

And This Was My Home

I grabbed the bull by the horns,
And never thought twice,
Of a faster pace,
And a city way of life.

So I ride through the valleys,
And have accepted the change,
Of a dying breed,
With no home on the range.

And this was my home,
A ranch along the country side,
Nested between hills,
And rivers that ran wide,
And this was my home,
This man has died,
This cowboy has hung his hat,
For one last time.

The trails ran long,
For days uncounted,
The horses ran wild,
Not meant to be mounted.

Rivers, shallow to pass,
My horses carried on,
Spent plenty time ridin'
From dusk til' dawn.

The miles of fence,
Took hundreds of days,
As the sunsets would set,
The skies ablaze,

The songs I played,
Out by the firelight,
And the family that shared,
Memories full of life.

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