

Murder City Devils "Bunkhouse"

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A cowboy is to the prairie
As a sailor is to the sea
A cowboy is to the prairie
As a trucker is to the highway
If you don't think that cowboys cry
Well then you never heard a cowboys song
If you don't think that cowboys cry
Your Daddys not from Montana
Youve never spent the night
Under the big sky
You never been
Left behind for a saddle, and a bottle of rye
If you don't think that cowboys cry
Well then you never heard a cowboys song
If you don't think that cowboys cry
If you don't think that cowboys cry
Well then you never heard a cowboys song
If you don't think that cowboys cry
(aaahhh-ooooooooo)
(aaahhh-ooooooooo)
If you don't think that cowboys cry
You never been left
For a campfire, and a can of beans
You never been left, for that big sky
For that big sky
For a saddle and a bottle of rye
And a bottle of rye
A cowboy is to the prairie
As a sailor is to the sea
A cowboy is to the prairie
As a trucker is to the highway

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