

The Murder City Devils

"Bunkhouse"

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A cowboy is to the prairie
As a sailor is to the sea
A cowboy is to the parry
As a trucker is to the highway
If you don't think that cowboy's cry
Then you've never heard a cowboy's song
If you don't think, that cowboy's cry
Your daddy's not from Montana
You never spent a night under the big sky
You've never been left behind
For a saddle and a bottle of rye
If you don't think that cowgirl's cry
You've never been left for a campfire
And a can of beans
You've never been left for that big sky
For that big sky
For a saddle and a bottle of rye
A bottle of rye

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