

Line Camp

By Waddie Mitchell

*You get to lookin' back across the years you've left behind you
on those long nights you must deal with when you winter on the line
and you study on some moments that get stored deep in your psyche
and you analyze the consequence and actions of those times*

*You should have bought that red roan from the guy that had you start him
he was handy and sure-footed but you had to earn his trust
you knew that colt was more horse than that fella was a cowboy
bucked him off so he got chicken fed which wasn't fair or just*

*You recall when you and that young kid found shelter from the hail
'neath that big tree and ya wonder how the years have shaped his life
when Tod's horse fell and broke his hip he went to selling auto parts
guess he found himself a widow and she made herself his wife*

*All the outfits and the cavvys and the crews of buckaroos
return to haunt or please you like it happened yesterday
you remember horses in your string you rode three decades past
and those trips to town when paychecks magically would melt away*

*At times old thoughts will visit you about some guys you worked with
the ropes burned through, the branding traps and country few will see
you philosophize how mankind mean to live their lives their own way
and remember how you felt when your first Blucher's met your feet*

*Your dear mother always wished that you had not heeded the call
and gone to school, built a career and led a normal life
but the bovine's been your calling and the horse has been your passion
and you shunned the life of leisure for the weather and the strife*

*Camps do give opportunity to braid a little rawhide
but your social conversation skills don't git worked out too much
a snowmobiler brings out your mail and groceries and sundries
but ya miss him cuz you're out there checking cows and salts and such*

*You believe that you weren't wrong and you made the right decision
though it wasn't always comfortable and wasn't always fun
these ol' camp jobs aren't that pleasant but they keep you out of town
and ya really should put some away for when the ridin's done*

*It's thoughts like this make nights drag in a cow shack all alone
but you don't second guess the life that's brought you to this point
too late to do things over and you claim you wouldn't want to
but next time you'll bring a radio to liven up the joint*

*It's just the nights that are so long but the days are filled with action
and you are breathing the cleanest air that this earth has to share
and you get to work with horses which work on your heart and mind
and you're sure you've lived the best life, you've just nothing to compare*



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