

Cosmic Cowboy, Part 1

The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

Merry-go-rounds and burial grounds are all the same to me
Horses on post and kids and ghosts are spirits that we ought to
set free

Then city slicker pickers got a lot of slicker licks than me
But ridin' the range and acting strange is where I want to be.

And I just wanna be a cosmic cowboy
I just wanna ride and rope and hoot (hoot!)
Well, I just wanna be a cosmic cowboy
And a supernatural country rockin' galoot.

Well, skinny dippin' and Lone Star sippin' and steel guitar
Are just the same as Hollywood and them boogie-woogie bars
I'm gonna buy me a vest and a head out West, my woman and myself
And when we come to town the people gather 'round and marvel at
the little baby's health.

And I just wanna be a cosmic cowboy
I just wanna ride and rope and hoot (hoot!)
Well, I just wanna be a cosmic cowboy
A supernatural country rockin' galoot.

Ah, steel guitar!

Well, a big raccoon and a harvest moon keep rolling through my
mind
Well, I got a woman
So don't bury me on the lone prairie, I'd rather play there alive
Well, I'm doing my best I keep my farm in the West, my little bronco
in over-drive.

And I just wanna be a cosmic cowboy
I just wanna ride and rope and hoot (hoot!)
Well, I just wanna be a cosmic cowboy
A supernatural country rockin' galoot
And there is not a way I want to shoot
La la la la ...