

How a Cowboy Lives

Trent Willmon

He left gravel flying, tears falling from her eyes
When he got home that evening he didn't apologize
He left a rose on the table, she let that be enough
She loved him enough to know how a cowboy loves
That's just how a cowboy loves She tried to ride it out but she couldn't keep hanging on
Now he sees her around but she's never alone
He keeps the storm clouds hidden behind the wall of pride
Laughs out loud, spits on the ground, that's how a cowboy cries
That's just how a cowboy cries Unwritten rules, unspoken words
Never show your hate or hang your head no matter how it hurts
Sometimes you get thrown but you get back on and ride
That's how a cowboy lives, that's how a cowboy dies Now he makes his mistakes, they weigh on his soul
But his altar is an open sky, a church where no one goes
He knows God understands him 'cause He made him that way
Silently he makes his peace, that's how a cowboy prays
That's just how a cowboy prays

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