

# Cowboy Boogie

Randy Travis

Well, He swings in a saddle  
He's a real gone cat  
With his spanish spurs  
And his buckaroo hat  
His camps in an old log shack  
Way back in the sticks.  
He loves ta tie 'em down  
And burn their hide  
And there ain't no rough string  
He can't ride  
But cuttin' the rug is how he  
Gets his kicks.

He does the cowboy boogie  
The cowboy way  
The cowboy boogie  
Come a ti-i youpy, youpy yi i youpy, youpy ya.

So it's adios to his old payoose  
And down the road to turn it loose  
At an old dance hall  
He cuts a gal now straight  
Spins her sideways through the herd  
He's buckin' like he's being spurred  
Twistin' and rockin' like a bronc  
Comin' outta the gate.

He does the cowboy boogie  
The cowboy way  
The cowboy boogie  
Come a ti-i youpy, youpy yi i youpy, youpy ya.

Well, He swings in a saddle  
He's a real gone cat  
With his spanish spurs  
And his buckaroo hat  
A tree frog walkin' fool  
He ain't no dude  
The Fred Astaire of hill and range  
Two parts cool and one part strange  
He's the best out west at any Elvis tune.

He does the cowboy boogie  
The cowboy way  
The cowboy boogie  
Come a ti-i youpy, youpy yi i youpy, youpy ya.

He does the cowboy boogie  
The cowboy way  
The cowboy boogie  
Come a ti-i youpy, youpy  
A yi i youpy, youpy.  
Come a ti-i youpy, youpy  
A yi i youpy, youpy.  
Come a ti-i youpy, youpy  
yi i youpy, youpy ya...

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