

Ambrosia, Cowboy Star

(Puerta - Pack - North - Drummond)

Of man's progress I don't give a hoot
And man's estrangements Of nature's arrangements
Has given cause for my heartbreak To boot

The simple life though Filled with strife
And struggle with the land
Still remained its simple self
And that I understand

So city smog and dog eat dog
For some may hold sublime
Well as for me If I had my way
I'd had lived Some other time

Praise the prairie
And pass the cake
I'd like to eat it too
But being born now was my mistake
I've passed the buckaroo

I'd say
You're right
No chance Why fight?
Why be A cowboy star

(But) Hump back brahmas
Lovely cow mamas
Saw dust floor saloons
Dance hall queens Romanced in my dreams
So why pop my baloon?

No chance
Why fight?
Still in my own right
I'd be A cowboy star

Dreams of my life
Are so carried away
If just in my dreams
I could Be for one day
Just for one day

Lost in my dreams
I'll be riding away
like a cowboy star

Stage set: Sundown,
In my last Showdown I'll be....