

# COWGIRLS DON'T CRY

With style and grace  
she led the great horse  
stopping now and then  
to gently reassure him  
that this day belonged to them.

She, tall in black riding gear  
He, with shining auburn coat  
Walked the path  
as though they were one

His gaze was steady  
His inner strength evident  
In his outward appearance  
and love shone from his heart

Looking upon them  
one could sense the connection  
As they stood silhouetted  
against the western sky

Gently, she climbed  
onto the saddle  
Softly whispered, my friend  
together this day, we will fly.

The great horse turned his head  
saw a tear gather in her eye  
He whispered back:  
hear me, my friend  
Cowgirls Don't Cry

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