

Thanksgiving '95

by Jack McCarty

Yes, the cows from their calves have been sorted
and the mares & their colts have been wean'd
as our lungs are 'bout clear'd from the dust
and we're ready for winter again.

There's a chill in the air ever'day.
Turnin' leaves have most fallen to earth.
Quiet, rode to this hilltop alone
to give thanks we survived one more year.

I was born here to make a good cowboy-
Generations have made me a hand.
Sweat-drench'd dreams beaten near out of breath,
We're still here, we're not planning to leave.

Our few cows are improved from the past
and our horses are better all 'round.
Kinda' serviced the note at the bank,
but my brother's not here anymore.

The next year will bring problems anew-
We'll face them with new grace as they come.
Thanks to you, Lord, we've made it this far-
We still live in a place we call home.

Our fam'ly is closer than ever
as together we've work'd to survive
while each member has given their best
all appreciate sacrifice made.

Hearts are knit 'round the hearth of the fire.
Celebrate another year- We've been bless'd.
There is love here that never will fade
as we give and receive of Your grace.

As Ol' Time seems to change all it touches,
there's new strength that we need to go on.
Times and struggles ain't getting' my hat.
I ain't hangin' my spurs on the wall.