

Bill Miller, Legends Never Die

A tall black cowboy hat pulled down low to hide his eyes
While lines of weekend window shoppers just kept rollin' by
I spotted him from my old truck as he stood out in the crowd
He was a little more than twice my age, but he still looked strong and proud
Hadn't seen my uncle now since I was seventeen
And the stories of the wild, wild west kept comin' back to me
He didn't say too much, just tipped his hat as he closed the old truck door
And I knew that this trip down Highway 10 would bring me so much more

Where the old man and the little boy could see things eye to eye
He took me back to a place in time where legends never die...

His hands and face were lined and weathered, they told stories of their own
His skin as red as desert clay, his eyes as black as coal
He was a cowboy and an Indian, just a little bit of both
For years of working the ranches and rodeos he didn't have much to show
Then he closed his eyes and spoke to me, his voice was like the wind
And that truck turned into a raging steed so he could ride again
He grabbed the colors from the sky, put them in his hands,
Sprinkled them across the road like grains of colored sand.