

Thea Gilmore, Lavender Cowgirl

I've got these watches, one for each time zone
"How does it feel," Remy says, "to be on your own?"
Sharing this floor with a dog and a ringing telephone

Well I'm bigger than you at nearly six feet tall
I must always be out when the company calls
But see this rusty spade gonna dig a grave inside us all

See, it's cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, it's
Cold, cold, cold, cold, it's
Cold, cold, cold, cold, it's
Cold for a lavender cowgirl

We're all the dissidents in this asylum
I've got numbers, but no one to dial 'em
Here's me squeaking and doing my crocodile run

And I'm a postcard of everything that I've seen
Just a shadow of hot air and steam
But I wouldn't touch me, got no idea where I've been

And it's cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, it's
Cold, cold, cold, cold, it's
Cold, cold, cold, cold, it's
Cold for a lavender cowgirl

I want imagination
You say we all sound the same
Well that's put us in our place
But you're still caught in the rain
With a lavender cowgirl

We're in and out on... it's in a costume night
I'm sick and tired of being polite
I can't keep time but I keep looking for a fight

That's why I've got these watches, one for each time zone
"How does it feel," he says, "to be on your own?"
Sharing this floor with a dog and a ringing telephone
A dog and a ringing telephone
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