

Cowboy Music – © Kaufman & Perri 2014

The best ones all begin with a walkin' bass, and a lone yoddle-leh-hee-hoo
A mountain man, an Indian maid and a cowboy singing a western blues
An outlaw meets his match in the dusty streets of a one-horse town
A drunken marshal digs down deep to face his demons and stare 'em down

If your horse has a nickname, it's time to use it
Every sidekick is fair game in cowboy music
If you've lived, loved and lost, go on and muse it
'Cause every sweetheart rides again in cowboy music

Conjure up a time and place full of buffalo, and wide-open range
Do-si-do your heroine, a schoolmarm out West looking for a change
Throw in a bucking bronc, spooked by a snake, the last bottle of rye in town
Drive a plague of locusts 'cross the range, then raise a flood to make 'em drown

If you've never been out West, we might excuse it
Even New York dudes have their place in cowboy music
Listen to the words or buy a book and peruse it
'Cause every song tells a story, in cowboy music

Now it's passin' strange to find a thing that acts
According to Hoyle look it up it's a fact
There's a guarantee in ev'ry cowboy song
Gotta keep them doggies rollin' along

The best ones all begin with a walkin' bass, like Ghost Riders in the Sky
A minor key that in the end means some cowpoke is bound to die
If your horse has a nickname, it's time to use it; every sidekick is fair game in cowboy music
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Cowboy! Cowboy music
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Cowboy music, cowboy music