

Cowboy Boots

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

And we drink and get older
And some of us even try to get sober
Now here's to the assholes and the last calls
Well city kids, you get what you ask for And acquaintances turn to friends, I hope those friends they remember
me
Hold the night for ransom as we kidnap the memories
Not sure there is a way to express what you meant to me
Sit around a table and use those ears as the centerpiece Sounds of the city on Capitol Hill
Where I question if what I'm seeing here is real
Cowboy boots doing lines at the bar
Where the time goes slow when you're drinking PBR Sounds of the city on Capitol Hill
Where I question if what I'm seeing here is real
Cowboy boots doing lines at the bar
Where the time goes slow when you're drinking PBR Hold on to what you were, forget what you're not
The streets were ours that summer, at least those two blocks
Reminisce on those days, I guess that's OK, you wonder why
Some grow up, move on, close the chapter, live separate lives
The twenty-something confusion before the suit and tie
Strangers become mistakes but those mistakes make you feel alive
Hindsight is vibrant, reality: rarely lit
Memories to collage, paste to the glue that barely sticks
Good Lord, they broke all my shields
Locked bathroom doors, graffiti, and high heels
Until you felt that altitude you don't know how high feels
Party mountain, some don't ever come down from around here
To be young again, I guess it's relative
The camera lights, the whiskey rise, sink into the skin
I fantasize about a second win
Grow a mustache, pick up another bad habit and let the games begin Sounds of the city on Capitol Hill
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Where the time goes slow when you're drinking PBR So here's to the nights, dancing with the band
Strangers into girlfriends from a one night stand
Brought a little liquor and turn up the Johnny Cash
You could bring a receipt to Heaven but you cannot take it back
And this is life, this is real, even when it feels like it isn't

I'd be a goddamn liar to say at times I didn't miss it
So deuces, I turn my back as I walk into the distance
Dip my feet in every once in a while, just to say I visit
And we hold onto these nights
Trying to find out way home by the street light
Over time we figure out this is me, right
Learn a lot about your friends right around two A.M And acquaintances turn to friends, I hope those friends they
remember me
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