

Chris LeDoux, A Cowboy Was Born

She was holding her breath and he attempted a prayer
And he was cussing the dust rising up in the air
'Cos the old cattle trail, well, it weren't anywhere
For a baby to draw its first breath
And the unbroken West, well, it was no place to live
'Cos it was hard to survive and it was Hell if you did
So he entered this world with a pair of clenched fists
And the first and last tears he'd shed
And the longhorns lowed him a welcome
As a new voice cried from the buckboard
And the Irish, they sang sad and lonely
'Cos they knew a cowboy was born
Well, the Berry closed in and a century passed
The settlers plowed under the tall prairie grass
And the cow town's died off in a world changing fast
But the wind kept the spirit alive
'Cos a young boy in Kansas, he caught a breeze one day
And in a five-second rush, he was fighting for eight
He saw it all so clear through the dirt on his face
He knew he was born to ride
And the long lost heir to the saddle finally found his way back home
As he picked up his hat, well, the crowd cheered
'Cos they knew a cowboy was born
Yeah, that day a cowboy was born
From the heroes in the bright lights of Vegas
Through the poets of the sage and thorn
A proud legacy of a nation, thank God, the cowboy was born
Yeah, thank God, the cowboy was born