

# 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 wind  
Wrapped in my Sunday best with  
The king of Fort Worth, Texas  
Wrapped in my Sunday best with  
The king of Fort Worth, Texas  
You 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 end  
I was queen and protected  
Wrapped in my Sunday best with  
The king of Fort Worth, Texas

Songwriters

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