

Waylon Jennings, Last Cowboy Song

This is the last cowboy song the end of a hundred year waltz
The music is sad as they're singing along another piece of America's lost

He rides a feed lot and clerks in a market
On weekends selling tobacco and beer
His days're spent surrounded by fences
But he'll dream tonight of when fences weren't here

The Old Chisholm Trail is covered by concrete
They truck 'em to market in fifty foot rigs
They blow by his market never slowing to reason
Like living and dying was all he did

This is the last cowboy song...
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