

Karaoke Cowboy

Adam Carroll

Weeknights at the Ramada
there's not too much to see
Except Tuesday night's karaoke night,
you get the Wild Turkey free
And a Stetson hat and some snake skin boots,
a bollo tie and jeans
There's the karaoke cowboy,
his name is Bob,
at the bar in Grand Saline

In the bottom of his tip jar
is a quarter and dime
For all the scratched up Haggard songs
where the drunks got outta line
But the nights he's on he can sing George Jones
in a Wild Turkey dream
That's the karaoke cowboy
at the bar in Grand Saline

Instrumental:

He said he hit it big in Branson
doing Elvis everyday
Till a trailer park tornado
took all of that away
He's got a whiskey throat
and a broken heart
from his dried up Nashville scene
Now he karaokes every Tuesday night
at the bar in Grand Saline

Luanna was a rose queen
her high school pictures on the wall
We wonder how she's a bar maid now
with her name on the bathroom stall
But we've seen her smile at the cowboys style
cause he treats her like a queen
She falls in love every Tuesday night
at the bar in Grand Saline

There's a blue tick howling at the first full moon
In the backside of the bar
Wild Turkey on the house every Tuesday night
Makes everybody a star
so we sing all night till we feel alright
or till the bar maids get obscene
Then we say goodnight to Cowboy Bob
at the bar in Grand Saline
Then we say goodnight to Cowboy Bob
at the bar in Grand Saline

Then we say goodnight to Cowboy Bob
as he's a star in Grand Saline

Lyrics Submitted by Nicocin

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