

Scott Walker, Cowboy

Cold gray buildings
Where hills should be
Steel and concrete
Closing in on me
City faces haunt the places
I rode alone
Cowboy, cowboy
Carvin can't hide
It's too late to fight now
to turn, to try.

Winds that once blew free
Now scatters dust through the sky
Cowboy, cowboy
Carvin can't hide
It's too late to fight now
to turn, to try.