

Last Cowboy Song

by Ed Bruce (1980)

D *D* *D* *D*
This is the last cowboy song
D *D* *G* *G*
the end of a hundred year waltz.
A *A* *A* *A*
The voices sound sad as they're singing along, another
A *A* *D* *D* *D* *D*
piece of America's lost

D *D* *D* *D*
He rides a feed lot and clerks in a market
D *D* *D* *A* *A*
on weekends selling tobacco and beer.
A *A* *A* *A*
His dreams of tomorrow surrounded by fences
A *A* *A7* *D* *D*
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

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