

Old Jake

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Now old Jake was a cowboy he'd worked his whole life on the range

And he could rope, and he could ride with any man just half his age

Old Jake was my hero and me I was just a green kid

And I prayed that someday I could do all the things old Jake did

Well we sat around the bunk house one cold and lonely winter's night

Just chewin' and talkin' and smokin' by the coal oil light

Well old Jake had been awful quiet that evenin' and he stared hard and long

He said young puncher you goin' to remember me after I'm gone

Whatever happens to old cowboy heroes like me

A broken down part of a man I used to be

Will I be forgotten or live on in your memory

Whatever happens to old cowboy heroes like me

It's been a long time and oh how the years fade away

Well I stopped by the bunk house were me and old Jake used to stay

They say Jake died about ten years ago and they buried him out there on the plains

Old friend you might be gone but your memory always stays the same

Whatever happens...