

## Daydream Cowboy

Chris LeDoux

I'm sittin' in a city filled with people cars and smoke  
The walls are closin' in on me my heart's about to choke  
The world becomes a foggy dream and I no longer see  
The dirty concrete canyons where I have come to be  
Cause a cowboy rides the mountains and the draws inside my mind  
With his Buckskin underneath him and his pockets full of time  
And I can hear his spurs a jinglin' the chimes of his slappin'  
tack

As his horse lopes up a ridge with the moon light on his back  
He rides into a bearin' country not meant for him alone  
For a lovin' dark haired lady waits for her cowboy to come home

Well his hat was made in Texas and his chaps are bat wing style  
His saddles made by Hauser he rides it all the while  
It glistens with silver conches tap adores for his feet  
He's got a chew of Copenhagen tucked inside his cheek  
In fact the only thing that saves me here from goin' plumb insa  
ne  
Is that cowboy poundin' leather down in the coolies in my brain  
And I can hear his spurs a jinglin'...