

So What, (D. Beyeler)

Dedicated to my grandfather: "Ride cowboy ride! I hope you will be happy on the other side!

"For a cowboy the city is a desert made of stone,
with coldness, violence and a lot of sorrows.

The friends aren't real, the most have two faces,
you can't feel here home, it's just like the other places!

The dream of every cowboy is to ride far away,
to sleep under the moon near a campfire and to pray
to god to watch out for his health and his life
and to hope that this freedom never goes by!

He was a lonesome cowboy on a road which never ends.

He was famous at a lot of places but didn't have a lot of friends.

He never was a family man and he could not stay at home.

But inside his heart he missed his kids and in cold nights he felt alone.

He was a lonesome cowboy!

The cowboy I sing about was a lonely man.

He never drew first and didn't understand

why he lost the nearness of his wife

why he couldn't lead a normal civil life!

Like every other cowboy he had his own hunting ground,

everyday he went downtown and looked around,

so he grew old and life gone by

but he is still riding, 'cause cowboys never die!

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He was a lonesome cowboy!

He never was a family man and he could not stay at home.

But inside his heart he missed his kids. I'm sure he's still riding.

He was a lonesome cowboy!