

# Flying Cowboys

[Rickie Lee Jones](#)

Down there by the river is a man  
Whose horn is twisted into shapes  
Unknown to the wicked and the wise And he bears the look of an animal  
Who's seen things no animal  
Should ever see He has been driven beyond all towns  
And all systems  
Until now though it is long past too far  
He keeps going Because it's a desert  
Because it's a desert We come to the river  
We'll walk away from all this now  
We come to the water  
We'll walk away from all this now She first saw him he was standing in the doorway  
Illuminated from behind by a light  
Though imaginary posses  
Chased them to these distant adobes Standing on the cliffs today  
I thought I saw you below  
Walking by the river  
My shadow growing smaller It's a desert because  
Because it's a desert  
They'll be asking us about it forever  
I guess We come to the river  
We'll walk away from all this now  
Come to the water  
We'll walk away from all this now Long coats on the prairie  
Lying in the dust  
Who can I turn to?  
Who can I trust? Were you walking on the water?  
Playing in the sun?  
But the world is turning faster  
Than it did when I was young When I was young  
Oh, when I was young I was a wild, wild one  
When I was young

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