

What A Cowboy Was

Jon Wolfe

He'd take the taste of dust over fine wine anytime
From bustin' broncs and bucks
And all the pain from all the falls never seemed to show at all
'Cause he's just get right back up
That's what a cowboy was

He wore leather boots denim jeans and a flannel shirt
He didn't need to carry much
He was up with the sun down with the moon
And he'd sing to the stars a little out of tune
And every now and then he'd cuss
That's what a cowboy was

And he believed in love
And in a God above
He didn't have to act tough
Naw, 'cause that was in his blood
But the world has changed
The way it always does
It's gettin' hard to be
What a cowboy was

Now the city streets and the central parks
And the high rise ivory towers
Have cleared the barbed wire and the brush
And the coyote cries himself to sleep at night
'Cause he can't see the camp fire lights
Or hear the sound of the clinkin' cups
Where the cowboy was

And he believed in love
And in a God above
He didn't have to act tough
Naw, 'cause that was in his blood
But the world has changed
The way it always does
It's gettin' hard to be
What a cowboy was

This world has changed
The way this ol' world does
It's gettin' hard to be
What a cowboy was