

Chris Ledoux

"God Must Be Cowboy"

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Campfires, coffee from a tin cup in my hand
Sure warms the fingers when it's cold
Pickin' this ol' guitar, a friend I understand
It sure smooth the wrinkles in my soul

Sleepin' in the moonlight with a blanket for a bed
Leaves such a peaceful feelin' in my mind
Wakin' in the morning with an eagle over head
Makes me long to fly away before my time

And I think God must be a cowboy at heart
He made wide open spaces from the start
He made grass and trees and mountains and a horse
to be a friend
And trails to lead ol' cowboys home again

The night life in big cities is alright for a while
Can sure make you feel good when you're there
But the country's so pretty, it goes on and on for miles
Takes away my troubles and my cares

And I think God must be a cowboy at heart
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And trails to lead ol' cowboys home again
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