

Chris LeDoux, Seventeen

When he was five years old his mom took him down to the round corral
To watch his dad work the young horse they called Smokey man did that horse buck
But his old dad just sat up there and rode him like there was nothin' to it
Right then the boy gained a whole new respect for the man
And from that day on he knew that when he grew up he wanted to be a cowboy

Seventeen cowboys' dreams ain't on fixin' fences
Once he's seen 'em ride in old Cheyenne
Ranch routine and his old man's schemes
This ain't where his heart is but you know his daddy understands
Noonday comes father and son sit down and eat their dinner
Beneath that big Wyoming sky
His daddy knows he's gotta let him go the boy can't be a winner
If he don't spread his wings and fly
And in his mind he's riding bulls down in Las Vegas
Soon he'll be on a train that leads to Santa Fe
Sweet voice of freedom echoes down the ages calls another cowboy on his way

Fencin's done and the morning sun finds him packed and ready
Momma kissed his cheek and then she went inside
His old man well he shook his hand said son you ride 'em pretty
Didn't see the tears that his momma cried
And in his mind he's riding...