

# Good Horses to Ride

Trent Willmon

Old Tuck was a cowboy I knew years ago  
Could put a stretch in a story like a forty foot row  
Young an' wide eyed, I believed every word  
As he rambled through the canyons an' stampeded herds  
Swore there were still Comanches in them breaks to the south  
He'd seen good hands ride in there an' never rode out  
He had a horse he called Dollar that twice saved his life  
He lost him to Jim Shoulders playin' poker one night  
When I turned eighteen, I packed up an' left home  
Tuck was pretty old back then an' by now he's long gone  
But I've heard it said that ol' cowboys don't die  
They get put out to pasture way up in the sky  
So if God's got a Heaven for old cowboy legends  
I hope the grass is greener on the other side  
An' he's got good horses to ride  
Now the folks back home would tell you Tuck was just crazy an' old  
But I still believe in Conquistador gold  
An' those memories look like a mirage in the distance  
Starin' out from this prison of urban existence  
So I saddle up an' I go back now an' then  
To remember who I was an' just forget where I am  
Now the concrete an' steel, they spread out like a plague  
Consumin' the rivers, the mountains and the plains  
Then one of these days it'll all be gone  
But somewhere that spirit will always live on  
'Cause I've heard it said that ol' cowboys don't die  
They get put out to pasture way up in the sky  
So if God's got a Heaven for old cowboy legends  
I hope the grass is greener on the other side  
An' he's got good horses to ride  
Yeah, he's got good horses to ride  
A few good horses to ride  
And a few good horses to ride

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