

Bobby Goldsboro

"Broomstick Cowboy"

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"Dream on, little Broomstick Cowboy,
Of rocket ships and Mars;
Of sunny days,
And Willie Mays,
And chocolate candy bars.
Dream on, little Broomstick Cowboy,
Dream while you can;
Of big green frogs,
And puppy dogs,
And castles in the sand.
For, all too soon you'll awaken;
Your toys will all be gone.
Your broomstick horse will ride away,
To find another home.
And you'll have grown into a man,
With cowboys of your own.
And then you'll have to go to war,
To try and save your home.
And then you'll have to learn to hate;
You'll have to learn to kill.
It's always been that way, my son;
I guess it always will.
No broomstick gun they'll hand you;
No longer you'll pretend.
You'll call some man your enemy;
You used to call him 'friend.'
And when the rockets thunder,
You'll hear your brothers cry.
And through it all you'll wonder
Just why they had to die.
So dream on, little Broomstick Cowboy,
Dream while you can;
For soon, you'll be a dreadful thing:
My son, you'll be a man.

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