

Concrete Cowboys

Jennings, Shooter

Concrete Cowboys eat grinded grits
They don't always wear hats
or sling guns on their hips
They know a song by the taste on her lips
And he's as lonesome on any given day
as the sound of that far away train
that he prays someday will take him away
Lucky Lucinda was a big city girl
Hungerin' for Country in a Rock-n-Roll world
Dice shooting Darren was a sucker for Mearle

She saw the hollow look in his eyes
She longed to slide his boots under her bed tonight
You'll never make him at home
for he's a ramblin stone
Little girl, he can get darker than you've ever known
And he always rides alone
You're best to leave him alone
for he's a ramblin stone
Little girl, things can get darker than you've ever known
And he always rides alone

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