

Lyle Lovett

"Ballad Of The Snow Leopard & The Tanqueray..."

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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 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 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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