

Cowgirls

"Teach Your Children"

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You who are on the road,
Must have a code,
That you can live by,
And so become yourself,
Because the past
Is just a good-bye.
Teach your children well,
Their father's hell
Did slowly go by,
And feed them on your dreams,
The one they pick,
Is the one you'll know by.
Don't you ever ask them why
If they told you you would cry,
So just look at them and sigh,
And know they love you.
And you of tender years,
Can't know the fears,
That you elders grew by,

And so please
Help them with your youth,
They seek the truth,
Before they can die.
Teach your parents well,
Their children's hell,
Will slowly go by
And feed them on your dreams
The one they pick,
Is the one you'll know by.
Don't you ever ask them why
If they told you you would cry,
So just look at them and sigh,
Don't you ever ask them why
If they told you you would cry,
So just look at them and sigh,
And know they love you.

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