

The Red Elvises

"Sad Cowboy Song"

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I bet you heard lots of tales
About love, about glory.
That's all bullshit.
Here goes my story.

I was born in Chernobyl,
Grew up on a farm,
Though my father was dead.
I was son of a gun.

Whoa-oo-oo, the Sad Cowboy Song.
Whoa-oo-oo, the Sad Cowboy Song.

My sweetheart, Mary-Lou,
She was a folk singer.
I gave her the ring.
She gave me the finger.

She treated me bad--she tickled my tummy.
She done me wrong!
But at least she done me.

Whoa-oo-oo, the Sad Cowboy Song.
Whoa-oo-oo, the Sad Cowboy Song.

(Guitar and drum solos)

My horse went to heaven,
He had too much grass.
I ain't got no pants
To cover my ass.

My guitar ain't got strings.
My gun doesn't shoot.
Ooooh, this life stinks,
And so do my boots.

Whoa-oo-oo, the Sad Cowboy Song.
Whoa-oo-oo, the Sad Cowboy Song.

(Guitar solo)

/ 1

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