

# Cowboys

## Counting Crows

Cowboys on the road tonight  
Crying in their sleep  
If I was a hungry man with a gun in my hand,  
And some promises to keep,  
Who wanted to change the world,  
What's as easy as murder?  
It's all headlights and vapour trails  
And Circle K killers

And I know I could look at anyone but you now  
I could fall under the eyes of anyone  
But you now, now, now, now

So come on, come on, come on  
Oh, come on through now  
Come on, come on, come on  
Oh, come on through now

This is a list of what I should have been  
But I'm not  
This is a list of the things that I should have seen  
But I'm not seeing  
The look in your eyes  
As his fingertips slid down your neck  
And made you shiver  
I'm just turning away from where I should have been  
Because I am not anything  
Oh, anything, oh

The President's in bed tonight  
But he can't get to sleep  
'Cause all the cowboys on the radio are killers  
And I believe she loves you  
'Cause you never make her feel like anything  
She said, "I wouldn't feel a thing,  
But I can feel, I can feel..."

And I know I could look at anyone but you now  
I could fall under the arms of anyone  
But you now, now, now, now

So come on, come on, come on  
Oh, come on through now  
Come on, come on, come on  
Oh, come on through now

This is a list of what I should have been  
But I'm not  
This is a list of the things that I should have seen  
But I am not seeing  
The look in your eyes  
As his fingers are unzipping your dress  
And it makes you shiver  
I'm just turning away from what I shouldn't see  
Because I am not anything  
Oh, anything, no

Everyone's in bed tonight  
But nobody can sleep  
'Cause all the satellites are watching through our windows  
She says she doesn't love me, like, like she's acting  
But it's as if she isn't talking  
'Cause Mr. Lincoln's head is bleeding  
On the front row while she's speaking

I said, "come on all you cowboys,  
All you blue-eyed baby boys,  
Oh come on all you dashing gentlemen of summer,  
I'll wait for you where Saturday's a memory,  
And Sunday comes to gather me,  
Into the arms of God who welcome me,  
Because I believe, oh I believe..."

And I know I could look at anyone but you now  
I could fall under the eyes of anyone  
But you now, now, now, now

So come on, come on, come on  
Oh, come on through now  
Come on, come on, come on  
Oh, come on through now

This is a list of what I should have been  
But I'm not  
This is a list of the things that I should have seen  
But I'm not seeing you look at me  
So please, won't you look at me?  
'Cause I'm not seeing you look at me  
Oh, oh, I, I will make you look at me  
Or I am not anything  
Oh, anything  
No no no no  
No no no no  
No, no.