

Lyle Lovett, Ballad Of The Snow Leopard & The T

Comfort me said she
With your conversation
With the cocktails
And the candlelight
In your eyes
It's funny how we hunger
For some inspiration
And everything else
That money just won't buy

Men have lied
Many good girls have gone astray
Just to hear the gypsy play
One more lilting cowboy tune
And as the rivers run dry
And the mountains blow away
They sing of lovers and how they lay
Beneath this crazy frontier moon

I ain't no golden boy
I ain't no grecian dancer
And I ain't no loudmouthed cowboy
From the west
I'm not the kind of man
With all the answers
But I surely know the songs

That suit me best

But lately I've had something on my mind
It's growing stronger all the time
Calling out when I'm alone
But I'm a poet
And I'm bound to walk the line
Between the real and the sublime
And give the muses back their own

It's a penny for your thoughts
It's a dollar for you kisses
Keep a running tab on the time
'cause what I've got the most of
Is what she misses
The clock is hers
The hourglass is mine

But I'm her lover
Not a man bent on revenge
Hanging out here on the fringe
Of my native borderlands
Counting the days
The sun shone golden across her head
Lying on the banks of the bayou's edge
Kicking up some southeast texas sand