

Cowboy Killer

Aesthetics Versus Architecture

You think you're safe mother fuckers?
You haven't turned out the lights
You haven't taken a drink
And we have yet to start our night
He said he'd lay them to rest
By the hands of a shotgun
The more he spoke of this I was sure he was the Devil's son
I am the life of the party given all the dead men here that surround me!
Fuck!
I am the life of the party given all the dead men here that surround me!
Ya'll gonna know who I am
A trigger happy son of a bitch
God fucking damn, I'm just a mother fucking son of a bitch
You're a pussy, and I heard you got a death wish
So pack your bags and saddle up let's ride around town
And see who is the first one under ground
Shots! Shots! Shots!
Shot him in the head
Shots! Shots! Shots!
Now he's fucking dead
Shots! Shots! Shots!
And I just don't feel bad
Shots! Shots! Shots!
For the bastard's Mom and Dad
Fuck
I am the Cowboy Killer
I killed an innocent boy
There are many imposters
But I am the real McCoy
I am the Cowboy Killer
I killed an innocent boy
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