

# 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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