

Daydream Cowboy

Chris LeDoux

I'm sittin' in a city filled with people cars and smoke
The walls are closin' in on me my heart's about to choke
The world becomes a foggy dream and I no longer see
The dirty concrete canyons where I have come to be
Cause a cowboy rides the mountains and the draws inside my mind
With his Buckskin underneath him and his pockets full of time
And I can hear his spurs a jinglin' the chimes of his slappin'
tack

As his horse lopes up a ridge with the moon light on his back
He rides into a bearin' country not meant for him alone
For a lovin' dark haired lady waits for her cowboy to come home

Well his hat was made in Texas and his chaps are bat wing style
His saddles made by Hauser he rides it all the while
It glistens with silver conches tap adores for his feet
He's got a chew of Copenhagen tucked inside his cheek
In fact the only thing that saves me here from goin' plumb insa
ne
Is that cowboy poundin' leather down in the coolies in my brain
And I can hear his spurs a jinglin'...