

# Cowboy Killers

Jay Webb

Jar of clear in the console, 35's all roll down  
This broken road of fate  
I been sippin' on whiskey, prayin' that you'll miss me  
When this truck meets the riverbank  
People talk, but they don't know, so it won't show  
You're the one that caused me all this pain  
Now the bad bitch getters smokin' cowboy killers  
And the tears, they fall off of my face

Part of me wants to hurt you 'cause I'm hurt too  
Smell your perfume, fuck you, I'm in pain  
Probably end up off a dirt road, holdin' her close  
Rollin' circles, thinkin' of your face  
Don't you know you want a real one? Don't you wanna feel somethin'?  
Know I'll fuckin' give you what he can't  
Now the bad bitch getters smokin' cowboy killers  
And the tears, they fall right down my face

(Now the bad bitch getters smokin' cowboy killers, cow-cowboy killers)  
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I was doin' just fine 'fore you came  
Now I might drunk drive down a two-lane  
Windows black on my ride like Bruce Wayne  
And when I see you by his side, that's a new pain  
I got a truck full of cowboy killers tonight  
They down to fuck 'til I finally get you off of my mind  
Posted up in the tuck out up under the pines  
Fuck love, fuck trust, fuck it, I'ma get high

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