

God Must Be A Cowboy

Chris LeDoux

Campfire coffee from a tin cup in my hand
Sure warms the fingers when it's cold
Playing an ol' guitar a friend I understand
It sure smooths the wrinkles in my soul
Sleeping in the moonlight a blanket for a bed
It leaves a peaceful feelin' in my mind
Wakin' up in the morning with an eagle over head
Makes me long to fly away before my time
And I think God must be a cowboy at heart
Cause he made wide open spaces from the start
He made grass and trees and mountains and a horse to be a friend
And trails to lead ol' cowboys home again

The night life in big cities is alright for a while
It sure makes you feel good when you're there
But the country's so pretty it goes on and on for miles
And it takes away my troubles and my cares
And I think God must be..