

# My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys

Phosphorescent

I grew up dreaming of being a cowboy  
And loving the cowboy ways  
Pursuing the life of my high riding heroes  
I burned up my childhood days  
I learned all the rules of a modern day drifter  
Don't you hold on to nothing too long  
Just take what you need and don't look back  
Were the words of some sad country song

My heroes have always been cowboys  
And they still are it seems  
Sadly in search of and one step in back of themselves  
And their slow moving dreams

Now, cowboys are special with their own brand of misery  
From being alone too long  
To die from the cold in the arms of a nightmare  
Knowing well that your best days are gone  
And picking up hookers instead of my pen  
I let the words of my youth fade away  
Old worn out saddles and old worn out memories  
With no one and no place to stay

My heroes have always been cowboys  
And they still are it seems  
They never stay home and they're always alone  
Even with someone they love