

Conway Twitty "Don't Call Him a Cowboy"

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So you came from New York city
And you want to see the sights
You've heard all about those cowboys
And those crazy Texas nights

I see you've got your eye on something
Leaning on the bar
But the toughest ride he's ever had
Was in his foreign car

Chorus:
So don't call him a cowboy
Until you've seen him ride
'Cause a Stetson hat and those fancy boots
Don't tell ya what's inside no
And if he ain't good in the saddle
Lord, you won't be satisfied
So don't call him a cowboy
Until you've seen him ride

He's the Hollywood idea
Of the wild andd wooly west
In his french designer blue jeans
And his custom tailored vest
You think he's the real thing
But I think you oughta know
He can't even make it through
A one night rodeo. No.

Chorus:
So don't call him a cowboy
Until you've seen him ride
'Cause a Stetson hat and those fancy boots
Don't tell ya what's inside. no.
And if he ain't good in the saddle
Lord, you won't be satisfied
So don't call him a cowboy
Until you've seen him ride

Don't call him a cowboy
Until you've seen him ride
'Cause a Stetson hat and those fancy boots

Don't tell ya what's inside. no.
And if he ain't good in the saddle
Lord, you won't be satisfied
So don't call him a cowboy
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Don't call him a cowboy
Until you've seen him ride...

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