

# Pat Green, Texas In 1880

Written by Radney Foster.

I can hear the wind whisper my name.

Tellin me its time to head out again.

My horses are trailered and the lights are shut down,  
An' Im long overdue for headin outta town.

Got a fever that they call the rodeo.

Just enough winnin' to make the next show.

Sometimes you make eight, sometimes you hit dirt.

Go on, pin another number to the back of my shirt

And Ill ride that pony fast,

Like a cowboy from the past.

Be young and wild and free,

Like Texas in 1880.

Just like Texas in 1880.

Ah, from Phoenix to Tulsa to the Astro Dome;

New York City down to San Antone;

Theres boys that are ridin for legendary fame,

And our moneys all gone but we still ride the same.

Our hearts'll get broken, and our heads'll get busted.

But well always believe the things that we trusted.

Therell be those nights when glory comes round,

And well tip our hats and wave to the crowd

And then ride that pony fast,

Like a cowboy from the past.

Be young and wild and free,

Like Texas in 1880.

Just like Texas in 1880.

Someday when youre older,

Someonell see,

That buckle hangin there on your belt.

Ask you just how it felt!

To ride that pony fast,

Like a cowboy from the past.

Be young and wild and free,

Like Texas in 1880.

Just like Texas in 1880.

Just Like Texas.

Take me home to Texas

Ah play it just like Texas

Play it Just like Texas