

A Cowboy When I Die

Todd Dixon

I never met a stranger
You could call a Texas Ranger
Never knew a cowboy who was real
I never rode a saddle
Or drove a herd of cattle
Across a barren Oklahoma field
I never lent a hand
To a farmer and his land
When workdays went from sunup to sundown
I never taught a lesson
To an outlaw and his weapon
Or rode a fadin' sunset outa town

I grew up in the city
Where some folks think it's pretty
With shopping malls and traffic every hour
A solution-stated scenery
Evolutionated greenery
With parking lots, but not a lot of flowers
Now I long for open spaces
Some down-home friendly faces
And places where a family can survive
I may not wear a cowboy hat
Or own a bolo tie
But at least I'll be a cowboy when I die

'Cause there's a home away from home
Inside my heart
A prairie filled with stars up in the sky
I may not have been a cowboy from the start
But at least I'll be a cowboy when I die.