

The Cowboy And The Lady

Bobby Goldsboro

In the airport lounge, she sat in a Marlena Dietrich hat
The grandest lady I had ever seen
Outside the heavy rains had grounded all the planes
So I asked her if she'd like some company

In my rhinestone-studded suit, my cowboy hat, and boots
I must have been a sight for her to see
But she said, "Pull up a chair," as she fumbled with her hair
A more unlikely pair you'll never see

I was Mogen David wine, she was Chablis fifty-nine
But there we sat, the cowboy and the lady
She was ski resorts in Aspen and summers in Paree
I was Grand Ole Opry, Nashville, Tennessee

The cowboy and the lady
As diff'rent as could be
But it seemed so right that rainy night
In Tennessee

Then somewhere in between her Harley's Bristol Creme
And the seven beers I ordered for the lady
We somehow came together for a night of stormy weather
Now there's a little bit of class in this old cowboy
And there's a little bit of cowboy in the lady

The cowboy and the lady
As diff'rent as could be
But it seemed so right that rainy night
In Tennessee

La-la-la-da
La-le-la-la-la

Yeah, now there's a little bit of class in this old cowboy
And there's a little bit of cowboy in the lady

La-da-da
La-le-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-le-la
La-la-da-da
La-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la