

All of Your Cowboys

All of Your Cowboys

Lady go make up
Your tumble-love bed
The sheets are all twisted
Where he laid his head
Just a cold cup of coffee
And a warm glass of wine
Now all of your cowboys
Have gone down the line

Pieces of paper
In an old book of rhymes
Each of us passing
Leaves something behind
You must put them away now
Like some old valentines
Now all of your cowboys
Have gone down the line

So goodbye to your carnival man
Was it so long ago
You let go of his hand
One night he just picked up his tent
You can't ask where he's gone
You don't know where he went

A boat leaves the harbor
It begins to rain
The bells in the distance
Sound like his name
And it all seems arranged now
In some holy design
Now all of your cowboys
Have gone down the line

Copyright 2011 by Janie Christensen