

Cowboy (Album Version)

Kid Rock

Cowboy, cowboy Well, I'm packin up my game and I'ma head out west
Where real women come equipped wit' scripts and fake breasts
Find a nest in the hills, chill like flynt
Buy an old drop-top, find a spot to pimp Then I'ma Kid Rock-it up and down ya' block
With a bottle of scotch and watch lotsa crotch
Buy a yacht with a flag sayin' "chillin' the most"
Then rock that bitch up and down the coast Give a toast to the sun
Drink with the stars
Get thrown in the mix
And get tossed outta bars Sift to Tiajuana
I want to roam
Find Motown telephones and come back home
Start an escort service for all the right reasons
And set up shop at the top of four seasons
Kid Rock, and I'm the Real Mccoy
And I'm headed out west, sucker 'cause I want to be a Cowboy, baby
(With the top let down and the sunshine shinin')
Cowboy, baby
(West Coast Chillin' while the boone's whinin') I want to be a cowboy, baby
(Ride at night 'cause I sleep all day) cowboy, baby
(I can smell a pig from a mile away) I bet you'll hear my whistle blowin' when my train rolls in
It goes - Like dust in the wind
(Stoned pimp, stoned brew, stoned out of my mind)
I once was lost (but now I'm just blind) Palm trees and weed, scabbed knees and rice
Get a map to the stars, find Heidi Flice
And if the price is right then I'm gonna make my bid, boy
And let Californi-A know why they call me Cowboy, baby
(With the top let down and the sunshine shinin')
Cowboy, baby
(West Coast Chillin' while the boone's whinin') I want to be a cowboy, baby
(Ride at night 'cause I sleep all day) cowboy, baby
(I can smell a pig from a mile away) Yeah, Kid Rock, you can call me Tex
Rollin' sunset women with a bootle of becks
See a slimy in a 'Vette, roll down my glass
And said "yeah this dick fits right in yo' ass"
No kiddin', gun slingin', spurs hittin' the floor
Call me hoss, I'm the boss, with the sauce, and the horse
No remorse for the sheriff and his eye ain't right
I'ma paint his town red then paint his wife white, uh!

'Cause chaos rock like Amedeus
Got west-coast pussy for my Detroit playas
Mack like mayors, ball like Lakers
They told us to leave but bet they can't make us Why they want to pick on me?
Lock me up and throw away my key
I ain't no cheat, I'm just a regular failure
I'm not straight outta Compton, I'm straight out the trailer
Cuss like a sailor, drink like a mick
My only words of wisdom are just "suck my dick"
I'm takin' my pick up and down that coast and
Keep on truckin' 'til I fall in the ocean (Cowboy) with the top let back and the sunshine shining
(Cowboy) spend all my time at Hollywood and Vine
(Cowboy) riding at night 'cause I sleep all day
(Cowboy) I can smell a pig from a mile away
(Cowboy) with the top let back and the sunshine shining
(Cowboy) with the top let back and the sunshine shining
(Cowboy) Hollywood and Vine-in'

Songwriters

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