

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