

My Heros Have Always Been Cowboys

Willie Nelson

I grew up dreaming of being a cowboy
And loving the cowboy ways.
Pursuing the life of my high riding heroes
I burned up my childhood days.

I learned all the rules of a modern day drifter
Don't you hold on to nothing too long
Just take what you need from the ladies and 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 and one step in back of
Themselves and their slow moving 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 nightmare
Knowing well that your best days are gone

Picking up hookers instead of my pen
I let the words of my youth fade away.
Old worn out saddles and old worm out memories
With no one and no place to stay.