

Lyle Lovett**"Ballad of the Snow Leopard and the Tanqueray Cowbo"**

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(D. Rodriguez)

Comfort me, said she,
With your conversation,
With the cocktails
And the candlelight
In your eyes;
It's funny how we hunger
For some inspiration,
And everything else
that money just won't buy.

Men have lied,
Many good girls have gone astray,
Just to hear the gypsy play
one more lilting 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 ain't no golden boy,
I ain't no Grecian dancer,
And I ain't no loudmouthed cowboy
from the West,
I'm not the kind of man
with all the answers,
But I surely know the songs
that suit me best.

But lately I've had something on my mind,
It's growing stronger all the time,
Calling out when I'm alone,
But I'm a poet
And I'm bound to walk the line,
Between the real and the sublime,
And give the muses back their own.

It's a penny for your thoughts,
It's a dollar for your kisses,
Keep a running tab on the time,

'Cause what I've got the most of
Is what she misses,
The clock is hers,
The hourglass is mine.

But I'm 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 bayou's edge,
Kicking up some Southeast Texas sand.

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