

Denver John "Christmas For Cowboys"

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Tall in the saddle, we spend Christmas Day, driving the
cattle over snow
covered-plains.

All of the good gifts given today, ours is the sky and
the wide open range.

Back in the cities they have different ways, football and
eggnog and Christmas
parades.

I'll take my saddle, I'll take the reins, It's Christmas for
cowboys wide-open
plains.

A campfire for warmth as we stop for the night, the
stars overhead are
Christmas tree lights.

The wind sings a hymn as we bow down to pray, It's
Christmas for cowboys,
wide-open plains.

Tall in the saddle we spend Christmas Day, driving the
cattle over
snow-covered plains.

All of the good gifts given today, ours is the sky and
the wide open range.

It's Christmas for cowboys, wide open plains.

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