

Storybook

Roger Creager

I'm just a man stuck here in the promise land
Living proud and living free
I'm a dreamer its what I got,
Oh but here goes one last shot
I hope someday they're dreaming about me Sometimes I dream Im a cowboy
around 1949
I cross the border on horseback
with a real close buddy of mine
And I'd know we'd run from trouble
but Im sure its what we'd find
When you're out of the frying pan into the fire,
who cares what you leave behind
I'd probably fall in love down there
and I know I'd go to jail
When you fall in love with a rich man's daughter,
who's gonna go your bail
Man I hate them Mexican jails
Chorus
Yeah But I'm not a outlaw
I'm just a man living here in the promise land
Working hard and living free
Yeah I'm a dreamer that's what I got,
Yeah here goes one last shot
I hope someday they're dreaming about me I'd love to go rafting the water
riding the mighty Mississippi
I'd float around from town to town
cause trouble then I'd give 'em the slip
That river could take me back
to the days of young Huck Finn
Where I'd sleep all day and smoke all night
and play tricks on old Jim
Hey I think I'd like old Jim
yeah But I'm not a runaway
I'm just a man stuck here in the promise land
Living proud and living free
Hey well I'm a dreamer that's what I got,
Oh but friend heres my last shot
So I hope someday they're dreaming about me
Well I hope someday they read about me Sometimes I sit in my backyard,
And I dream of how it would be...

