

# Shootin' the Bull (In an Old Cowtown)

Sammy Kershaw

Me and Junior, Sunny and Steve  
Hangin' at the fillin' station  
And drinkin' cokes out by the grease rack  
A week before graduation Tellin' lies 'bout the girls we knew  
Perpetuatin' backseat legends  
Four years worth of near misses  
Too numerous for me to mention Shootin' the bull in an old cow town  
Watching grass grow as the sun goes down  
Cruisin' Fridays nights at the Dairy Queen  
Driving 'round and 'round  
Shootin' the bull in an old cow town I got tired of sittin' around  
Chewin' on the same old stories  
And I decided the girl next door  
Wasn't enough to hold me I left town on the 4th of July  
And caught a glimpse in my rear view mirror  
Of Junior, Steve, and Sunny at the gas station  
Lookin' like a permanent fixture Shootin' the bull in an old cow town  
Watching grass grow as the sun goes down  
Better be careful were you take a step  
Keep one eye on the ground  
Shootin' the bull in an old cow town Well, I took a long gander at the high rise world  
And life on the big city streets  
It's folks talkin' on the corner and gabbin' on the steps  
When I think about it all, well I'd much rather be Shootin' the bull in an old cow town  
Watching grass grow as the sun goes down  
While life goes by at a much slower pace  
Than the speed of sound  
Shootin' the bull in an old cow town  
Shootin' the bull in an old cow town

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