

# Randy Newman, Cowboy

Cold gray buildings where a hill should be  
Steel and concrete closin' in on me  
City faces haunt the places  
I used to roam  
Cowboy, cowboy - can't run, can't hide  
Too late to fight now - too tired to try  
Wind that once blew free  
Now scatters dust to the sky  
Cowboy, cowboy - can't run, can't hide  
Too late to fight now - too tired to try