

# My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys

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I grew up a dreamin' of being a cowboy and lovin' the cowboy ways  
Pursuin' the life of my high ridin' heroes I burned up my childhood days  
I learned all the rules of a modern day drifter  
Don't you hold on to nothin' too long  
Just take what you need from the ladies then leave them  
With the words of a sad country song  
My heroes have always been cowboys and they still are it seems  
Sadly in search of and one step in back of themselves and their  
slow movin' dreams

Cowboys are special with their own brand of mis'ry from being a  
lone too long  
You could die from the cold in the arms of a nightmare  
Knowin' well that your best days're gone  
Picking up hookers instead of my pen I let the words of my youth  
fade away  
Old wornout saddles and old wornout memories with no one and no  
place to stay  
My heroes have always been cowboys...