

# Egyptian Cowboy

Electric Six

Strange raves on a Detroit bridge  
I was reaching for the rhythm but it's out of reach  
She was talking to the Buick  
She was cutting the tequila with bleach  
And she said to me

There's no such thing as an Egyptian cowboy  
Your pretty haircut can't help you now, boy  
There's nothing we can do for you unless you're willing to kill  
Hey, come on and kill.

I think this city could have used a woman's touch  
As I'm wading through the toxic waste and such  
Cuz everybody here said I won't amount to much  
Everybody here said I won't amount to much  
When I go from point A to point B I want thrills and  
Chills and blood to spill

But there's never any people on the people mover -  
Public transit equivalent of Herbert Hoover  
You're never gonna get anywhere because you're standing still  
Standing still!

These songs don't write themselves  
I've got a music workshop run by elves  
Making dozens of records by the twelves  
Stocking our product on Ikea shelves

Let me state  
My state of mind, mind, mind  
Is just fine.

Baby, that's the sound of the years going by  
You can find me on the same bar stool just waiting to die.  
Three cheers to me, here's mud in your eye.  
I said, "Cheers to me, here's mud in your eye"  
She came to close out my tab, so I was troubled and she took a stab  
And she said to me

There's no such thing as an electric tuba  
The Detroit River's not a good place to scuba  
The only reason you're here today is cuz we need you to kill  
Yeah, kill!

My songs are tasty pies,  
Fresh oven-baked and filled with lies  
Gobbled up by the dozen by Neanderthal guys  
Inhaling the aroma of Canadian lies  
Oh my, why you got quite a lot of problems, don't you?

Shake that tambourine!  
Shake that shaker machine!  
Shake it, low.  
Shake it, high.  
Shake it.  
Shake it.