

Alan Jackson

"What Happened To Those Glorious Westerns Of Yesteryear"

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What happened to those glorious Westerns of
yesteryear,
When I think of those days gone by it brings forth a
tear;
Where tales of the rugged frontier and Old West is a
familiar story,
that brings with it the adventures of the cowboy and the
wide open range, with all its glory;
Where the good guy always wins and the bad guy ends
up" six feet under" if you will;
Oh, the tales that could be told of those buried out on
Boot Hill;
Those were the days when the bad men of the West
came up against the law,
Most often met their demise at the hands of someone
quicker on the draw;
Those were times when the prairies were bridled with
danger,
Danger for the outlaw who fought against the likes of
the Lone Ranger;
Where every town in the West had more than its share
of villains,
who were quickly put to rest by the tough and
courageous Matt Dillons;
Oh how I miss those wonderful days of the Old West,
When courage and justice were put to the test;
Where memories of boyhood heroes are forever
etched in my mind,
Reflections of Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, and the
Hopalong Cassidy kind;
For me the agelessness of the American Cowboy is a
sure bet,
as sure as John Wayne riding out into the western
sunset;
What happened to those glorious Westerns of
yesteryear.

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