

Green Cowgirl

Laura Veirs

You're a horse of course
And you're racing by
I'm swinging these strings to get you
But you're far to sly

This red mahogany
Is the saddle that you've thrown off
I'm alone in the dust
You kicked up trying not to cough

'Cause I'm a green cowgirl
Trying to lasso you in
With these six strings
I'm all caught up in

I scream words to beckon you
But no words can capture you
I'm choking on nothing
My words are too thin and too few

All this crying and still
No song inside can capture the white
I can't see through the blue of me
Under this lone desert sky

'Cause I'm a green cowgirl
Trying to lasso you in
With these six strings
I'm all caught up in

Maybe I should try to tie up something new
You're to wild
But I know you're the host
With the most crazy brain child