

Of man's progress I don't give a hoot  
And man's estrangements of nature's arrangements  
Has given cause for my heartbreak to boot

The simple life, though filled with strife  
And struggle with the land  
Still remained its simple self  
And that I understand

So city smog and dog eat dog  
For some may hold sublime  
Well as for me if I had my way  
I'd had lived some other time

Praise the prairie  
And pass the cake  
I'd like to eat it too  
But being born now was my mistake  
I've passed the buckaroo

I'd say  
You're right  
No chance, why fight?  
Why be a cowboy star?

(But) hump back Brahmas  
Lovely cow mamas  
Saw dust floor saloons  
Dance hall queens romanced in my dreams  
So why pop my balloon?

No chance  
Why fight?  
Still in my own right  
I'd be a cowboy star

Dreams of my life  
Are so carried away  
If just in my dreams  
I could be for one day  
Just for one day

Lost in my dreams  
I'll be riding away  
Like a cowboy star

Stage set: sundown  
In my last showdown I'll be