

# Broomstick Cowboy

Bobby Goldsboro

Dream on  
Little Broomstick Cowboy  
Of rocket ships and mars  
Of sunny days  
And Willie Mays  
And chocolate candy bars

Dream on  
Little Broomstick Cowboy  
Dream while you can  
Of big green frogs  
And puppy dogs  
And castles in the sand

For all too soon you'll waken  
Your toys will all be gone  
Your broomstick horse will ride away  
To find another home

And you'll have grown  
Into a man  
With cowboys of your own  
And then you'll have  
To go to war  
To try and save your home

And then you'll have to learn to hate  
You'll have to learn to kill  
It's always been that way, My Son  
I guess it always will

No broomstick gun they'll hand you  
No longer you'll pretend  
You'll call some man your enemy  
You used to call him friend

And when the rockets thunder  
You'll hear your brothers cry  
And through it all you'll wonder  
Just why they had to die

So dream on  
Little Broomstick Cowboy  
Dream while you can  
For soon you'll be  
A dreadful thing  
My son  
You'll be a man