

Cowboys And Indians

Blood, Sweat & Tears

Looking back to when I was a kid
All I wanted was to be a cowboy
A city cowboy

Wore a hat and had two silver guns
And I'd get a friend to be the Indian
He never would win

Him and me, fought a battle
Chased each other through the alley
Super me, winning battles
Was my manifest destiny

Then somewhere I had a change of ways
Decided I would rather be an Indian
Me and my friend

Super me, winning battles
Then I got a sense of history

Looking back, it's no surprise to find
Lots of people kept on playing cowboys
Killing Indians