Way up on the mountain there ain't nobody countin' exactly when the cowboy's going to fly.

When you hear the thunder there ain't no need to wonder; he's s addled up and headed for the sky.

Because he's an Idaho cowboy, no Tennessee plow-boy. He's wild as the Rockies he rides. The cougar in the canyon, the devil's old companion. Riding with a fire in his eyes.

Mother's on the hillside, he's coming in the landslide. Lock the door and lookout down below.

I know you think you taught her but you better hide your daught er.

I guarantee something's going to blow.

Because he's an Idaho cowboy, no Tennessee plow-boy. He's wild as the Rockies he rides. The cougar in the canyon, the devil's old companion. Riding with a fire in his eyes.

Tonight you might see him sitting on the Lee Rim silhouetted th ere against the moon.

Howling like a coyote, hitting every high note. Telling you he'd be returning soon.

Because he's an Idaho cowboy, no Tennessee plow-boy. He's wild as the Rockies he rides. The cougar in the canyon, the devil's old companion. Riding with a fire in his eyes.

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