

Shootin' The Bull (in An Old Cowtown)

Sammy Kershaw

Me and Junior, Sunny and Steve
Hangin' at the fillin' station
And drinkin' cokes out by the grease rack
A week before graduation
Tellin' lies 'bout the girls we knew
Perpetuatin' backseat legends
Four years worth of near misses
Too numerous for me to mention
Shootin' the bull in an old cow town
Watching grass grow as the sun goes down
Cruisin' Fridays nights at the Dairy Queen
Driving 'round and 'round
Shootin' the bull in an old cow town
I got tired of sittin' around
Chewin' on the same old stories
And I decided the girl next door
Wasn't enough to hold me
I left town on the 4th of July

And caught a glimpse in my rear view mirror
Of Junior, Steve, and Sunny at the gas station
Lookin' like a permanent fixture
Shootin' the bull in an old cow town
Watching grass grow as the sun goes down
Better be careful were you take a step
Keep one eye on the ground
Shootin' the bull in an old cow town
Well, I took a long gander at the high rise world
And life on the big city streets
It's folks talkin' on the corner and gabbin' on the steps
When I think about it all, well I'd much rather be
Shootin' the bull in an old cow town
Watching grass grow as the sun goes down
While life goes by at a much slower pace
Than the speed of sound
Shootin' the bull in an old cow town
Shootin' the bull in an old cow town

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