Seventeen

Chris LeDoux

When he was five years old his mom
Took him down to the round corral
To watch his dad work the young horse
They called SmokeyMan, did that horse buck but his old dad, he just sat up there
And rode him like there's was nothin' to it
And right then the boy gained a whole new respect for the man
And from that day on he knew that
When he grew up he wanted to be a cowboyAt seventeen a cowboys' dreams ain't all fixin' fences
Once he's seen 'em ride in old Cheyenne
Ranch routine and his old man's schemes
This ain't where his heart is
But you know his daddy understandsWhen noonday comes father and son
Sit down and eat their dinner beneath that big Wyoming sky
His daddy knows he's gotta let him go
The boy can't be a winner if he don't spread his wings and flyAnd in his mind he's riding bulls down in Las Vegas
Soon he'll be on a train that leads to Santa Fe
Sweet voice of freedom echoes down the ages
And calls another cowboy on his wayWell, the fencings done and the morning sun finds him packed and ready
Momma kissed his cheek and then she went inside
His old man, well, he shook his hand said, "Son you ride 'em pretty"
Didn't see the tears that his momma criedAnd in his mind he's riding bulls down in Las Vegas
Today he's on a train that leads to Santa Fe
Sweet voice of freedom echoes down the ages
And calls another cowboy on his way

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