

Adam Carroll

"Karaoke Cowboy"

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Weeknights at the Ramada there's not too much to see
Except Tuesday night's karaoke night, you get the Wild
Turkey free
And a Stetson hat and some snake skin boots, a bollo
tie and jeans
There's the karaoke cowboy, his name is Bob, at the
bar in Grand Saline
In the bottom of his tip jar is a quarter and dime
For all the scratched up Haggard songs where the
drunks got outta line
But the nights he's on he can sing George Jones in a
Wild Turkey dream
That's the karaoke cowboy at the bar in Grand Saline
Steel Solo
He said he hit it big in Branson doing Elvis everyday
Till a trailer park tornado took all of that away
He's got a whiskey throat and a broken heart from his
dried up Nashville scene

Now he karaokes every Tuesday night at the bar in
Grand Saline
Luanna was a rose queen her high school pictures on
the wall
We wonder how she's a bar maid now with her name on
the bathroom stall
But we've seen her smile at the cowboys style cause he
treats her like a queen
She falls in love every Tuesday night at the bar in
Grand Saline
There's a blue tick howling at the first full moon In the
backside of the bar
Wild Turkey on the house every Tuesday night Makes
everybody a star
So we sing all night till we feel alright or till the bar
maids get obscene
Then we say goodnight to Cowboy Bob at the bar in
Grand Saline

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