

# Gadjits, Cowboys Always Win

Under Islamic law  
You'd have your head and hands cut off  
You'd better be turning tail  
Cause I can see right through your veil  
Your tangled web is just one thread  
Illusion of distance by not being true  
But if I can get past my limitations as a fly  
I could trace it back to you

I heard cowboys always win  
I didn't think I'd be the loser  
If I always played the Indian

You waited 'til you had three queens  
I trusted you when you said it was just a game  
playing out perverse fantasies  
It was morbid enough and then you kicked away the ladder  
I'm two feet tall and you're having fun  
Continued driving nails with the wreaths already hung

Unfortunately for me I remember everything  
And it's hard to forget long enough to enjoy abusing anything