

Queen And The Cowboy

Even Rude

So tell me what it is, what is was and what is shall be? What's around the corner? What's with you and me? Can you see in the crystal ball if we changing, breaking the mold of tripped-out relationship? What goes up is always gonna come down. Is there fact in that fiction? Do I feel friction? Shhh! Don't answer, not even a question. I don't think I could take the rejection. Not today, I'm in a tux with tight fit. Lights are flashin' tapes are rollin'. I wonder if I've been spotted here alone and I wonder if I could get a refund on this bow.

I turn my scenery into words, pour my 40's on the curb, light my candle sticks at night... ..get 'em cowboy.

She's the queen of the ball.

I wonder what it's like on the other side? I could be the man with the beautiful bride. It's hard to admit you need attention. But you're ready and willing to take some one's affection. I became a spectacle to get mine. You do what'cha gotta do, respectable or not. It takes one to know one I've learned. I did it to myself and now I got burned. Guilt by association is my crime. It seems like everyone is having a good time. How could every one be having a good time?

I turn my scenery into words, pour my 40's on the curb, light my candle sticks at night... ..get 'em cowboy.

She's the queen of the ball, the best of them all. I got her phone number off the bathroom wall. It said, "for a good time, call her best friend!", 'cause she won't give you nothin' even if you're her man.

Why you trippin' on me? I didn't do nothing wrong, not that you can see. Through my blinds, I watch you drive by, to see who's in the car, to see who's gettin' a ride. I know there is an end to this thing I'm in. You told me go to hell and that's where I've been. I could move away and start my life again, but this is a game that I plan to win...

...get 'em cowboy.

see-out