

# Counting Crows, Cowboys

Cowboys on the road tonight  
Crying in their sleep  
If I was a hungry man with a gun in my hand  
And some promises to keep  
Who wanted to change the world  
What's as easy as murder?  
It's all headlights and vapor trails  
And Circle K killers

And I know I could look at anyone but you now  
I could fall into the eyes of anyone but you now, now, now, now.

So come on, come on, come on, come on,  
Come on through now  
Come on, come on, come on, come on,  
Come on through now  
This is a list of what I should have been but I'm not  
This is a list of the things that I should have seen  
But I'm not seeing  
The look in your eyes as his fingertips lit on your neck  
And it made you shiver  
I'm just turning away from where I should have been  
Because I am not anything ooh anything ooh

The president's in bed tonight but he can't get to sleep  
Cause all the cowboys on the radio are killers  
And I believe she loves you  
Cause you never make her feel like anything  
She said I wouldn't feel a thing  
But I can feel, oh I can feel

And I know I could look at anyone but you now  
I could fall into the arms of anyone but you now, now, now, now.

So come on, come on, come on, come on,  
Come on through now  
Come on, come on, come on, come on,  
Come on through now  
This is a list of what I should have been but I'm not  
This is a list of the things that I should have seen  
But I'm not seeing  
The look in your eyes as his finger's unzipping your dress  
And it makes you shiver  
I'm just turning away from what I shouldn't see  
Because I am not anything ooh anything noooo

Everyone's in bed tonight but nobody can sleep  
Cause all the satellites are watching through our windows  
She says she doesn't love me like she's acting  
But it's as if she isn't talking  
Cause Mr. Lincoln's head is bleeding  
On the front row while she's speaking  
I said come on all you cowboys  
All you blue-eyed baby boys  
Come on all you dashing gentlemen of summer  
I'll wait for you where Saturday's a memory  
And Sunday comes to gather me  
Into the arms of god who'll welcome me  
Because I believe Oh I believe

And I know I could look at anyone but you now  
I could fall into the eyes of anyone but you now, now, now, now.

So come on, come on, come on, come on,

Come on through now  
Come on, come on, come on, come on,  
Come on through now  
This is a list of what I should have been but I'm not  
This is a list of the things that I should have seen  
But I'm not seeing you look at me  
So please won't you look at me?  
Cause I'm not seeing you look at me  
Oh I will make you look at me  
Or I am not anything

Words and Music by Adam F. Duritz