

# Don't Call Him a Cowboy

Conway Twitty

So you came from New York city  
And you want to see the sights  
You've heard all about those cowboys  
And their crazy Texas nights I see you've got your eye on something  
Leaning on the bar  
But the toughest ride he's ever had  
Was in his foreign car So don't call him a cowboy  
Until you've seen him ride  
'Cause a Stetson hat and them fancy boots  
Don't tell you what's inside, no And if he ain't good in the saddle  
Lord, you won't be satisfied  
So don't call him a cowboy  
Until you've seen him ride He was a Hollywood idea  
Of the wild and wooly west  
In his French designer blue jeans  
And his custom tailored vest You're thinkin' he's the real thing  
But I think you oughta know  
He can't even make it through  
A one night rodeo, no So don't call him a cowboy  
Until you've seen him ride  
'Cause a Stetson hat and them fancy boots  
Don't tell you what's inside, no And if he ain't good in the saddle  
Lord, you won't be satisfied  
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