

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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