

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>