

## Pain

# "The Song Of The Seven Inch Cowboy"

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I'm a seven-inch cowboy  
With a tiny pair of six guns.  
Five'll get you ten,  
I betcha never seen one.  
Well I'm a seven inch cowboy  
How do you be?  
And I'm used to people gawking and a-staring at me  
But I wasn't always so gol-darned wee  
Let me tell you my story,  
You can listen for free.  
For seven long years,  
Now that's a year for every inch I stand  
I've traveled small and lonely down the byways of this  
giant land  
Like a country western Lilliputian too afraid to stop  
I'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 to's like a terrible dream  
The other cowboys mocked me and spit tobacco like  
meteors  
Watching me dodge 'em and laughing at my small  
squeaky scream  
I went to a saloon to get a drink  
They wouldn'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  
'Cause that's how women are,  
They sang,  
"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."  
And I'm a seven-inch cowboy  
With a tiny pair of six guns  
Five'll get you ten  
I bet you never seen one  
(Yodeling)

Now as you can imagine, I'd grown pretty bitter  
(Although that'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 I'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 'im,  
"Look a-here!  
You made me this way, it's time you pay, you gol-  
darned queer!  
And the professor said, "Wait! Wait!  
Now you know me, and I know you  
And you know that strange experiments are just what I  
do  
It's less like a pastime and more like a job  
Why if I didn't do it, I'd be an unemployed slob  
Now I know that won't suffice if I'm to set you at ease  
But I'm thinking as fast as I can for a man who's down  
on his knees  
And just this passing moment I had a thought, here's  
what I thunk, I thought,  
'Where would you be today if you hadn't've shrunk?'  
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 weren't grateful  
evidently)  
I plucked you from your average status, I made you  
unique  
You'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  
You'll be diminutive in stature, but a titan inside  
Because I, your true friend, chose to stand by your  
side.  
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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