

COWBOY  
(For Billy Pat)

He's a west Texas cop, He can sing you a song  
Remembers the days when we knew right from wrong  
And he knows all the difference between good and evil  
Talks about the times it was people helpin' people.

So cowboy you old man, sing me a song  
Talk of the past and the way things were done  
Cowboy you old man just take me right along  
Down the roads of your wisdom  
Them days they aren't gone, they aren't gone.

He can stare you down, with a gun or a smile  
If it's what you need, he'll sit and talk awhile  
And he'll stand beside you if trouble has come  
But God help you man, if you're in the wrong.

So cowboy you old man, sing me a song  
Talk of the past and the way things were done  
Cowboy you old man just take me right along  
Down the roads of your wisdom  
Them days they aren't gone, they aren't gone.

Face looks like leather, boots worn at the heels  
Voice sounds like whiskey, and the way whiskey feels  
He stares at you long, while he sizes you up  
Looks off in the distance, when he's seen enough.

So cowboy you old man, sing me a song  
Talk of the past and the way things were done  
Cowboy you old man just take me right along  
Down the roads of your wisdom  
Them days they aren't gone, they aren't gone  
Them days...  
They aren't gone.