

## Pain

# "Seven-Inch Cowboy"

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Iâ€™m a seven-inch cowboy  
With a tiny pair of six guns.  
Fiveâ€™ll get you ten,  
I betcha never seen one.  
Well Iâ€™m a seven inch cowboy  
How do you be?  
And Iâ€™m used to people gawking and a-staring at me  
But I wasnâ€™t always so gol-darned wee  
Let me tell you my story,  
You can listen for free.

For seven long years,  
Now thatâ€™s a year for every inch I stand  
Iâ€™ve traveled small and lonely down the byways of this  
giant land  
Like a country western Lilliputian too afraid to stop  
Iâ€™m at the bottom of the food chain whereas I once  
was at the top.  
I wandered on foot, my horse had done abandoned me  
And every town I come toâ€™s like a terrible dream  
The other cowboys mocked me and spit tobacco like  
meteors  
Watching me dodge â€™em and laughing at my small  
squeaky scream  
I went to a saloon to get a drink  
They wouldnâ€™t serve me  
They stuffed me in a glass and slid me up and down  
the bar  
And all the barroom women gathered round and had  
their way with me  
They sang a song both cold and mean  
â€™Cause thatâ€™s how women are,  
They sang,

â€™A man can pan for gold and strike it rich and be a  
millionaire  
Or ride the rodeo and be the best one at it anywhere.  
Drive a brand new car, be a movie star  
Size is all that counts, and there you are.â€™

And Iâ€™m a seven-inch cowboy  
With a tiny pair of six guns

FiveÂ'll get you ten  
I bet you never seen one

(Yodeling)

Now as you can imagine, IÂ'd grown pretty bitter  
(Although thatÂ's the only way in which I had grown)  
And in that seventh year I finally found my  
transgressor,  
The man who had shrunk me, the worst fiend IÂ'd ever  
known.  
The mad Professor Mentley was his name and I drew  
near  
I hopped upon his shoulder and I grabbed him by the  
ear  
I held my little pistols up and I told Â'im, Â"Look a-here!  
You made me this way, itÂ's time you pay, you gol-  
darned queer!Â"  
And the professor said, Â"Wait! Wait!  
Now you know me, and I know you  
And you know that strange experiments are just what I  
do  
ItÂ's less like a pastime and more like a job  
Why if I didnÂ't do it, IÂ'd be an unemployed slob  
Now I know that wonÂ't suffice if IÂ'm to set you at  
ease  
But IÂ'm thinking as fast as I can for a man whoÂ's  
down on his knees  
And just this passing moment I had a thought, hereÂ's  
what I thunk, I thought,  
Â'Where would you be today if you hadnÂ'tÂ've  
shrunk?Â'  
Just another nameless cowboy, a mediocre bumpkin  
Riding in the sun, skin burnt the color of a pumpkin  
Reviled by the ladies, ridiculed by other men,  
Nothing to set you apart nor would there ever have  
been  
Then I came along, yes ME, Professor Mentley!  
I gave you a gift! (though you werenÂ't grateful  
evidently)  
I plucked you from your average status, I made you  
unique  
YouÂ're a seven-inch cowboy, not a six foot freak.  
From every corner of the globe folks will come to adore  
you  
Nations will bow and throw their riches before you  
YouÂ'll be diminutive in stature, but a titan inside  
Because I, your true friend, chose to stand by your  
side.Â"

Now I cogitated on the words Professor Mentley shared

And I wondered if perhaps he only said 'em 'cause  
he was scared  
My guns were weighin' heavy in my hands, my heart  
was low  
When suddenly some old advice came to me soft and  
slow:

Well my pop told me it don't matter where a fella  
goes  
You can sail through icy straights and misty  
archipelagoes.  
Travel to the moon, orbit every star  
Size don't really count and there you are.

And I'm a seven-inch cowboy (seven inches tall)  
With a tiny pair of six guns (That's mighty damn  
small)  
Five'll get you ten (For all you bettin' men)  
You'll never see another one (yeah!)  
I guess Professor Mentley had a point although I shot  
him anyway  
There's never been a gentleman like me and that is  
safe to say  
Well, I've thought real long and hard, so hard my  
brain is numb  
Now I say Hollywood (Hollywood!), Hollywood  
(Hollywood!)  
Hollywood here I come!

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