

Bogle Eric

"Front Row Cowboy"

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FRONT ROW COWBOY

(Eric Bogle)

1. On Saturday mornings I'd ride to the movies,
Booted and spurred on my horse made of tin
Tie-up my cyi-use outside on the pavement
Lay down my sixpence and mosey on in.
I'd sit in the front row with the other young cowboys
Waitin' for Roy to appear on the screen
Waitin' for Roy and his golden horse Trigger,
To carry me off into my favorite dream.

Chorus:

Roy Rogers, Roy Rogers, Oh you were my hero,
A man made of steel on a horse made of gold
Together we rode through the days of my childhood
Memories like heroes, they never grow old.

2. Together we rode over mountains and valleys
Camped out a night 'neath the wide prairie sky,
We'd sing cowboy songs as we sat by the campfire
While out in the darkness a wild coyote cried
Yi-pi-tie-yi-yo baked beans and coffee,
Tall tales and true as we sat by the fire

Then up in the morning and away we'd go riding.

Two gay caballeros, two heroes for hire.

3. And now I'm a man, and I've hung up my six-gun

No more do I ride on a horse made of tin.

Now I ride subways, and freeways and railways,

Instead of a six-gun I now wield a pen.

But part of my heart will always be ridin'

Along the bright canyons and the wild forest ways

Along with Roy Rogers my faithful companion,

Into the sunset of my childhood days.

(end, after chorus)

He was my friend, yes, he was my friend.

He never let me down.

He was honest and faithful right up to the end

I loved Roy Rogers 'cause he was my friend.

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