

Chris LeDoux, My Heroes Have Always Been Cow

I grew up a dreaming of being a cowboy and lovin' the cowboy ways
Pursuin' the life of my high ridin' heroes I burned up my childhood days
I learned all the rules of a modern day drifter
Don't you hold on to nothin' too long
Just take what you need from the ladies then leave them
With the words of a sad country song
My heroes have always been cowboys and they still are it seems
Sadly in search of and one step in back of themselves and their slow movin' dreams

Cowboys are special with their own brand of mis'ry from being alone too long
You could die from the cold in the arms of a nightmare
Knowin' well that your best days're gone
Picking up hookers instead of my pen I let the words of my youth fade away
Old wornout saddles and old wornout mem'ries with no one and no place to stay
My heroes have always been cowboys...