

# My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys

Willie Nelson

I grew up a-dreamin' of bein' a cowboy,  
and Lovin' the cowboy ways.  
Pursuin' the life of my high-ridin' heroes,  
I burned up my childhood days.  
I learned all the rules of the modern-day drifter,  
Don't you hold on to nothin' too long.  
Just take what you need from the ladies, then leave them,  
With the words of a sad country song.  
My heroes have always been cowboys.  
And they still are, it seems.  
Sadly, in search of, but one step in back of,  
Themselves and their slow-movin' dreams.

Cowboys are special with their own brand of misery,  
From being alone too long.  
You could die from the cold in the arms of a nightman,  
Knowin' well that your best days are gone.  
Pickin' up hookers instead of my pen,  
I let the words of my years fade away.  
Old worn-out saddles, and 'old worn-out memories,  
With no one and no place to stay.

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