

# Concrete Cowboys

## Shooter Jennings

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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