

Cowboy Like Me

Chris LeDoux

Just barely eighteen when the Great War was through
Ridin' and fighin' was all that I knew
Hard life and death was all that I seen
Ridin' hell bend for leather in search of a dream
I rode drag on a heard up the old Chisum trail
Straight through Oklahoma to Dodge City's jail
My hard dusty wages played out way too soon
On whisky and Keno at the Long Branch Saloon
All I have left is my stories to tell
Heavens too far and I'm plumb scared of hell
Nobody wants this pain and misery
But there still are some who think they could be a cowboy like me

I spent one lonely winter in an old line shack
With beans in my belly rain on my back
A ration of coffee and a mountain of snow
With cattle to attend to at forty below
And it's back for the round up in April or May
You round up the calf's boys and you cut out the strays
And you might touch a woman before the long summer ends
Then it's back to the line shack and do it all again
And all I have left...

I've given some bad guys a hard way to go
I busted my bones in them old time rodeos
I might have stretched truth Lord but I've never lied
Can't you tell I'm a cowboy by the scars on my side
But I rode with Cole Younger and New Jesse James
Me and old Wyatt use to ride on the range
And men all said sir to my Colt 45
And I was with Hitchcock the night that he died
All I have left...