I got to thinking about all the stuff we worry about and I real ized that all that man really needs is a horse you can catch wh en you need him, a dog that'll come when you call, a good frien d who owns an arena, and a trailer that's legal to haul, a woman who'll share my frustrations when the cow market's falling apart, a pair of good spurs, a saddle that fits, and a one ton Ford pick-up that starts. Everything else is window dressing.

I'm out here chasing these rainbows that I need to find I go and Lord knows it kills me to leave her behind She drew a low card when she gave me her heart And sometimes it's hard to believe That sweet little angel went and got herself tangled In the arms of a cowboy like me

Well I know that she deserves more than a drifter that lives fo ${\bf r}$ the lights

Smokey bars and guitars don't make for no fairy tale lie And every time I head home I think I'll find her gone but she's still there and still wants to be In the arms of a cowboy like me

She's one hole in the carpet between the bed and the farm
She worries about me when I leave til I'm back home
Cause there's downtime for killing, there's whiskey and women
It's just right for filling a need
Oh, but she's in no danger
There's no room for a stranger
In the arms of a cowboy like me

Well I know that she deserves more than a drifter that lives fo ${\bf r}$ the lights

Smokey bars and guitars don't make for no fairy tale lie And every time I head home I think I'll find her gone but she's still there and still wants to be In the arms of a cowboy like me

And every time I head home I think I'll find her gone but she's still there and still wants to be In the arms of a cowboy like me (2x)