

Black Cowboys On the Beach

David Yazbek

Black cowboys on the beach
with soda cans and suntan oil
reflect the gaze of admiration
while their shades
turn back the infrared.

Mercedes driven by those young
and fluffy-headed blondes
you see on A.M. shows
go under bridges on rainy roads.

Bald men with big cigars
and heads like Eisenhower dollars
smile through their constipation
holding hands
with mighty Amazons.

On screens and magazines
in restaurants where
the pillow people go
to kill some time
behind the stays of cotton collars.

White leather maniacs
with Ambesol on busy gums
chew through the tangle
of frustration
waiting on the lines
in copy shops.

Blue circles, sooty lashes
blink against fluorescent lights.
They deal with the stress
They're clicking out an S.O.S.

Your head can hold a lot of brains.
Your purse can hold a lot of cards.
You may need someone to explain
Your chest can hold a lot of heart.
Images can lie. Taste the sound.

Your stomach feels
the impact on your eye.

Singer's mouth is out of sync
and sequins when he cries
"Never leave me baby please"

Black cowboys on the beach
with laser burns and motorcycles
carry on a conversation
waiting for the cameras to arrive.

Blue-hairs in red casinos
snap their teeth and pocketbooks
For now they're holding tight
They're on the bus
They're finished for the night.

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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