

George Strait "How Bout Them Cowgirls"

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I've felt the rush of the Rio Grande
Into Yellowstone, and I've seen first-hand
Niagra Falls, and the lights of Vegas
I've criss-crossed down to Key Biscayne
And Chi-town via Bangor, Maine
I think I've seen it all
And all I can say is

Chorus:
How 'bout them cowgirls
Boys ain't they somthin'
Sure are some proud girls
And you can't tell them nothin'
And I tell you right now girls
May just be seven wonders
Of this big, old round world
But how 'bout them cowgirls

She's ridin' colts in Steamboat Springs
Bailing hay outside Abilene
She's trying hard
To fit in in some city
But her home is 'neath that big, blue sky
And the Northern Plains and those

Other wide open spaces
Now-a-days there ain't as many

Chorus

Boy, she don't need you and she don't need me
She can do just fine on her own two feet
But she wants a man who wants her to be herself
And she'll never change
Don't know how to hide
Her stubborn will or her fightin' side
But you treat her right
And she'll love you like
No one else

Yeah, how 'bout them cowgirls
Boys ain't they somethin'

Sure some are proud girls
But you can't beat their lovin'
And I'll tell you right now girls
May just be seven wonders
Of this big, old round world
But how 'bout them cowgirls
How 'bout them boys

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