

Michael Martin Murphey

"Cosmic Cowboy"

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Burial grounds and merry-go-rounds
are all the same to me
Horses on posts and kids and ghosts
are spirits we ought to set free.
City slicker pickers got a lot of
slicker licks than me
But ridin' the range and lookin' strange
is where I want to be

I just wanna be a Cosmic Cowboy
I just wanna ride and rope and hoot
I just wanna be a Cosmic Cowboy
A supernatural country rockin' galoot

Lone Star sippin' and skinny dippin'
and steel guitars and stars
Are just as good as Hollywood
and them bullshit disco bars
I'm gonna buy me a vest and head out west
my lady and myself
When we come to town they're gonna rather 'round
and just marvel at our health

Now big raccoons and harvest moons
keep rollin' through my mind
And home on the range where antelope play
is pretty damned hard to find
Don't buy me on the lone prairie
I'd rather play there alive
I'm headed out west and I'm doin' my best to
keep my pony in over-drive

I just wanna be a Cosmic Cowboy
I just wanna ride and rope and hoot
I just wanna be a Cosmic Cowboy
A supernatural country rockin' galoot
And up is not the way I'm gonna shoot

