

How 'Bout Them Cowgirls

[George Strait](#)

I felt the rush of the Rio Grande into Yellowstone
And Ive seen first-hand Niagra Falls
And the lights of VegasIve criss-crossed down to Key Biscayne
And Chi-town via Bangor Maine, think Ive seen it all
And all I can say isHow bout them cowgirls, boys, aint they somethin?
Sure are some proud girls and you cant tell them nothin
And I tell you right now girls, may just be seven wonders of this
Big, old, round world, but how bout them cowgirlsShes ridin colts in Steamboat Springs
Bailing hay outside Abilene, shes trying hard
To fit in in some cityBut her home is neath that big, blue sky
And the Northern Plains and those other wide open spaces
Now a days there aint as manyBut how bout them cowgirls, boys, aint they somethin?
Sure are some proud girls and you cant tell them nothin
And I tell you right now girls, may just be seven wonders of this
Big, old, round world, but how bout them cowgirlsBoy, she dont need you and she dont need me
She can do just fine on her own two feet
But she wants a man who wants her to be herselfAnd shell never change, dont know how to hide
Her stubborn will or her fightin side
But you treat her right and shell love you like no one elseYeah, how bout them cowgirls, boys, aint they
somethin?
Sure are some proud girls but you can't beat the lovin'
And I tell you right now girls, may just be seven wonders of this
Big, old, round world, but how bout them cowgirlsHow bout 'em boys?

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