

Latter Day Cowboy

Collin Raye

When the boy was no more than a shaver
His man told many a tale
How his great granddad used to go drovin'
Back and forth on the Oachezown Trail

Now you might say the boy got infected
By a fantasy of the old west
For his heart and his soul got connected
To a spirit that won't let him rest

Now he don't wear spurs that go jingle
He don't spend his nights 'round a fire
He lifts diesel oil that is horses required
But he is a latter day cowboy
Dressed as a truck drivin' man
Drivin' his wheels and his dreams to Cheyenne

He beds down by the side of the highway
At the sight of the first evenin' star
In the darkness his big pony idles
As he quietly strums his guitar

And he sings out a song of his sweetheart
Even as her sweet memory grows dim
And he sings of the trail he has chosen
But the actual fact is the trail chose him

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