

# When Cowboys Didn't Dance

Lonestar

Seven hundred head of cattle on an old forgotten trail  
Six cowboys and one old man in another day of hell  
Chuckwagon lagging behind from the strain of a broken wheel  
The only thing to look forward to was a campfire and a meal

Asleep beneath an open sky with just the stars above their heads  
A saddle for a pillow and some sagebrush for a bed  
Waking up tomorrow was merely done by chance  
Back when the west was wild and cowboys didn't dance

When cowboys didn't dance  
Didn't wear designer shirts  
When their hearts were filled with memories  
Their bodies filled with hurt  
They would sit around the campfire and exchange a piercing glance  
Back when the west was really wild and cowboys didn't dance

More coffee from an old tin cup, more sweat upon the brow  
Another day of chasing that same old lonely cow  
With every new horizon began a brand new day  
Thirteen hundred miles to go as they slowly made their way  
Across the plains of Texas and through the Colorado snow  
Final destination Blackfoot, Idaho

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