Cowboy Boots

Eddie Spaghetti

And we drink and get older
And some of us even try to get sober
And here's to the assholes and the last calls
Well, city kids, you get what you ask for
And acquaintances turn to friends, I hope those friends they'll remember me
Hold the night for ransom as we kidnap the memories
I'm sure there's a way to express what you meant to me
Sit around the table use those years as the centerpiece
Sounds of the city on Capitol Hill
Where I question if what I'm seeing here is real
Cowboy boots, doing lines at the bar
Where the time goes slow when you're drinking PBR
Hold on to what you were, forget what you're not
The streets were ours that summer - at least those two blocks
Reminisce on those days, I guess that's ok, you wonder why
Some grow up, move on, close the chapter, live separate lives
The twenty-something confusion before the suit and tie
Strangers become mistakes but those mistakes made you feel alive
Hindsight is vibrant, reality - rarely lit
Memories a collage pasted with glue that barely sticks
Good Lord, they broke all my shields
Locks, bathroom doors, graffiti and high heels
Until you felt the altitude, you don't know how high feels
Party Mountain, some don't ever come down from around here
Ey, to be young again, I guess it's relative
Camera lights, the whiskey rise, sink into the skin

I fantasize about a second wind
Grow my 'stache, pick up another bad habit and let the games begin
Sounds of the city on Capitol Hill
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Cowboy boots, doing lines at the bar
Where the time goes slow when you're drinking PBR
So here's to nights dancing with the band
Strangers into girlfriends from a one-night-stand
Brought a little liquor and turn up the Johnny Cash
You can bring every seat to heaven but you cannot take it back
And this is life, this is real, even when it feels like it isn't
I'd be a goddamn liar to say at times I didn't miss it

Seduce us, I turn my back as I walk into the distance
Dip my feet in every once in a while just to say I visit
Let me hold on to these nights
Trying to find our way home by the street light
Over time we figure out this is me, right
Learn a lot about your friends at around 2 a.m
And acquaintances turn to friends, I hope those friends they'll remember me
Hold the night for ransom as we kidnap the memories
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