

## Gene Vincent

### "Cowboys Don't Get Lucky All The Time"

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He met her in a honky tonk  
Singing country songs that he wrote  
She sat at a table  
Listening to his music and drinking coke  
Well, he sat down beside her  
Said, honey, what's your name  
She said I like your music, sir,  
But foolin' 'round is certainly not my game  
When the small talk was over  
The cowboy drank his beer and took her home  
Lust on his mind  
In a bedroom he had her all alone  
And when the night was over  
The cowboy shook his head  
'Cause she slept on the sofa  
And the cowboy slept alone on his bed  
She still sees the cowboy  
On the country shows and sometimes on T.V.  
He phones her up and talks to her long distance  
From wherever he might be  
He'll ask her how she's doin'  
She'll reply by sayin', oh, just fine  
And the moral of this story is  
Cowboys don't get lucky all the time  
And the moral of this story is  
Cowboys don't get lucky all the time

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