

# Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson, The Last Cowboy

This is the last cowboy song  
The end of a hundred year waltz  
The music is 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 days're spent surrounded by fences  
But he'll dream tonight of when fences weren't here.

The Old Chisholm Trail is covered by concrete  
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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