

# Three Dog Night, Cowboy

(R.Newman)

Cold gray buildings where a hill should be.  
Steel and concrete closing in on me.  
City faces haunt the places i roam alone.

Cowboy, cowboy, can't run, can't hide, too late.  
To fight now, to die to try.

Winds that once blew free now scatter dust to the sky  
Cowboy, cowboy, can't run, can't hide, too late.  
To fight now, to die to try.