Cowboy Guilt

Torres

We spend our only season
On a mattress sleeping
With our best friend
We donned our winter livers
With weary resignation
Three southern spines to the windWrapped in my Sunday best with
The king of Fort Worth, Texas
Wrapped in my Sunday best with
The king of Fort Worth, TexasYou had us in stitches
With your George W impressions
You sang of reparations
With the Native Americans
You donned your cowboy guilt
You donned your cowboy guilt
We drowned our winter livers
With bleary expectation
Three southern spines to the endI was queen and protected
Wrapped in my Sunday best with
The king of Fort Worth, Texas

Songwriters
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