

John Wesley Harding "Spaced Cowgirl"

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Well you can dance on tv with your diamonds on
Sing in tune for a world that is going for a song
Get the steps all right but the words go wrong

And you can wake up in the morning with sweaty hands
Turn the radio on to the right waveband
Think about today and the one that you planned

Under the desperate gaze of the whole wide world
You turned into a spaced cowgirl
Spaced cowgirl
Lock up the medicine chest
This wild wild woman is way out west
Spaced cowgirl
Lock up the reins and the spurs
None of you cowboys are true to her

Well, you can be a good lover, hammer nails into
hearts
And you can be a big loser when the real horror starts
You can blow hot and cold on the sacred graph

You had a good evening but you don't know where
All you recall is a fall guy with an up for sale stare
Fell down by the bed and not to say your prayers

Under the watchful eye....

Sometimes I listen to you, it's the whiskey talking
Sometimes I watch you move and it's the whiskey
walking
Sometimes I sit and think of the things that might have
been

Well, your eyes never open, when you sleep they don't
close
And it rained so hard and your a delicate rose
Then it got so cold that your feelings froze

No, I still don't believe in all your second sight
The automatic pilot flies your eyes tonight
Smile at the bird, we'll get you home alright

(alright)

Under the watchful eye...

Spaced cowgirl

Lock up the medicine chest

There's no frontier left way out west

Spaced cowgirl

Wasn't she the first to say

I can't remember my lines today....

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