

## Shootin' The Bull (In An Old Cowtown)

Sammy Kershaw

Me and Junior, Sunny and Steve hangin' at the fillin' station  
And drinkin' cokes out by the grease rack a week before graduation  
Telling lies 'bout the girls we knew perpetuating backseat legends  
Four years worth of near misses, too numerous for me to mention

Shootin' the bull in an old cowtown  
Watching grass grow as the sun goes down  
Cruising Fridays nights at the Dairy Queen  
Driving 'round and 'round  
Shootin' the bull in an old cowtown

I got tired of sitting around chewing on the same old stories  
And I decided the girl next door wasn't enough to hold me  
I left town on the 4th of July and caught a glimpse in my rearview mirror  
Of Junior, Steve, and Sunny at the gas station  
Lookin' like a permanent fixture

Shootin' the bull in an old cowtown  
Watching grass grow as the sun goes down  
Better be careful were you take a step  
Keep one eye on the ground  
Shootin' the bull in an old cowtown

Well I took a long gander at the high rise world  
And life on the big city streets  
It's folks talking on the corner and gabbing on your steps  
When I think about it all well I'd much rather be

Shootin' the bull in an old cowtown  
Watching grass grow as the sun goes down  
While life goes by at a much slower pace  
Than the speed of sound  
Shootin' the bull in an old cowtown  
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