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Front Row Cowboy

On Saturday mornin' I'd ride to the movies
Booted and spurred on my horse made of tin
Tie up my cayuse outside on the pavement
Lay down my sixpence then I'd mosey on in
I'd sit in the front row with the other young cowboys
Waitin' for Roy to appear on the screen
Watin' for Roy and his golden horse Trigger
To carry me off into my favourite dream

Chorus:

Roy Rogers, Roy Rogers oh you were my hero
A man made of steel on a horse made of gold
Together we rode through the days of my childhood
Memories, like heroes, they never grow old

Together we rode over mountains and valleys
And camped out at night 'neath a wide prairie sky
We'd sing cowboy songs as we sat by the camp fire
While out in the darkness a coyote cried
Yipi-ti-yi-yo, baked beans and coffee
Tall tales and true as we sat by the fire
Then up in the mornin' and away we'd go ridin'
Two brave caballeros, two heroes for hire

But now I'm a man and I've hung up my six-gun
No more do I ride on my horse made of tin
Now I ride freeways and subways, and railways
Instead of a six-gun I now wield a pen
But part of my heart will always be ridin'
Through the bright canyons and the wild forest ways
Along with Roy Rogers my faithful companion
Into the sunset of my childhood days

Coda

He was my friend, yes he was my friend
He never let me down
He was honest and faithful right up to the end
I loved Roy Rogers, 'cause he was my friend