

**Lyle Lovett****"Ballad Of The Snow Leopard & The Tanqueray&hellip"**

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Comfort me said she  
With your conversation  
With the cocktails  
And the candlelight  
In your eyes  
Its funny how we hunger  
For some inspiration  
And everything else  
That money just wont buy

Men have lied  
Many good girls have gone astray  
Just to hear the gypsy play  
One more liltng cowboy tune  
And as the rivers run dry  
And the mountains blow away  
They sing of lovers and how they lay  
Beneath this crazy frontier moon

I aint no golden boy  
I aint no grecian dancer  
And I aint no loudmouthed cowboy  
From the west  
Im not the kind of man  
With all the answers  
But I surely know the songs  
That suit me best

But lately Ive had something on my mind  
Its growing stronger all the time  
Calling out when Im alone  
But Im a poet  
And Im bound to walk the line  
Between the real and the sublime  
And give the muses back their own

Its a penny for your thoughts  
Its a dollar for you kisses  
Keep a running tab on the time  
Cause what Ive got the most of  
Is what she misses

The clock is hers  
The hourglass is mine

But Im her lover  
Not a man bent on revenge  
Hanging out here on the fringe  
Of my native borderlands  
Counting the days  
The sun shone golden across her head  
Lying on the banks of the bayous edge  
Kicking up some southeast texas sand

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