

Are There Any Cowboys Left (In the Good Ol' USA)?

Lacy J. Dalton

Are there any cowboys left in the good o' U.S.A.?
I'm tired of drugstore outlaws from Dallas to L.A.
I'm tired of make-believing they're all the things they say
Are there really any cowboys left in the good ol' U.S.A.?

I searched this golden land of ours from the East coast to the West
And you know it was the cowboys helped to make our land the best
Well, I've searched this country over, but I've only found a few
Who'd still stand up for the things they love
The way the cowboys do

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Someone said, "There's Tiny," as this big man crossed the street
Wearin' leather chaps and Levi's despite the Texas heat
Well, he must have read my mind, 'cause he threw some truth my way
He said, "Honey, cowboys just ride on when the towns get in our way"

Well, then he walked up to the paddock and he grabbed a big red mare
And he rode off in the sunset, but you know it just ain't fair
That there ain't no room for free men or cowboys in our land
You can fence up all the good green earth
But you're never gonna change the man

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