

## **I Want to Be a Cowgirl**

I want to be a cowgirl  
With the feather in my felt hat  
And spurs that jingle as I walk

I want to be a worker  
With the evidence in the cracks on my hands, the dirt on my upper lip  
And the burn of the wind on my cheeks

I want to be a gypsy  
Chasing white lines  
And calves I'll only catch half the time

I want to be a renegade  
Riding the wind  
And the worn out suede seat of a seasoned saddle

I want to be a friend  
To the greatest gift known to man  
The one I bridle each day

I want to be a giver  
Of heart and helping hand  
To those who need more and have less

I want to be a learner  
Of failure, fortune, and wisdom  
Of humility and humanity

I want to be a feeler  
Of defeat, victory, and vulnerability  
And everything in between which contributes to the experience of living

I want to be a lover  
Of the Lord, life, and the people in it  
And not of the things I don't have

I want to be a cowgirl  
And all the things that go with her  
From the horse to the heart

