

# 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 call  
You 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 moon  
And 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 tonight  
Nine o'clock mornings, five o'clock evenings  
I'd live the pace if I could  
Oh I'd rather have a ham in my sandwich than cheese  
But complaining wouldn't do any good  
Lay 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 bed  
And 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 tonight

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>