

Sarah Buxton

"Cowboys"

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Another Friday night,
this place is pathetic.
These pretty boys are more made up than me.
They got color in their hair.
Nobodies drinkin' beer,
'cause they're too concerned about 100 calories.

[CHOURS]

Where are the cowboys?
The yippie yow boys?
Tell me girls, I wanna know.
Don't want no soft hands,
I want a real man to take me to the rodeo.
Where'd all the cowboys go?

My life is gettin' full of metrosexuals.
Prissy & Primping, over accessorized.
Those fussy clothers they wear,
I can't get them outta here.
I wanna be the princess.
Ladies can I get a witness?

[CHOURS]

Where are the cowboys?
The yippie yow boys?
Tell me girls, I wanna know.
Don't want no soft hands,
I want a real man to take me to the rodeo.

Where'd all the cowboys go?

Muscle up- Muddy truck- Testosterone.
Tanned to the touch in hottess.
Grungy to the bone.

[CHOURS until end]

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