

## **Buck Owens**

# **"All Around Cowboy Of 1964"**

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Folks used to think that  
I could ride any bronc or bull alive  
Maybe in my younger days I could.  
But now I'm slowin' down a bit  
Friends tell me that I should quit  
And if I didn't love it so I would.

I recall when folks thought  
I was great and all the riders used to hate  
To see my name upon the entry door.  
'Cause I could ride and I could rope  
The others seem they have no hope  
A lookin' at a buckle that I wore.

It's that all around cowboy of nineteen sixty four  
Long days and lucky breaks have me alone  
Workin' hard and ridin' fast and sleepin' in the cold  
Made me all around cowboy of nineteen sixty four.

--- Instrumental ---

Folks don't seem to realize  
The thrill I get from every ride  
That bronc feels like you're dynamite to me.  
Scratched and bruised my body aches  
From day to day to use it's takes  
Lord, only knows the way that sets me free.

Now my days have shortened up  
I'm out of breakes and out of luck  
And things will never be the same old way.  
As I look back and she'd a tear  
Sometimes I can almost hear  
The echo of the judges, they would say.

You're the all around cowboy of nineteen sixty four  
Long days and lucky breaks have me alone  
Workin' hard and ridin' fast and sleepin' in the cold  
Made me all around cowboy of nineteen sixty four.

Yes, I'm the all around cowboy of nineteen sixty four...

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