

Skeeter Davis, Broomstick Cowboy

You're no longer my broomstick cowboy riding the make believe trail
And all my girlish tricks they used to work somehow they now seem to fail
Why couldn't time just slow up why do we have to grow up so soon
Gone are the days of my broomstick cowboy roping your imaginary steers
It sseem just like only yesterday you brushed away my first tears
Now you shy away from my touch as time change just that much so soon
Straddlin' fences deep around corners playin'
Bang bang shoot 'em up hidin' in the hay
Time is a thief and a bad ol' meaner stealing all our games away
I thought you'd always be my broomstick cowboy you'd always be my very own
It's funny how time just seems to slip away you don't miss it till it's all gone
Oh how tall you stay in you've grown into a man so soon
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