

# 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