

Pepper, Punk Rock Cowboy

He was never into leather and studs,
But, he liked them all the same.
He bought his records from a magazine
Called "Metal, Death, & Pain",
He grew up strong and he grew up right,
Except in his daddy's eyes,
Who said, "Now, son don't you waste your time
With all of them evil lies."

So there he was, the first punk rock cowboy,
Always wondering how it would be
To grow up in the punk rock scene, yeah,
But, he never, ever gave up on his punk rock dreams.

So he headed off in a whiskey haze,
Going to a "Pistol Show", and all of the sudden,
There she was just standing on the edge of the road.
Sweetest girl he'd ever seen, she calls herself Irene,
Later on that little cowboy found out,
She had herself three clit rings!

So there he was, the first punk rock cowboy,
Always wondering how it would be
To grow up in the punk rock scene, yeah,
But, he never, ever gave up on his punk rock dreams.

And if you see him standing in the crowd,
Be sure to say hello,
You'll never miss him in his cowboy hat,
Maybe moshing just a little too slow.
And if you're wondering what he's about,
Ask him, it's plain to see, he'll say,
"I'd like to stay and rock 'wit y'all,
I love this here punk rock scene!"

So there he was, the first punk rock cowboy,
Always wondering how it would be
To grow up in the punk rock scene, yeah,
But, he never, ever gave up on his punk rock,
No, he never, gave up on his punk rock,
No, he never, gave up on his punk rock dreams.