

## Old Jake

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Now old Jake was a cowboy he'd worked his whole life on the range  
And he could rope, and he could ride with any man just half his age  
Old Jake was my hero and me I was just a green kid  
And I prayed that someday I could do all the things old Jake did  
Well we sat around the bunk house one cold and lonely winter's night  
Just chewin' and talkin' and smokin' by the coal oil light  
Well old Jake had been awful quiet that evenin' and he stared hard and long  
He said young puncher you goin' to remember me after I'm gone  
Whatever happens to old cowboy heros like me  
A broken down part of a man I used to be  
Will I be forgotten or live on in your memory  
Whatever happens to old cowboy heros like me

It's been a long time and oh how the years fade away  
Well I stopped by the bunk house were me and old Jake used to stay  
They say Jake died about ten years ago and they buried him out there on the plains  
Old friend you might be gone but your memory always stays the same  
Whatever happens...