

The Old Timer

Chris LeDoux

I saw the old timer as he stepped in the tavern
His faded old Sterson had seen better years
He limped to the bar and he sat down beside me
Layed out his dollar and bought him a beer.

He siped from the bottle, and he told me the stories
How he used to ride in days long ago
In his eyes I could see he was livin' old memories
Ridin' the broncs at the old rodeos.

And he dreams of the days that are now gone forever
The scars on his body is all he can show
For the life time he lived riding' wild horses
But he's just an old timer that nobody knows.

Then he hung his grey head, and the tears started flowin'
He said, son, it was great, but it ended too soon
No I'm just an old man with bothin' but memories
Drinkin' my beer in this back street saloon

He spoke of a woman, and she was a beauty
Her love was as true as the stars in the sky
And oh how he wished he'd quit all his ramblin'
Bought her a diamond and made her his wife