

I am Your Cowboy
by Cora Prude

I'm coming home to you, but where is my home and who is it you will be waiting for?

In your heart, am I the cowpuncher of olden days?

Living his life one cattle drive at a time. Owning only what he can wear and what his horse will carry.

Am I the rancher?

Who fenced off the wilds of the American West and branded his cattle before shipping them by rail to the Northeast.

Am I an ancient Mexican?

Sitting on his front porch with a walker rambling stories of breaking colts and fixing wagon wheels to earn a wage.

Am I Augustus McRae?

Enjoying whores and whisky, fighting Indians, kicking pigs and stealing horses from ol' Pedro Flores.

Am I the ol' man in the coffee shop?

Bow legged from years in the saddle and leathered by years in the sun, watching buildings grow and land shrink.

In your heart, am I a child?

Who wears a plastic hat shooting a cap gun and riding my bike through my suburban neighborhood.

Am I a young soldier?

Charging into a terrorist's hideout in some Middle Eastern country, my gun's blazing.

Am I John Wayne?

Am I a simple man?

Who supports himself solely on day working and roundups.

Am I the CEO of a Fort Worth company?

In starched jeans, flashy shirt, shiny black boots, and Concho ridden Stetson.

In your heart, am I a daddy?

Who walks into his daughter's recital dirty, sweaty, and with boots and spurs on.

Am I city boy?

Traveling to his uncle's ranch once or twice a year to break colts.

Am I a man who just don't give a shit?

Who has a free spirit and can do most things hisself.

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Am I the Marlboro man?

Am I a team roper?

Competing for a big purse under the lights of a Las Vegas arena in December.

In your heart, am I not easy to love and even harder to hold?

Am I the President of the United States?

Am I a womanizer?

A sucker for Chanel No. 5 named Hud driving a pink Cadillac.

Am I shepherd?

Who spends the summer in the company of another man and happens to find love there.

Am I Roy Rogers?

Am I a business man?

Tallying price/pound on a piece of torn feedsack.

In your heart, am I the man whose always been your hero?

Am I an American?

A cocky tourist in some refined European country.

Am I a professional football player?

The pride of Dallas. The hero of Superbowls and Monday Night Football.

Am I a steward of the land?

Who takes pride in his work and has a love for the open spaces.

Am I way of life?

Am I a gunslinger?

Who stands against Wyatt Earp in the dirt of the OK Corral.

In your heart, am I someone who doesn't get a story?

Who wakes up every morning, has a cup of coffee and a biscuit. Saddles his mount. Whistles up his dog. Leaves the house before the sun's up. Patches fence. Checks tanks. Changes a flat tire. Fixes a windmill. Shoes a couple horses. Picks up feed. And heads back to the house.

Am I the last of a dying breed?

Alone and trying to survive in a changing world, but proud.

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Am I the butt of a joke?

Told in a lounge over cocktails by those who do not know.

Am I worthless?

A poor boy living in the past with no idea of the future.

Am I a myth?

Like giants, and princes, and happily ever after.

In your heart, am I dead?

Gone to his Maker. Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay. Then, beat the drum
slowly and play the fife lowly.

I am your cowboy and I'm coming home to you. But darling, I ask you where is my home
and who is it you will be waiting for... In your heart,

Am I once-upon-a-time-legend?

Already faded into the sunset.