

Bobs, Cowboy Lips

I am a lonesome hombre
I spent my time driving my truck around town on Saturdays
I move here from the city
I thought that maybe all of my luck would change
Here in Boomtown
But it seems my face is wrong I don't fit in
Cause I don't have cowboy lips
When I'm with all my buddies
My snake skin boots and my belt buckle shine
But they don't talk to me
Even when I know their song I'm in the wrong key
Cause I don't have cowboy lips
Cowboy lips are all-right
Give me cowboy lips
Cowboy lips are all-right
Give me cowboy lips
When I'm out honky tonkin'
I smoke my Marlboro's with the filters off
It makes me cough
Well I can stomach lonestar beer but not shots of rye
Rye can only get by...cowboy lips
Cowboy lips are all-right
Give me cowboy lips
Cowboy lips are all-right
Give me cowboy lips...etc.