Pain, The Song Of The Seven Inch Cowboy

I'm a seven-inch cowboy
With a tiny pair of six guns.
Five'll get you ten,
I betcha never seen one.
Well I'm a seven inch cowboy
How do you be?
And I'm used to people gawking and a-staring at me
But I wasn't always so gol-darned wee
Let me tell you my story,
You can listen for free.
For seven long years,
Now that's a year for every inch I stand
I've traveled small and lonely down the byways of this giant land
Like a country western Lilliputian too afraid to stop
I'm at the bottom of the food chain whereas I once was at the top.
I wandered on foot, my horse had done abandoned me
And every town I come to's like a terrible dream
The other cowboys mocked me and spit tobacco like meteors
Watching me dodge 'em and laughing at my small squeaky scream
I went to a saloon to get a drink
They wouldn't serve me
They stuffed me in a glass and slid me up and down the bar
And all the barroom women gathered round and had their way with me
They sang a song both cold and mean
'Cause that's how women are,
They sang,
'A man can pan for gold and strike it rich and be a millionaire
Or ride the rodeo and be the best one at it anywhere.
Drive a brand new car, be a movie star
Size is all that counts, and there you are.'
And I'm a seven-inch cowboy
With a tiny pair of six guns
Five'll get you ten
I bet you never seen one
(Yodeling)
Now as you can imagine, I'd grown pretty bitter
(Although that's the only way in which I had grown)
And in that seventh year I finally found my transgressor,
The man who had shrunk me, the worst fiend I'd ever known.
The mad Professor Mentley was his name and I drew near
I hopped upon his shoulder and I grabbed him by the ear
I held my little pistols up and I told 'im, 'Look a-here!
You made me this way, it's time you pay, you gol-darned queer!'
And the professor said, 'Wait! Wait!
Now you know me, and I know you
And you know that strange experiments are just what I do
It's less like a pastime and more like a job
Why if I didn't do it, I'd be an unemployed slob
Now I know that won't suffice if I'm to set you at ease
But I'm thinking as fast as I can for a man who's down on his knees
And just this passing moment I had a thought, here's what I thunk, I thought,
'Where would you be today if you hadn't've shrunk?'
Just another nameless cowboy, a mediocre bumpkin
Riding in the sun, skin burnt the color of a pumpkin
Reviled by the ladies, ridiculed by other men,
Nothing to set you apart nor would there ever have been
Then I came along, yes ME, Professor Mentley!
I gave you a gift! (though you weren't grateful evidently)
I plucked you from your average status, I made you unique
You're a seven-inch cowboy, not a six foot freak.
From every corner of the globe folks will come to adore you
Nations will bow and throw their riches before you
You'll be diminutive in stature, but a titan inside
Because I, your true friend, chose to stand by your side.'

Now I cogitated on the words Professor Mentley shared
And I wondered if perhaps he only said 'em 'cause he was scared
My guns were weighin' heavy in my hands, my heart was low
When suddenly some old advice came to me soft and slow:
Well my pop told me it don't matter where a fella goes
You can sail through icy straights and misty archipelagoes.
Travel to the moon, orbit every star
Size don't really count and there you are.
And I'm a seven-inch cowboy (seven inches tall)
With a tiny pair of six guns (That's mighty damn small)
Five'll get you ten (For all you bettin' men)
You'll never see another one (yeah!)
I guess Professor Mentley had a point although I shot him anyway
There's never been a gentleman like me and that is safe to say
Well, I've thought real long and hard, so hard my brain is numb
Now I say Hollywood (Hollywood!), Hollywood (Hollywood!)
Hollywood here I come!