

Mad Cowboy Disease

[John Michael Montgomery](#)

Oh yeah, here we go man
This little lady down in Texas, tight tank top and a tan
Rockin' three religion bridges, drinkin' beer in a can
She was too hot to two-step, I was too dumb just to leave her alone
But I made up my mind and I felt a fever comin' on
Kinda gettin' hotter
Yeah, my knuckles turned white, my neck turned red
My one good eye rode straight back in my head
Makes a Texas tornado seem like a cool breeze
I can feel it comin' over me mad cowboy disease, oh yeah
Well, I was one line away from scoring a win
But I was two shots shy of three sheets to the wind
Must've drank a hundred dollars
Sittin' there just tryin' to work up the nerve
Well one more here for my jitters then I'll stagger reaching over to her
I really couldn't walk that good
Oh, excuse me there kinda drippin' all over myself
Oh, Lordy, oh boy, here we go again
Talking like Mel Tillis I said what's your name
She said you ain't no player boy and I ain't no good for the game
You're kind of cute but when you're feelin' better give me a call
And with her black eye liner she wrote her number on my tremblin' palm
Yeah, my knees started shakin', I was
breakin' out a sweat
Tryin' to memorize her number 'cause my hand was gettin' wet
I was showing the symptoms looking for a remedy
I can feel it coming over me, mad cowboy disease
Oh, I got the mad cowboy disease, little hoof in the mouth
Makes your tongue hand out all the way to the floor
Down on my hands and knees, beggin' like a hungry dog
What do you mean get off my knees?
I kinda like it down here, does anybody got a leash?
I'm startin' to get a little rabid, you know what I mean?

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