

Cowboys Don't Get Lucky All The Time

Gene Watson

He met her in a honky tonk
Singing country songs that he wrote
She sat at a table
Listening to his music and drinking coke
Well, he sat down beside her
Said, honey, what's your name
She said I like your music, sir,
But foolin' 'round is certainly not my game
When the small talk was over
The cowboy drank his beer and took her home
Lust on his mind
In a bedroom he had her all alone
And when the night was over
The cowboy shook his head
'Cause she slept on the sofa
And the cowboy slept alone on his bed
She still sees the cowboy
On the country shows and sometimes on T.V.
He phones her up and talks to her long distance
From wherever he might be
He'll ask her how she's doin'
She'll reply by sayin', oh, just fine
And the moral of this story is
Cowboys don't get lucky all the time
And the moral of this story is
Cowboys don't get lucky all the time