

What a cowboy does

The cowboy is sitting in the kitchen by the oven,
Listen' to the weather, having coffee and a muffin.

He's petting the cat lost in thought,
Thinking about all he's got.

The horses are grazing behind the house,
the day before they chased some cows.

Now they are resting and eating hay,
the mist outside makes the world look grey.

He got up this morning before dawn,
without waking up his wife and son,
to start another day of his life.

He'll go out and greet the dog,
look to the barn through the thick fog,
walk over to the closest pen
and say Hi to his best friend.

While the sun is starting to break the fog,
he opens the garage door up,
he checks the engine of the truck,
trying to find out why it got stuck.

He works on it for a while
and gets it fixed with a smile.

The sun starts to warm up the ground,
and all the horses can be found,
way back in the pasture.

So he grabs the halter, treat and rope,
walks over to them with some hope,
he will catch them nice and sure.

It didn't take him too much time,
his friends behaved themselves just fine,
so he brushes 'em off and saddles up,
while his wife brings him a coffee cup.
Horses loaded, wife and son buckled up,
ready to go for a another day
at a long and hardworking cowboy's pay.

If you don't know what a cowboy does,
he loves his job and works hard without fuss.

He sits in a saddle come noon or moon,
roping calves, cows and bulls from July to June.

He takes care of neighbors and friends,
helping day and night 'til all the work ends.



They arrived at the neighbors yard,
Unloaded the horses and tied them up,
put the bridle on the saddle and fed some hay
and checked with the rancher the plan for the day.
While talking to his friend of all times,
he got nudged by his horse a couple of times.
It didn't stop until he opened his eyes,
that made him realize,
that his son just poked him in the ribs,
“Wake up daddy. Wake up!”

His every day life that he loves and knows,
is frustrating him like a cracked radiator hose.
He is a cowboy with a broken leg,
without a horse but his name is on a tag,
at the end of his hospital bed.

When he got home, what he saw gave him a scare,
For his easy chair got traded for a wheel chair.

A broken legged horse they put down,
a broken legged cowboy has to frown,
and sit out his time of detention
without his horse, not to mention.

It seems to take an eternity,
for him, his friends and family.
Until he is himself again.

Every night he has these dreams,
of working on machinery,
fixing trucks and driving the team.
His hands and feet are itching to get things done,
instead he is sitting out of the sun,
and praying for a fast recovery.

Even the slow recovery at home,
Will in time be over, so he can roam,
and he will be back in that saddle,
playing in the garage with some metal.
And when he is roping calves at a branding,
Then, he knows his worst time has had an ending!

