

Lucy Kaplansky, Cowboy Singer

Seventeen years she has been in this world
Wide-eyed and wistful, pretty little mormon girl
She don't know I'm wicked, and she don't know I'm old
Sweet Jesus forgive me but she gets in my soul

'Cause she believes in the future and the family tree
And she thinks there's a little spark of good left in me
And she comes to my door 'cause she thinks I can bring her
The glamorous life of a cowboy singer

I rise from my bed to her hand at the bell
I look like the devil and I'm feelin' like hell
But she don't seem to notice and she steps right inside
For to sing me the song that she made up last night

And her voice is shining with the moon and the stars
And she plays so unspoiled on that two-bit guitar
Singin' love and tomorrow and thank the redeemer
And I doom and anoint her a cowboy singer

Alone in my room when she leaves me again
I stare at the wall and see death closin' in
But I like to imagine I will meet her someday
In a land at the end of this lonesome highway

In a fine high country where the best songs are sung
And the labels don't care if you're old or you're young
And the martins are cheaper, and the pastures are greener
And all of the angels are cowboy singers
Yes, and all of the angels are cowboy singers