

Chris LeDoux, Old Jake

Now old Jake was a cowboy he'd worked his whole life on the range
And he could rope, and he could ride with any man just half his age
Old Jake was my hero and me I was just a green kid
And I prayed that someday I could do all the things old Jake did
Well we sat around the bunk house one cold and lonely winter's night
Just chewin' and talkin' and smokin' by the coal oil light
Well old Jake had been awful quiet that evenin' and he stared hard and long
He said young puncher you goin' to remember me after I'm gone
Whatever happens to old cowboy heroes like me
A broken down part of a man I used to be
Will I be forgotten or live on in your memory
Whatever happens to old cowboy heroes like me

It's been a long time and oh how the years fade away
Well I stopped by the bunk house where me and old Jake used to stay
They say Jake died about ten years ago and they buried him out there on the plains
Old friend you might be gone but your memory always stays the same
Whatever happens...