

Hans Teichman

"American Cowboy"

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Flight lands for London square and he takes the train
for Leeds,
Find a girl who will meet him there and show him what's
to be seen,
In exchange he'll pass her on some sweet American
green,
Now the King of England, in his moment it seems.

He's not your typical American Cowboy,
It's not your typical American Dream,
He's not your typical American Cowboy,
It's not your typical American Dream.

Next takes a year in Rome, old man hopes he learns to
speak,
A man of twenty-four still drifting overseas,
Keeps his head a-way too proud, he flashes American
greed,
These are his days, not yours or mine it seems.

He's not your typical American Cowboy,
It's not your typical American Dream,
He's not your typical American Cowboy,
It's not your typical American Dream.

Flight lands for London square and he takes the train
for Leeds,
But these are his days, not yours or mine, his dream.

He's not your typical American Cowboy,
It's not your typical American Dream,
He's not your typical American Cowboy,
But he's what the world has to see,
But he's what the world has to believe.

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