

The Cowboy and the Lady

John Denver

In the airport lounge she sat in a fancy feather hat
The grandest lady I have 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 Mogan David wine, she was Chablis fifty-nine
But there we sat, the cowboy and the lady
She was evenings at the opera and summers in Paree
I was Grand Ole Opry, Nashville Tennessee.

The cowboy and the lady, as different as could be
But it seemed so right that rainy night in Tennessee.

Then somewhere in between her Harvey's Bristol Creme
And the beer I drank, and the easy company
We somehow came together for a night of stormy weather
Now there's a little bit of class in this ole cowboy
There's a little bit of cowboy in the lady

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We somehow came together for a night of stormy weather
Now there's a little bit of class in this ole cowboy
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