

Ed Bruce, Last Cowboy Song

This is the last cowboy song the end of a hundred year waltz
Voices sound 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 dreams of tomorrow surrounded by fences
But he'll dream tonight of when fences weren't here

He blazed the trail with Lewis and Clark
And eyeball to eyeball Ol' Wyatt backed down
He stood shoulder to shoulder with Travis in Texas
And rode with the Seventh when Custer went down

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Remington showed us how he looked on canvas
And Louie L'Amore has told us his tale
And Willie and Waylon and me sing about him
And wish to God we could have ridden his trail

The Old Chisholm Trail is covered in concrete now
And 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
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[guitar]
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