

# Ballad Of The Snow Leopard And The Tanqueray Cowboy

Lyle Lovett

Comfort me said she  
With your conversation  
With the cocktails  
And the candlelight  
In your eyes  
It's funny how we hunger  
For some inspiration  
And everything else  
That money just won't buy

Men have lied  
Many good girls have gone astray  
Just to hear the gypsy play  
One more lilting cowboy tune  
And as the rivers run dry  
And the mountains blow away  
They sing of lovers and how they lay  
Beneath this crazy frontier moon

I ain't no golden boy  
I ain't no Grecian dancer  
And I ain't no loudmouthed cowboy  
From the West  
I'm not the kind of man  
With all the answers  
But I surely know the songs  
That suit me best

But lately I've had something on my mind  
It's growing stronger all the time  
Calling out when I'm alone  
But I'm a poet  
And I'm bound to walk the line  
Between the real and the sublime  
And give the muses back their own

It's a penny for your thoughts  
It's a dollar for you kisses  
Keep a running tab on the time  
'Cause what I've got the most of  
Is what she misses  
The clock is hers  
The hourglass is mine

But I'm her lover  
Not a man bent on revenge  
Hanging out here on the fringe  
Of my native borderlands  
Counting the days  
The sun shone golden across her head  
Lying on the banks of the bayou's edge  
Kicking up some Southeast Texas sand