

Bellamy Brothers

"Reggae Cowboy"

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I was walking down Broadway
New York, New York
Tony Llama boots and a Stetson hat
Proud to be a country boy
Just send a message for me
Pasta man on the road
He said, "You gotta get the rhythm of the islands
And help me carry my load.

Chorus:

You've got to get into reggae, cowboy
Shuffle them boots on the street
Get into reggae cowboy
Feel that reggae beat, hey, hey, hey, hey.

His message hit me like a brick, man
First I laughed then I cried
Somewhere between Jamaica and Nashville
I realized I lived my life
These days I sit in my garden
Saw fir frames on a steel guitar
Beautiful rhythms on the tradewinds
Blowin' in to a Florida farm.

Chorus 2:

They tell me get into reggae, cowboy
Shuffle them boots on the street
Get into reggae cowboy
Feel that reggae beat, hey, hey, hey, hey.

You've got to get into reggae cowboy
Get into reggae cowboy
Get into reggae cowboy
Get into reggae cowboy...

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