

Bobs

"Barber Lips"

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I am a lonesome hombre
I spend my time driving my truck around town on
Saturdays
I moved here from the city
I thought that maybe
All of my luck would change here in Boomtown
But it seems my face is wrong
I don't fit in
'Cause I don't have
Cowboy, cowboy, cowboy lips,
Cowboy, cowboy, cowboy lips ...

Cowboy lips are all right, all right by me
Strap me on a pair of lips and I'll leave you be
High in the saddle, my Chapstick in hand
Through snow and wind and rain and sleet and sand,
Cowboy Land...

When I'm with all my buddies
My snakeskin boots and my belt buckles shine
But they won't talk to me
Even when I know their song I'm in the wrong key
'Cause I don't have
Cowboy, cowboy, cowboy lips,
Cowboy, cowboy, cowboy lips ...

Cowboy lips are all right, all right by me
Jack Palance has got a sneer that's collagen-free
If I had his mustache I'd wax up the tips
To keep it off my cowboy lips, cowboy lips

When I'm out honky-tonkin'
I smoke my Marlboros with the filters off
It makes me cough
I can stomach Lone Star Beer
But not shots of rye
Rye can only get by
Cowboy, cowboy, cowboy lips,
Cowboy, cowboy, cowboy lips ...

Cowboy lips are all right, all right by me
Painted, pierced and puckered are for sissies, you see

(I likes 'em)
Weathered and blistered and kissed by her brand
The kind of lips they wear in Cowboy--
(way up there in Cowboy--)
Lots of facial hair in Cowboy Lannnnnnnd ...
(Here in Cowboy Land!)

[called "Barber Lips" on album "Coaster" 2002 because
it is sung in Barbershop style;
shorter version titled "Cowboy Lips" on "The Bobs"
1982]

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