

Bosler

Jalan Crossland

As I write you this letter from my downtown apartment,
I pray you receive it before I am gone,
â€˜Cause Iâ€™m going out West just as soon as Iâ€™m able,
And Iâ€™s kind of hopinâ€™ you might come along.

Thereâ€™s somethinâ€™ is callinâ€™ me when I am sleepinâ€™,
Or locked in the bathroom at worked gettinâ€™ stoned,
Tells me Iâ€™m lonesome and hard as Iâ€™m tryinâ€™,
This Emerald City donâ€™t feel like my home.

And I dream of a trailer in Bosler, Wyoming,
With tires on the roof, dear, and you by my side,
We could watch Flinstones and draw unemployment,
Yes, I dream of Bosler when I close my eyes.

Well I picture you holding your Harlecan novel,
Gettinâ€™ baked like a pot pie in the afternoon sun,
While I fix the band that goes to the engine
Of the â€™69 Pinto that donâ€™t ever run.

And dirty faced children come 10, come 20,
The fruit of our loins and tubes we ainâ€™t tied,
Play in the street and they donâ€™t ask for money,
â€˜Cause in Bosler, Wyoming, there ainâ€™t much to buy.

I dream of a trailer in Bosler, Wyoming,
With tires on the roof, dear, and you by my side,
We can have hot wings and bourbon for breakfast,
Yes, I dream of Bosler when I close my eyes.

And the wind may blow, the rain may pitch,
The t.v. may blare while the neighbors all bitch,
But weâ€™ll have it made in the shade as we lay on
The hideaway mattress that lives in the couch.

And I dream of a trailer in Bosler, Wyoming,
With tires on the roof, dear, and you by my side,
We can pitch horseshoes at stray cats on Sunday,
Yeah, we can watch Flinstones and draw unemployment,
Ah, we can have hotwings and bourbon for breakfast,

Yes, I dream of Bosler when I close my eyes.

Well, I write you this letter from my downtown apartment,

Pray you receive it before I am gone,

Says Iâ€™m going out West just as soon as Iâ€™m able,

And Iâ€™s kind of hopinâ€™ you might come along.

Lyrics submitted by Vicki Hicks.

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