

# Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Cosmic Cowboy

Merry-go-rounds and burial grounds  
Are all the same to me.  
Horses on post and kids and ghosts  
Are spirits that we ought to set free.  
Then city slicker pickers got a lot of  
Slicker licks than me.  
But ridin' the range and acting strange  
Is where I want to be.

And I just wanna be a cosmic cowboy  
I just wanna ride and rope and hoot (hoot!)  
Well I just wanna be a cosmic cowboy  
Talkin' 'bout a supernatural country rockin' galoot

Well skinny dippin' and lone star sippin' and steel guitar  
And are just as good as hollywood and some boogie-woogie bars.  
I'm gonna buy me a vest and a head out west  
My little woman and myself.  
And when we come to town the people gather around  
And marvel at the little baby's health.

And I just wanna be a cosmic cowboy

I just wanna ride and rope and hoot (hoot!)  
Well I just wanna be a cosmic cowboy  
I said a supernatural country rockin' galoot.

Then a big raccoon and a harvest moon  
Keep rolling through my mind.  
And a home on the range where the antelope play  
Is sometimes hard to find.  
So don't bury me on the lone prairie.  
I'd rather play there alive.  
Well, I'm doing my best I keep my farm in the west  
My little bronco in over-drive.

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