

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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