranches and rodeos he didn't have much to show  
Then he closed his eyes and spoke to me, his voice was like the wind  
And that truck turned into a raging steed so he could ride again  
He grabbed the colors from the sky, put them in his hands,  
Sprinkled them across the road like grains of colored sand.