

## **Brodie**

### **"This cowboy song"**

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'Seven days, was all she wrote  
A kind of ultimatum note, she gave to me  
She gave to me  
When I thought the field had cleared  
It seems another suit appeared to challenge me  
Woe is me  
Though I hate to make a choice  
My options are decreasing mostly rapidly  
Well, we'll see  
I don't think she'd bluff this time  
I really have to make her mine  
It's plain to see, it's him or me  
Monday, I could wait till Tuesday  
If I make up my mind  
Wedn'sday would be fine  
Thursday's on my mind  
Friday'd give me time  
Saturday could wait  
But Sunday'd be too late

The fact he's over six feet ten  
Might instil fear in other men  
But not in me  
The mighty flea  
Ask if I am mouse or man  
The mirror squeaked, away I ran  
He'll murder me in time for his tea  
Does it bother me at all?  
My rival is Neanderthal

It makes me think  
Perhaps I need a drink  
I.Q. is no problem here  
We won't be playing Scrabble for  
Her hand, I fear  
I need that beer

Monday, I could wait till Tuesday  
If I make up my mind  
Wedn'sday would be fine  
Thursday's on my mind

Friday'd give me time  
Saturday could wait  
But Sunday'd be too late

Seven days will quickly go  
The fact remains, I love her so  
Seven days  
So many ways  
But I can't run away  
I can't run away

Monday, I could wait till Tuesday  
If I make up my mind  
Wedn'sday would be fine  
Thursday's on my mind  
Friday'd give me time  
Saturday could wait  
But Sunday'd be too late  
Do I have to tell a story  
Of a thousand rainy days  
Since we first met?  
It's a big enough umbrella  
But it's always me that ends up  
Getting wet. Yeah, Yeah.

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