

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Bronco Bill's Lament

Par Don McLean

Album : Don McLean - Don McLean

I coulda been most anything I put my mind to be

But a cowboy's life was the only life for me

It's a strong man's occupation, ridin' herd and livin' free

But strong men often fail

Where shrewd men can prevail

I'm an old man now with nothin' left to say

But oh God, how I worked my youth away

Well, you may not recognize my face, I used to be a star

A cowboy hero known both near and far

I perched upon a silver mount and sang with my guitar

But the studio, of course

Owning my saddle and my horse

But that six-gun on the wall belongs to me

Oh God, I can't live a memory

You know I'd like to put my finger on that trigger once again

And point that gun at all the prideful men

All the voyeurs and the lawyers who can pull a fountain pen

And put you where they choose

With the language that they use

And enslave you 'til you work your youth away

Oh God, how I worked my youth away

Whoopie ty-yi-oh

Whoopie ty-yi-ay

One man's work is another man's play

Oh God, how I worked my youth away

You see I always liked the notion of a cowboy fightin' crime

This photograph was taken in my prime

I could beat those desperados but there's no sense fightin' time

But the singin' was a ball

'Cause I'm not musical at all

I moved my lips to someone else's voice

Yes, I coulda been most anything I put my mind to be

But a cowboy's life was the only life for me

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