Timmy

Cowboy Mouth

Timmy sits out on the boardwalk
writing in his book of poems
a young girl walks up behind him
looking slightly tired and wornShe reminds him of another
that he used to call his wife
she tries hard to be his lover
so he'll write about her lifeSo he reads his book of stories
someone is listening tonight
written in the blood and glories
of the battles that he fightsTimmy's standing at the alter
with his girlfriend by his side
bullets wait for him in the desert
as he takes her for his bride
So he went into the army
with a gun he could not shoot
with her picture and his papers
safely tucked inside his boot

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