Willie Nelson, My Heros Have Always Been Cowb

I grew up a-dreamin' of bein' a cowboy,
and Lovin' the cowboy ways.
Pursuin' the life of my high-ridin' heroes,
I burned up my childhood days.
I learned of all the rules of the modern-day drifter,
Don't you hold on to nothin' too long.
Just take what you need from the ladies, then leave them,
With the words of a sad country song.

My heroes have always been cowboys.
And they still are, it seems.
Sadly, in search of, but one step in back of,
Themselves in a slow-movin' dream.

Cowboys are special with their own brand of misery,
From being alone too long.
You could die from the cold in the arms of a nightmare,
Knowin' well that your best days are gone.
Pickin' up hookers instead of my friends,
I let the world of my youth fade away.
Old worn-out saddles, and 'old worn-out memories,
With no one and no place to stay.

My heroes have always been cowboys.
And they still are, it seems.
Sadly, in search of, but one step in back of,
Themselves in a slow-movin' dream.

Sadly, in search of, but one step in back of,
Themselves and their slow-movin' dreams.