

Egyptian Cowboy

Electric Six

Strange raves on a Detroit bridge
I was reaching for the rhythm but it's out of reach
 She was talking to the Buick
 She was cutting the tequila with bleach
 And she said to me
 There's no such thing as an Egyptian cowboy
 Your pretty haircut can't help you now, boy
There's nothing we can do for you unless you're willing to kill
 Hey, come on and kill.
I think this city could have used a woman's touch
 As I'm wading through the toxic waste and such
 Cuz everybody here said I won't amount to much
 Everybody here said I won't amount to much
When I go from point A to point B I want thrills and
 Chills and blood to spill
But there's never any people on the people mover -
 Public transit equivalent of Herbert Hoover
You're never gonna get anywhere because you're standing still
 Standing still!
 These songs don't write themselves
 I've got a music workshop run by elves
 Making dozens of records by the twelves
 Stocking our product on Ikea shelves

 Let me state
 My state of mind, mind, mind
 Is just fine.
 Baby, that's the sound of the years going by
 You can find me on the same bar stool just waiting to die.
 Three cheers to me, here's mud in your eye.
 I said, "Cheers to me, here's mud in your eye"
She came to close out my tab, so I was troubled and she took a stab
 And she said to me
 There's no such thing as an electric tuba
 The Detroit River's not a good place to scuba
The only reason you're here today is cuz we need you to kill
 Yeah, kill!
 My songs are tasty pies,
 Fresh oven-baked and filled with lies

Gobbled up by the dozen by Neanderthal guys
Inhaling the aroma of Canadian lies
Oh my, why you got quite a lot of problems, don't you?
Shake that tambourine!
Shake that shaker machine!
Shake it, low.
Shake it, high.
Shake it.
Shake it.

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