A Memory of Jim

Fletcher Jowers

It's a story sad to tell
About the end of life's trail
For the best cowboy I've ever known
He left here so young
With his dreams still undone
He moved on to that heavenly homeA cowboy he was king
He loved the roundups in spring
And he loved Texas it was always his home
We know The Lord understands
How we miss our old friend
Without you Jim how can we go onHe'd save the best horse for you
For him an old bronc would do
He'd ride the bad one and never complain
When you needed a hand
He'd be there 'till the end
He'd stand by you in sunshine or rainA cowboy he was king
He could do anything
His heart was made of pure gold
It won't ever seem right
It still cuts like a knife
Without you Jim how can we go onGreen pastures now he rides
On that range beyond the skies
In that country where he'll never grow old
On a good horse he'll fly
With the angels by his side
Running freely down trails of shining goldA cowboy he was king
We'd laugh and we'd sing
His favorite was The Strawberry Roan
So adios my good friend
Someday we'll ride again
Without you Jim how can we go on2003 Pistol Hill Music ASCAP

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