

## 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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