

# Last Cowboy Song

Waylon Jennings

This is the last cowboy song  
The end of a hundred year Waltz  
The voices sound sad as they're singin' along  
Another piece of America's lost He rides the feed lots, clerks in the markets  
On weekends sellin' tobacco and beer  
And his dreams of tomorrow, surrounded by fences  
But he'll dream tonight of when fences weren't here He blazed the trail with Lewis and Clark  
And eyeball to eyeball, old Wyatt backed down  
He stood shoulder to shoulder with Travis in Texas  
And rode with the 7th when Custer went down This is the last cowboy song  
The end of a hundred year Waltz  
The voices sound sad as they're singin' along  
Another piece of America's lost Remington showed us how he looked on canvas  
And Louis Lamour has told us his tale  
Me and Johnny and Waylon and Kris sing about him  
And wish to God, we could have ridden his trail This is the last cowboy song  
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Songwriters

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