

I want a pair of cowboy boots

[Jens Lekman](#)

You know the thing when you have the same dream
Seven hundred thirty night sin and law
And when you think your dream is tryin' to tell you something
And you say time you something I don't already know Just pour me a drink so I can refuse
To raise my glass to these sad and worn out midnight shoes
In my next dream I want a pair of cowboy boots
The kind that walks the straight out stand out most loose
Anywhere but back to you Here we are down the same old streets
Here we are when nothing to say
Your little hand turned out make it into hers
But she puts it in the pocket and looks away I keep my eys on the sidewalk
Something flippable like I die
I wanna know how you forgive someone
Someone you forgive and so many times

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