

The 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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