

Doug Supernaw, Mesquite Cowboy Mind

Writers: Doug Supernaw/Justin White

Another lonely motel room another lonely night
I gotta ride on a bronc called Certain Doom and I need to show 85
Money's tight and mornings are rough cause at night I toss and turn
Thinkin' I should change my course and head on home to here

And I'm wonderin' if I'm broken down
Thinkin' I should turn around
Pick up my belongings and go home
But there's something I feel down inside
Must be damned old foolish pride
And the dream of ridin' some day in the Dome
Keeps me comin' back each time
Me and my crazy old mesquite cowboy mind

Another 7-second ride just a second shy of the rent
She's searching through the mail at home for the check I never sent
Lately I've been gettin' thrown landin' hard and tastin' dirt
But it's not broken bones it's a broken heart that's causin' me to hurt

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