

The Last Cowboy Song

The Highwaymen

The end of a hundred year waltz.
The voices sound sad as they're singin' along.
Another piece of America's lost. He rides the feed lots, clerks in the markets,
On weekends sellin' tobacco and beer.
And his dream's of tomorrow, surrounded by fences,
But he'll dream tonight of when fences weren't here. He blazed the trail with Lewis and Clark,
And eyeball to eyeball, old Wyatt backed down.
He stood shoulder to shoulder with Travis in Texas.
And rode with the Seventh when Custer went down.
The end of a hundred year waltz.
The voices sound sad as they're singin' along.
Another piece of America's lost. Remington showed us how he looked on canvas,
And Louis Lamour has told us his tale.
Me and Johnny and Waylon and Kris sing about him,
And wish to God we could have ridden his trail. The old Chisholm trail is covered in concrete
now,
They truck it to market in fifty foot rigs.
They roll by his markings and don't even notice,
Like living and dying was all he ever did. The end of a hundred year waltz.
The voices sound sad as they're singin' along.
Another piece of America's lost.
The end of a hundred year waltz.
The voices sound sad as they're singin' along.
Another piece of America's lost. To Fade.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>