

Staines Bill, A Cowboys Hard Times

A COWBOY'S HARD TIMES

Well, I once was a cowboy, and I used to run wild.
And I rodeoed, wrangled, and rambled in style.
But I'm too old for horses, too old for the show,
And I'm too young for Heaven; now where shall I go?
Where shall I go? Where shall I go?
I'm too young for Heaven; now where shall I go?
I had me a true love, and I made her my wife,
And I swear that I loved her most all of my life,
But the cold of the winter and the wind laid her low,
And she's gone on before me, now where shall I go?
Where shall I go? Where shall I go?
She's gone on before me; now where shall I go?
Well, I never was a drunkard, but this I can say:
The taste of the whiskey gets better each day.
The bartender scowls, "Mack, you're drinking too slow,
And we close in ten minutes." Now where shall I go?
Where shall I go? Where shall I go?
They close in ten minutes; now where shall I go?
So it's out on the street with the stars burning bright,
With nothing but memories to share with the night.
Oh, I once was a cowboy, and I used to run wild.
And I rodeoed, wrangled, and rambled in style.
Now I'm too old for horses, too old for the show,
And I'm too young for Heaven; now where shall I go?
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