

Murder City Devils, Bunkhouse

A cowboy is to the prairie
As a sailor is to the sea
A cowboy is to the prairie
As a trucker is to the highway

If you don't think that cowboys cry
Well then you never heard a cowboy's song
If you don't think that cowboys cry

Your Daddy's not from Montana
You've never spent the night
Under the big sky
You never been
Left behind for a saddle, and a bottle of rye

If you don't think that cowboys cry
Well then you never heard a cowboy's song
If you don't think that cowboys cry
If you don't think that cowboys cry
Well then you never heard a cowboy's song
If you don't think that cowboys cry

(aaahhh-ooooooooo)
(aaahhh-ooooooooo)

If you don't think that cowboy's cry
You never been left
For a campfire, and a can of beans
You never been left, for that big sky
For that big sky
For a saddle and a bottle of rye
And a bottle of rye

A cowboy is to the prairie
As a sailor is to the sea
A cowboy is to the prairie
As a trucker is to the highway