

# Roy Rogers

## Austin TV

Sometimes you dream, sometimes it seems

There's nothing there at all

You just seem older than yesterday

And you're waiting for tomorrow to call You draw to the curtain and one thing's for certain

You're cozy in your little room

The carpet's all paid for God bless the TV

Let's go shoot a hole in the moon And Roy Rogers is riding tonight

Returning to our silver screens

Comic book characters never grow old

Evergreen heroes whose stories were told

Oh the great sequin cowboy who sings of the plains

Of roundups and rustlers and home on the range

Turn on the TV, shut out the lights Roy Rogers is riding tonight Nine o'clock mornings, five o'clock evenings

I'd liven the pace if I could

Oh I'd rather have a ham in my sandwich than cheese

But complaining wouldn't do any good Lay back in my armchair, close eyes and think clear

I can hear hoof beats ahead

Roy and Trigger have just hit the hilltop

While the wife and the kids are in bed And Roy Rogers is riding tonight

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