

Idaho Cowboy

Reckless Kelly

Way up on the mountain there ain't nobody countin' exactly when
the cowboy's going to fly.
When you hear the thunder there ain't no need to wonder; he's s
addled up and headed for the sky.

Because he's an Idaho cowboy, no Tennessee plow-boy.
He's wild as the Rockies he rides.
The cougar in the canyon, the devil's old companion.
Riding with a fire in his eyes.

Mother's on the hillside, he's coming in the landslide.
Lock the door and lookout down below.
I know you think you taught her but you better hide your daught
er.
I guarantee something's going to blow.

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Tonight you might see him sitting on the Lee Rim silhouetted th
ere against the moon.
Howling like a coyote, hitting every high note.
Telling you he'd be returning soon.

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