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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