

## John Elton

# "Captain Fantastic And The Brown Dirt Cowboy - Elt"

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Captain Fantastic raised and regimented  
Hardly a hero  
Just someone his mother might know  
Very clearly a case for corn flakes and classics  
Two teas both with sugar please  
In the back of an alley  
While little Dirt Cowboys turned brown in their saddles  
Sweet chocolate biscuits  
And red rosy apples in summer  
For it's hay make  
And Hey mom, do the papers say anything good.  
Are there chances in life for little Dirt Cowboys  
Should I make my way out of my home in the woods

Brown Dirt Cowboy  
Still green and growing  
City slick Captain  
Fantastic the feedback  
The honey the hive could be holding  
For there's weak winged young sparrows  
That starve in the winter  
Broken young children  
On the wheels of the winners  
And the sixty-eight summer festival wallflowers  
Are thinning

For cheap easy meals  
And hardly a home on the range  
Too hot for the band  
With a desperate desire for change  
We've thrown in the towel too many times  
Out for the count and when we're down  
Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy  
From the end of the world to your town

And all this talk of Jesus  
Coming back to see us  
Couldn't fool us  
For we were spinning out our lines  
Walking on the wire  
Hand in hand went music and the rhyme  
The Captain and the Kid  
Stepping in the ring  
From here on sonny sonny sonny

It's a long and lonely climb

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