Roy Rogers

Novista

Sometimes you dream, sometimes it seems
There's nothing there at all
You just seem older than yesterday
And you're waiting for tomorrow to callYou draw to the curtain and one thing's for certain
You're cozy in your little room
The carpet's all paid for God bless the TV
Let's go shoot a hole in the moonAnd Roy Rogers is riding tonight
Returning to our silver screens
Comic book characters never grow old
Evergreen heroes whose stories were told
Oh the great sequin cowboy who sings of the plains
Of roundups and rustlers and home on the range
Turn on the TV, shut out the lights Roy Rogers is riding tonightNine o'clock mornings, five o'clock evenings
I'd liven the pace if I could
Oh I'd rather have a ham in my sandwich than cheese
But complaining wouldn't do any goodLay back in my armchair, close eyes and think clear
I can hear hoof beats ahead
Roy and Trigger have just hit the hilltop
While the wife and the kids are in bedAnd Roy Rogers is riding tonight
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