

Lonesome L.A. Cowboy

New Riders of the Purple Sage

Rowan

chorus:

I'm just a lonesome l.a. cowboy,
Hangin' out, hangin' on
To your window ledge, callin' your name
From midnight until dawn
I been smokin' dope, snortin' coke,
Tryin' to write a song
Forgettin' everything I know
'Til the next line comes along
Forgettin' everything I know
'Til the next line comes along
There's so many pretty people in the city,
I swear some of them are girls
I meet'em down at barney's beanery
With their platform heels and spit curls
I buy'em drinks, we smoke our hopes
Try to make it one more night
But when I'm left all alone at last
I feel like I'll die from fright

repeat chorus:

Well, I know chris and rita, and marty mull
Are meeting at the troubadour
We'll get it on with the joy of cooking
While the crowd crys out for more
'Round six o'clock this morning
I'll be gettin' kind of slow
When all the shows are over, honey,
Tell me, where do you think I go?

repeat chorus

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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