

Dean Strickland, It Takes A Cowboy Like Me

Who am I?
I was asked recently
I'm the man you might see outside one night
Sleeping on the cold damp street

What am I thinking?
Another question posed to me
I'm so thankful for all of God's loving gifts
I've gladly and humbly received

Not everyone is cut out to do these things
To grab life by the horns
And take charge of your destiny

CHORUS:
It takes a cowboy like me
To strike out and chase a poor man's dream
Stomping one boot heel in front of the other
Even when the weather's forecast is stormy

Riches come to me from within
When it seems I just can't win
I say let 'em love me or loath me
Everyone anyway I can't please
To live like I do
It takes a cowboy like me