

Christmas For Cowboys

Jars Of Clay

Tall in the saddle we spend Christmas Day,
Driving the cattle over snow covered plains.

All of the good gifts given today,
Ours is the sky and the wide open range.Back in the cities they have different ways,

Football and eggnog and Christmas parades.

I'll take my blanket, I'll take the reins,

It's Christmas for cowboys, wide open plains.A campfire for warmth as we stop for the night,
The stars overhead are Christmas tree lights.

The wind sings a hymn as we bow down to pray,

It's Christmas for cowboys and wide open plains.It's tall in the saddle we spend Christmas Day,
Driving the cattle over snow covered plains.

So many gifts have been opened today,

Ours is the sky and the wide open range.It's Christmas for cowboys, wide open plains.

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