

# She Knew I Was a Cowboy

[Kix Brooks](#)

I was leaning on the bar, with a glass half empty. Washing down the dust, when she brushed up against me. She was soft, she was pretty, everything that I'm not. She said "You look lonesome." I said "Yeah, I get that a lot."

And she knew I was a cowboy, I was born headed west.

She knew I was a cowboy when we met.

I had mud on my boots, my hat stained with sweat.

lines on my face, and miles of regret.

My silver belt buckle still caught her eye, the only thing I got that still got a shine.

Yeah she knew I was a cowboy, a long shot at best.

But she knew I was a cowboy when we met.

Had her mind made up, both hands on the wheel, her bags in the back of that old Oldsmobile.

Left her tears on the pocket of my pearl buttoned shirt, I whispered I loved her, but I don't think she heard.

But she knew I was a cowboy, not what she needed I guess. But she knew I was a cowboy when we met.

Yeah she knew I was a cowboy, when she left

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