

## **Roger Creager**

# **"Cowboys And Sailors"**

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There's a long line of freedom, passed down in my name.

Like rum and rye whiskey, it runs through my veins.  
The wayfaring soles of the sage and the sea,  
The cowboys, sailors and me.

Well no jail and no woman can hold me for long.  
They'll wake in the morning and I'll be gone.  
& some things in this world were meant to be free  
Like cowboys, sailors and me.

### Chorus 1

Yeah but I ran off with a circus, chasing my insanity.  
There's ports and harbors and oceans that I've never seen.

Hey but I'm out here doing what I love.  
So tonight when you're down on your knees,  
Would you say a prayer for cowboys and sailors and  
sad guitar players like me.

Now this path that I've chosen, it never seems to end.  
And I know this highway like the back of my hand.  
So I trade my living for all these songs that I sing,  
'Bout cowboys and sailors and me.

### Chorus 2

Yeah but I ran off with a circus, I'm free as a lone  
tumbleweed...  
And there's places and wide open spaces that I've  
never seen.

Hey but I'm out here doing what I love.  
So tonight when you're down on your knees,  
Would you say a prayer for cowboys and sailors and  
sad guitar players like me.

Cause I make my living, singing songs about women  
And cowboys, and sailors and me

Cause I make my living, 'singing songs about...

