

Don McLean, Bronco Bill's Lament

I coulda been most anything I put my mind to be,
But a cowboy's life was the only life for me.
It's a strong man's occupation ridin' herd and livin' free,
But strong men often fail
Where shrewd men can prevail,
I'm an old man now with nothin' left to say,
But oh god how I worked my youth away.
Well you may not recognise my face, I used to be a star,
A cowboy hero known both near and far.
I perched upon a silver mount and sang with my guitar,
But the studio of course,
owned my saddle and my horse,
But that six-gun on the wall belongs to me,
Oh god I can't live a memory.
You know I'd like to put my finger on that trigger once again,
And point that gun at all the prideful men.
All the voyeurs and the lawyers who can pull a fountain pen,
And put you where they choose,
With the language that they use,
And enslave you till you work your youth away,
Oh god how I worked my youth away.
Whoopee ty yioh
Whoopee ty yi ay,
One man's work is another man's play
Oh god how I worked my youth away.
You see I always liked the notion of a cowboy fighting crime,
This photograph was taken in my prime,
I could beat those desperados but there's no sense fightin' time,
But the singin' was a ball
Cause I'm not musical at all,
I moved my lips to someone else's voice.
Repeat verse 1