

This Cowboy's Hat

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Well, there's always been groups of people
That never could see eye to eye
And I always thought if they ever had
A chance to sit down and talk face to face

They might realize they got a lot in common Well, I was sittin' in a coffee shop, just havin' a cup to pass the time
Swappin' Rodeo stories, with this ol' cowboy friend of mine
When some motorcycle riders started snickerin' in the back

They started pokin' fun at my friends hat One ol' boy said, "Hey, Tex, where'd you park your horse?"
My friend just pulled his hat down low, but they couldn't be ignored
One husky fella said, "I think I'll rip that hat right off your head"

That's when my friend turned around, and this is what he said "You'll ride a black tornado 'cross the western sky
Rope an ol' blue northern, and milk it till it's dry
Bulldog the Mississippi and pin its ears down flat

Long before you take this cowboy's hat ""Now partner, this ol' hat's better left alone
See it used to be my daddy's, but last year he passed on
My nephew skinned the rattler that makes up this ol' hat band

But back in '69, he died in Vietnam ""Now the eagle feather was given to me by an Indian friend of mine
But someone ran him down somewhere around that Arizona line
And a real special lady gave me this hat pin

But I don't know if I'll ever see her again ""You'll ride a black tornado 'cross the western sky
Rope an ol' blue northern, and milk it till it's dry
Bulldog the Mississippi, pin its ears down flat

Long before you take this cowboy's hat ""Now if your leather jacket means to you what this hat means to me
Then I guess we understand each other, and we'll just let it be
But if you still think its funny, man, you got my back up against the wall

And if you touch my hat, you're gonna have to fight us all "Right then I caught a little sadness in that gang
leader's eyes

He turned back to the others and they all just kinda shuffled on outside
But when my friend turned back towards me, I noticed his ol' hat brim

Well, it was turned up, in a big ol' Texas grin You'll ride a black tornado 'cross the western sky
Rope an ol' blue northern, and milk it till it's dry
Bulldog the Mississippi, pin its ears down flat
Long before you take this cowboy's hat