

When Cowboys Didn't Dance

Lonestar

Seven hundred head of cattle on an old forgotten trail
Six cowboys and one old an and another day of hell
Chuck wagon lagging behind from the strain of a broken wheel
The only thing to look forward to was a campfire and a meal
Sleepin' 'neath an open sky with just the stars
above their head
A saddle for a pillow and some sage brush for a bed
Wakin' up tomorrow was merely done by chance
Back when the west was wild and cowboys didn't dance
When cowboys didn't dance, didn't wear designer shirts
When their hearts were filled with memories, their bodies filled with hurt
They would sit around a campfire exchange a piercing glance
Back when the west was really wild, and cowboys didn't dance
Poured coffee from an old tin cup, more sweat
upon the brow
Another day of chasing that same ole lonely cow
And every new horizon began a brand new day
Thirteen hundred miles to go as they slowly make their way
Across the plains of Texas, through the Colorado snow
Final destination, Back Foot, Idaho
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And they would sit around the campfire and exchange a piercing glance
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