

Young Dallas Cowboy

David Allan Coe

By David Allan Coe Well, I've hiked through the sage brush,
I ran up some rail
I slept on the bench in a few county jails
And they laugh as they knocked all the wind from my sail
When I was a young Dallas Cowboy I've tried hard to tackle the problems at hand
I've kicked a few habits, and I've marched to the band
I tried hard to follow the lady of the land
When I was a young Dallas Cowboy I've made a few passes that weren't incomplete
I stumbled through yards on my way to the street
Running from beds where I did more than sleep
When I was a young Dallas Cowboy (Talk) Well, he tackled the bottle and he fumbled the ball
And he'd touchdown in alleys along where he'd fall
Just wait for his son to make up for it all
When I was a young Dallas Cowboy When I was a baby, he broke up the team
Divorcing my Mama to live with a dream
He had back in college when he was still green
And I was a young Dallas Cowboy Now the footballs I held did not fit in my hand
Got me a guitar and I've got me a band
So don't put me down when I'm taking my stand
Be proud of this young Dallas Cowboy
Yeah I'm proud I'm a young Dallas Cowboy
Be proud of those young Dallas Cowboys

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