

# Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

## "Cowboy Boots"

Visit "[Cowboy Boots](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[Intro]

And we drink and get older  
As some of us even try to get sober  
Now here's to the assholes and the last calls  
We're city kids, you get what you ask for

[Bridge]

And acquaintances turn to friends, I hope those friends  
they remember me  
Hold the night for ransom as we kidnap the memories  
Not sure there is a way to express what you meant to  
me  
Sit around the table and use those years as the  
centerpiece

[Hook x2]

Sounds of the city on Capitol Hill  
Where I questioned if what I'm seeing here is real  
Cowboy boots doing lines at the bar  
Where the time goes slow when you're drinking PBR

[Verse 1]

Hold on to what you were, forget what you're not  
The streets were ours that summer, at least those two  
blocks  
Reminisce on those days, I guess that's OK, you  
wonder why  
Some grow up, move on, close the chapter, live  
separate lives  
The twenty-something confusion before the suit and tie  
Strangers become mistakes but those mistakes made  
you feel alive  
Hindsight is vibrant, reality: barely lit  
Memories a collage pasted with glue that barely sticks  
Good Lord, they broke all my shields  
Locked bathroom doors, graffiti, and high heels  
Until you've felt the altitude you don't know how high  
feels  
Party mountain, some don't ever come down from  
around here  
To be young again, I guess it's relative  
The camera lights, the whiskey rise, sink into the skin  
I fantasize about a second win  
Grow a mustache, pick up another bad habit and let the  
games begin

[Hook x2]

Sounds of the city on Capitol Hill

Where I questioned if what I'm seeing here is real

Cowboy boots doing lines at the bar

Where the time goes slow when you're drinking PBR

[Verse 2]

So here's to the nights, dancing with the band

Strangers into girlfriends for a one night stand

Brought a little liquor and turn up the Johnny Cash

You can bring a receipt to Heaven but you cannot take  
it back

And this is life, this is real, even when it feels like it isn't

I'd be a goddamn liar to say at times I didn't miss it

So dueces, I turn my back as I walk into the distance

Dip my feet in every once in a while, just to say I visit

And we hold onto these nights

Try to find our way home by the street light

Over time we figure out this is me, right

You learn a lot about your friends right around two A.M

[Bridge]

And acquaintances turn to friends, I hope those friends  
they remember me

Hold the night for ransom as we kidnap the memories

Not sure there is a way to express what you meant to  
me

Sit around the table and use those years as the  
centerpiece

[Hook]

Sounds of the city on Capitol Hill

Where I questioned if what I'm seeing here is real

Cowboy boots doing lines at the bar

Where the time goes slow when you're drinking PBR

Visit [Macklemore & Ryan Lewis](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.