

Don't Call Him A Cowboy

Conway Twitty

So you came from New York city
And you want to see the sights
You've heard all about those cowboys
And their crazy Texas nights

I see you've got your eye on something
Leaning on the bar
But the toughest ride he's ever had
Was in his foreign car

So don't call him a cowboy
Until you've seen him ride
'Cause a Stetson hat and them fancy boots
Don't tell you what's inside, no

And if he ain't good in the saddle
Lord, you won't be satisfied
So don't call him a cowboy
Until you've seen him ride

He was a Hollywood idea
Of the wild and wooly west
In his French designer blue jeans
And his custom tailored vest

You're thinkin' he's the real thing
But I think you oughta know
He can't even make it through
A one night rodeo, no

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