

The Last Cowboy

In This Moment

And behold a Cowboy came into town, dirty and worn.
He had Black eyes, long hair and lines that cut deep into his frown.
He had the right hand of the devil strapped tightly to his side.
And you could tell fear abandoned this outlaw in a previous life.

Why, looking but never seeing.
Why, searching but never finding.
Why, for the kiss to bring his
cold dead heart back to life.

I am, I am searching for you.
Waiting, I am Coming.
First Light, I am coming for you.
Last stand.
I am, I am searching for you.
Waiting, I am Coming.
First Light, I am coming for you.
Catch me if you can.

He had the story of whiskey on his breath and death in his eyes.
You never heard him say a word, but the pistol shot straight through the lies.
Looking for the new world going from dead town to town.
but his compass is cracked and north is six feet underground.

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Catch me if you can.

I towed the line for you.

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If you ever cross a shadow in a wasted void.
You tell him I'm here waiting for the last cowboy.